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HARPER'S STORY BOOKS.

A SERIES OF NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, BIOGRAPHIES, AND TALES,
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE YOUNG.

BY

JACOB ABBOTT.

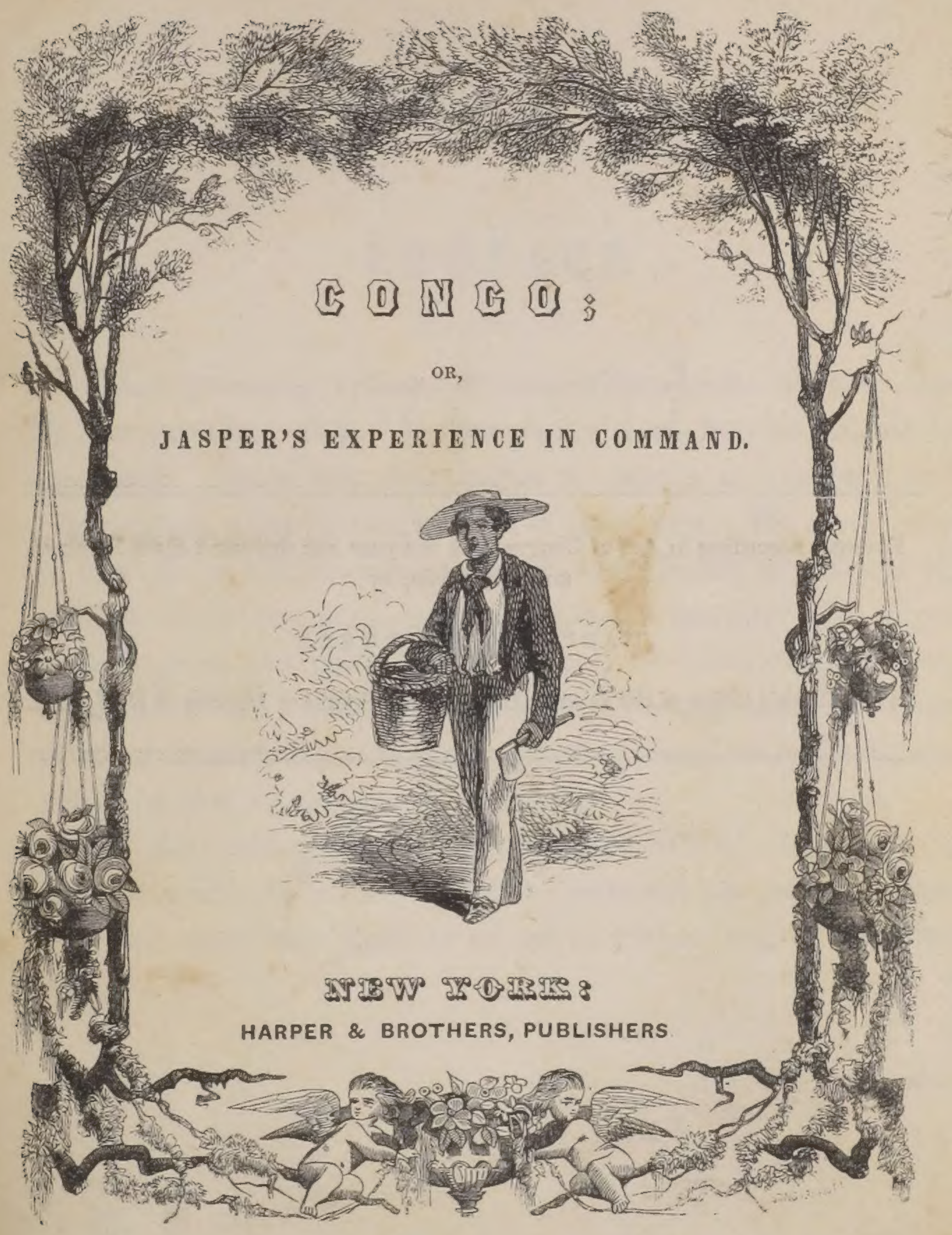
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C O N G O ;

OR,

JASPER'S EXPERIENCE IN COMMAND.



NEW YORK :

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



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P R E F A C E.

IN the preceding volume of these Story-books we saw how Jasper learned to obey. In this you will see how he learned to command. Every boy who desires to become an energetic and efficient man must be taught both of these arts. He must learn to obey, or he will never acquire any proper habits of self-control, and can never become an agreeable or useful associate with others in those great enterprises which can only be undertaken by combinations of men ; and he can not direct advantageously the labors of others in such departments as may be committed to his charge unless he also knows how to command.

You may perhaps think that, however difficult it may be to obey, it is always an easy thing to command, but you will learn from this story that there is an art in that as well as in other things.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. JASPER IN COMMAND.....	13
II. A CONVERSATION.....	25
III. FIRST APPEARANCE OF CONGO.....	34
IV. CONGO'S WORK.....	48
V. THE SLED-CORN EXCURSION.....	57
VI. GETTING INTO DIFFICULTY.....	74
VII. THE SAFE RETURN.....	90
VIII. CONGO'S EDUCATION.....	101
IX. THE BALCONY.....	110
X. ALMOST A SHIPWRECK.....	121
XI. A DISASTROUS JOURNEY.....	138

ENGRAVINGS.

	PAGE
THE RESCUE	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
MARTIN REFUSES TO OBEY	23
THE JUMPING BRIDGE.....	54
THE FLOWERS.....	65
WAITING IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.....	92
JASPER AT THE ARCHITECT'S	115
THE SLOOP.....	136

C O N G O.

CHAPTER I.

JASPER PUT IN COMMAND.

At work in the garden.

Going down to the brook.

WHEN Jasper was about twelve years old, and was living with his grandfather, Mr. Grant, in Lendon, he went out one morning early in the spring to make his garden. He raked off the weeds, and sticks, and straws which had remained on the ground during the winter, and then loosened the earth around the roots of the trees and shrubs, and around the permanent flowers. He was next going to dig up a piece of ground, to make a place to sow annual flower-seeds in; but he began to feel tired of work, and so he thought he would go down into the field behind the garden, and see how things looked by the brook.

There was a gate in the back wall of the garden, which was fastened by a bolt on the inside.

“I can go out by this gate,” said Jasper to himself, “only I must be sure to come back this way, so as to bolt the gate again. It will not do to leave it unfastened.”

Jasper went down to the brook, and, after following it for some time, he came to a place where it entered into a thicket of trees and shrubbery, and here the brook divided into two branches.

A discovery.

The island in the brook.

Planning.

Jasper pushed his way in among the trees of the thicket, and, following the brook down, he found that the two branches united again a short distance below, so as to form an island. The island was covered with bushes, and in the middle of it were several stumps and logs, more or less decayed, and two or three pretty good sized trees.

“I’ll have this island for mine,” said Jasper to himself, “and I’ll clear it up and make a pretty place of it.”

So Jasper began to pick up the bits of branches and fragments of decayed wood which lay about the ground, and to pile them up together in an open place in the middle of the island.

“When I get the pile made,” said he to himself, “I’ll set it on fire, and burn this old trash all up. That will be the easiest way to get rid of it; besides, it will make a good bonfire.”

After working in this way about fifteen minutes, Jasper heard a bell ringing at the house.

“Ah!” said he, “that is the first bell for breakfast.”

So he jumped over the brook to the main land, and went back through the garden gate into the garden. He bolted the gate on the inside, and then, gathering up the tools which he had been using, he went into the tool-room and put them away. He then went into the house and got ready for breakfast.

At breakfast he told his grandfather about his island.

“Grandfather,” said he, “I have discovered an island.”

“That is great,” said Mr. Grant. “Christopher Columbus did no more when he first discovered America.”

“And I want you to give it to me,” added Jasper.

Conversation at the breakfast table about the island.

“To carry away with you when you go back to New York?” inquired Mr. Grant, very gravely.

“Oh no, grandfather,” said Jasper; “I could not carry it away; but I want to clear it up, and have it for mine while I am here.”

“That is, you want what we call a lease of it,” said Mr. Grant.

“Yes, sir, I suppose so,” said Jasper; “but what is a lease?”

“Why, when we give a person a lease of any property,” said Mr. Grant, “we give him the possession and use of it for a time; but it remains our property all the while, and when the time expires, then the property comes back to us again.”

“Yes, that’s it, grandfather,” said Jasper; “I want a lease of the island for all this summer. I am going to clear it up, and make a garden on it.”

“Won’t the cows get into the garden?” asked Mr. Grant; “there are cows in the field.”

“Ah! but they can’t get over the brook,” replied Jasper. “The banks are pretty steep all around, and where they are not steep I am going to make them so.”

“Then how will you get over yourself?” asked Mr. Grant.

“I shall make a bridge,” said Jasper.

“You will want some help to do all that work,” said Mr. Grant.

“You may have Martin, if you like.”

Martin was a boy about sixteen years old, who was at that time at work for Mr. Grant.

“You could have Martin to work for you all this afternoon, if you wish, only, I suppose,” added Mr. Grant, “you would not know how to command him. You have learned pretty well how

Learning how to command.

Martin under Jasper's orders.

to obey, but you have never yet taken any lessons in learning how to command."

"Oh, I can command him well enough," replied Jasper. "I shall look about and see what there is to be done, and tell him, and he will do it."

"Very well," said Mr. Grant; "I'll tell him, after breakfast, that he is to be under your orders this afternoon."

Accordingly, after dinner that day, Mr. Grant called Martin, and told him that he was to be under Jasper's direction for that afternoon.

"He wants to clear up an island, he says, down in the pasture," said Mr. Grant; "you may go with him and help him. Do whatever he directs."

Accordingly, after dinner, Martin and Jasper went down to the island together.

"Now, Martin," said Jasper, "what I want you to do is to help me grub up these roots, and stumps, and bushes. I'm going to leave a fringe of bushes all about the margin of the island to serve for a hedge, and to keep the cattle from getting in; but I am going to clear up all the ground in the middle of the island, so as to make it smooth and pretty, and then I am going to dig up a small place for a garden. The rest I am going to have for green grass."

"That is an excellent plan," said Martin.

So Martin went to work, under Jasper's direction, to carry the plan into effect. Jasper cut down all the bushes that grew in the centre of the island, leaving a dense thicket, like a hedge, all

Clearing up the island.

The bonfire.

A series of interruptions.

about the sides of it. He laid the bushes on his pile, and presently he set the pile on fire. He also gathered up all the decayed stumps and branches, and other fragments of trees, which lay about the ground, and dug up the stumps that came up easily, and threw them all upon the fire.

While Jasper was thus employed, Martin did the heavier work. He pulled up the stumps and roots that came hard, and he cut down an old dead tree which stood in the middle of the island, which, though it was dead, was only dry and not decayed, and so was very hard to cut. Jasper tried this tree first himself, but he could not do any thing with it.

Things went on so pretty well for about an hour, but then Martin began to get somewhat out of patience by Jasper's calling him off so frequently from one piece of work to another. A laboring man, or even a boy, who is accustomed to steady work, likes, when he has commenced on a job, to go on and finish it; but Jasper, finding continually new things to do, was perpetually calling Martin from one thing to another in quite a vexatious manner.

For instance, at one time, while Martin was at work digging out a big root, Jasper, who had gone down to the lower point of the island, below a fringe of bushes, where Martin could not see him, suddenly called out,

“Martin, I want you to come here.”

“Shall I need any tools?” asked Martin.

“I don't know,” said Jasper; “yes, you may bring an iron bar.”

Martin is called from his work to see about making the wharf.

So Martin laid down the pick with which he had been digging the root, and went to Jasper, carrying the iron bar.

“I want you to see whether you can pry up these stones,” said Jasper, pointing to some stones that lay imbedded in the ground, on the shore of the island.

“What for?” said Martin.

“Why, you see, I’ve an idea of making a wharf of them,” replied Jasper. “If I can get out these stones, and make a wharf of them here on the lower point of the island, then I can build a dam a little way below there, and so have a pond to sail my boats. You see, there is quite a wide space between the banks of the brook here, right below the island, and if I can make a dam so as to fill all this space with water, I can have a good pond.”

“It is an excellent plan,” said Martin; “but then you had better finish clearing up the island first, and afterward begin on this job.”

“No,” replied Jasper, “I want to have you see if you can get these stones out now; for, if they won’t come out, then I shall have to give up the plan, and I am in a hurry to know.”

So Martin went back, and brought the shovel and the pick, so that he could dig about the stones in order to get them out. While he was at work upon them, Jasper strolled along up the shore of the island, and soon disappeared from view behind the thicket.

Martin dug out one stone, and while he was at work on the second, he heard Jasper’s voice calling,

“Martin!”

Another summons.Plan about widening the brook.

“Halloo!” said Martin.

“I want you to come here, and bring the shovel.”

“I’m busy digging out these stones,” replied Martin; “I can’t come now.”

“Yes, yes,” said Jasper; “I want to see about widening the brook here. You can go back to the stones in two or three minutes.”

So Martin, grumbling at his master’s capriciousness, took his shovel and went to the place where Jasper was.

“You see,” said Jasper, “the brook is not quite wide enough, or, rather, the banks are not quite steep enough here to keep the cows from jumping over, and I want to see if we can make them steeper. We ought to know this now, because, you see, if we can’t keep the cows out, it is of no use for us to try to make a garden.”

“But, Jasper,” said Martin, “it is a great deal better to wait until we have got the other jobs done that we have already begun, and then take hold of the widening of the brook all together. You see, we want different tools and things in order to do this work.”

“What different things do you want?” asked Jasper.

“Why, we want a pick, and a shovel,” said Martin, “and an iron bar to pry out the stones.”

“Well,” said Jasper, “you have got them all.”

“And we want a wheelbarrow to wheel the sods and the gravel away in,” added Martin, “and a board to stand upon, to keep my feet out of the water when I am digging.”

Martin's objection.It is overruled by Jasper.

“Oh, no matter about those things,” said Jasper, “just to dig a little. I only want a little done now, just to see how it will look.”

“Besides,” continued Martin, “if you are going to build a dam, the sods and the gravel that we shall get in widening the brook will be just what you will want for the embankment. So it will be a great deal better to wait until you are ready to begin the dam, and then lay boards down, and so wheel what we dig out of the brook right to the spot.”

“Oh, never mind about that,” said Jasper; “we will do it so when we get ready to go to work regularly; but now I only want you to widen one little place, so that I can see how it is going to look, and you can throw the sods and the gravel any where.”

“Very well,” said Martin, in a resigned tone of voice, “it is just as you say; it makes no difference to me: Mr. Grant put me under your orders.”

So Martin went for the rest of his tools, and then began to work, as Jasper had directed, in widening out the brook. Jasper stood looking on a few minutes, and then said he would go and see to the fire.

So he went into the middle of the island again and replenished the fire. He then looked at the stump of the tree which Martin had begun to dig out, but which he had left when Jasper called him away to see about the stones.

“Ah!” said he, “this is just the thing. I’ll finish digging out this stump while Martin is away.”

Jasper worked a few minutes, and then he began to be tired.

Stump-digging.

Another project.

Martin called again.

The truth is, that digging out a stump is very hard and vexatious work. Wherever you try to put in your shovel you find roots in the way, and when you strike your shovel down upon them to cut them off, if they are big they are so solid that you make no impression, and if they are small they yield to the blow, and then spring back again immediately, and all your efforts are vain.

“It is of no use to dig out all these roots,” said Jasper to himself; “it will do just as well to cut them off below the level of the ground. Then, when the hole is filled up, the gravel will be as smooth as if there were no roots there.”

So Jasper began to call Martin.

“Martin,” said he, “I want you to come here for a minute or two.”

“I wonder what new plan the boy has got now!” said Martin to himself.

He, however, obeyed the order, as he was in duty bound, and leaving his work in the brook, he went in through the thicket to the place where Jasper was.

“I think,” said Jasper, “that it is not of any use to dig out any more of these roots, and so I want you to cut them off. Then I can pry the stump right over, and put it on fire.”

“But you can’t dig the ground up for your garden,” said Martin, “unless you first get the roots all out.”

“No matter,” replied Jasper; “I will have the garden in another part.”

“Then, besides,” said Martin, “I can’t cut the roots off down so deep in the ground without spoiling your grandfather’s axe.”

A controversy.A point of difference as to obedience of orders.

“But I have taken all the stones away,” said Jasper, “on purpose, so that you might not hit any of them.”

“Ah! but it is not the stones merely,” replied Martin. “The bark of the roots is all full of grit and gravel, and it would spoil this axe to cut them through.”

“No,” said Jasper, “the worst would be that it would dull it a little, but you can grind it again to-morrow.”

Thus Martin insisted that it would not answer to cut these roots off with his axe, while Jasper, on the other hand, insisted that he should do it.

“Grandfather told you to obey my orders,” said Jasper.

“He told me to obey your orders to-day,” said Martin, “but not to-morrow.”

“Well, I don’t give you any orders for to-morrow,” said Jasper.

“Yes you do,” retorted Martin, “by requiring me to dull the axe to-day, so as to sharpen it to-morrow.”

“That’s a very different thing,” said Jasper.

“No,” replied Martin, “it is just the same thing. If I have to work to-morrow in sharpening the axe which I dull to-day, don’t you see it is making me work for you two days instead of one?”

“No,” said Jasper, “it is no such thing; and if you don’t cut the roots of the trees, I’ll cut them myself.”

So saying, Jasper approached Martin, and was going to take away the axe from him in order to cut the roots, but Martin held the axe behind him with one hand, and the other he held out as if to keep Jasper away.

Jasper's anger.

The result.

Martin leaves him.



MARTIN REFUSES TO OBEY.

Jasper now began to feel quite angry, and he struck Martin's arm. The blow which he struck was not a violent one; still, it was a blow.

Martin immediately turned round, and, putting his axe upon his shoulder, began to walk away. He passed through a gap in the thicket that formed the border of the island, threw his axe

Jasper's surprise.

Reflections.

Working alone.

across the brook to the main land, then leaped over himself, and, taking up his axe, walked across the field toward the house.

Jasper ran to the margin of the island to see where Martin was going.

“Martin,” said he, “are you going away?”

“Yes,” said Martin, “I am going away.”

Martin turned his head to give this answer, but did not stop. Jasper was confounded at this sudden change in the aspect of his affairs. At first he was inclined to follow Martin, and attempt to induce him to come back and resume his work again; but he thought it doubtful, on reflection, whether he should succeed in bringing him back if he were to try.

“Besides,” said he to himself, “what is the use of my having a workman if he will not obey me, and do as I say?”

So Jasper went on working alone. He could not dig out the stumps, but he made great progress in clearing the ground of all other incumbrances. The fire served not only to burn up the old wood, but it was also good company for him, and prevented his feeling lonely. At last, when the fire went out on account of there being nothing more to burn, Jasper gathered up the tools and carried them home.

A talk at the tea-table.Jasper's account of the difficulty.

CHAPTER II.

A CONVERSATION.

THAT evening, at tea, Mr. Grant asked Jasper how he got along with his work during the afternoon with Martin.

“I got along with my work pretty well,” said Jasper, “but I could not do any thing at all with Martin.”

“Why, what was the matter?” asked Mr. Grant.

“He would not mind me,” replied Jasper. “He would not do as I said.”

“That’s extraordinary,” said Mr. Grant.

“And at last,” continued Jasper, “he went off and left me.”

“Why did he go off and leave you?” asked Mr. Grant.

“Because he was not willing to do what I wanted him to do,” said Jasper. “I wanted him to cut off some roots, and he would not, and so he came off and left me to finish the work alone.”

“Is that a full and fair account of the matter?” interrogated Mr. Grant.

“Why, yes, grandfather,” said Jasper. “I could tell you more of what we said and did, but that’s the substance of it. He would not do what I wanted him to do, and so he came away.”

“It is very extraordinary,” said Mr. Grant, “for I expressly ordered him to work under your direction.”

“Well, he would not,” said Jasper.

Here there was a pause. Mr. Grant waited a moment to see

Mr. Grant's advice.An impartial relation of the transactions.

if Jasper would make any farther explanations, but he did not, and so Mr. Grant resumed :

“ It seems that some difficulty arose between you and Martin,” said he, “ and I have no doubt that if Martin himself was here, he could tell me in five words what it was ; but he is not here, and I do not like to send for him, for that will look as if I could not trust you to give me a fair account of the matter. But I *can* trust you, I am sure. Think how ungenerous it would be in you to take advantage of his absence to give me a wrong idea of what he did—to make charges against him that are not really deserved—when he is not here to defend himself.”

On hearing these words, Jasper resolved to be honest, and to tell his grandfather the whole story in a fair and impartial manner ; so he began at the beginning, and went on to the end, and gave his grandfather a full account of all that had happened. He explained how he had at first made Martin discontented by ordering him about from one place to another, giving him every minute a new piece of work to do before he had finished the other, and then that he had directed him to cut the roots of the tree, and that Martin had refused because he thought it would dull the axe.

“ So, then, that was the reason why he would not obey you ?” said Mr. Grant. “ He was afraid of spoiling one of my tools ?”

“ Yes, sir,” said Jasper.

“ And now, on reflection, do you think that was a good reason ?”

“ Why, I am not sure, grandfather,” replied Jasper. “ I think now that that was a good reason why I should not have ordered him to do it ; but, if I ordered him to do it, I don’t see why he

An excellent principle.

Its limits.

An example.

ought not to have obeyed me. You put him under my orders, and if I ordered him wrong, then, it seems to me, he ought to have obeyed, and left me to be responsible for it to you."

"Good!" said Mr. Grant. "That is a true principle, and an excellent good one within its limits. What you mean is this: that when one person is under the rightful authority of another, he must obey the orders that he receives, even when they are wrong."

"Yes, sir," said Jasper.

"Well, that is a good and true principle, with one proviso; and that is, that the commander, in giving his orders, keeps within the limits of his rightful authority. If he goes beyond the limits of his authority, then the other is not bound to obey.

"There are always limits to authority," continued Mr. Grant, "either express or implied. There are limits even to the authority of a captain or a general in war. If a captain orders a soldier to fire at the enemy, the soldier is bound to obey, because it is within the power of the captain to order the soldier to fire at the enemy whenever he pleases. The soldier must obey, even if he knows that it is the wrong time to fire."

"How could it be the wrong time to fire at the enemy?" asked Jasper.

"Why, you see, a party of the enemy might be coming into an ambuscade," said Mr. Grant, "where the captain and a great many of his soldiers were waiting to seize them and make them prisoners. Now, if the captain were to order a soldier to fire on the first one that came, the report of the gun might alarm the rest, so that they would run away. Thus it might be very unwise to fire. The

The captain's order to his soldier.

A judge's authority.

soldier might *know* that it was unwise ; still, he would be bound to obey, if the captain ordered him to fire, because it is entirely within the just limits of the captain's power."

"And what sort of a command would be beyond the limits of his power?" asked Jasper.

"Why, suppose the captain should have a quarrel of some sort with his own general," replied Mr. Grant, "and should determine to kill him, but, not being willing to kill him himself, should order the soldier to do it. He might say to the soldier, The general is going to review the troops to-morrow. In doing it, he will pass down the line directly in front of you. Have your gun loaded with a bullet, and when he gets opposite to you, shoot him. I, who am your captain, command you to do it, and you are bound to obey your captain in every thing."

"He would not be bound to obey him in that," said Jasper.

"No," rejoined Mr. Grant ; "to order a soldier to shoot his own general is something beyond a captain's authority.

"It is just so with other kinds of authority," said Mr. Grant. "A judge on the bench, when a prisoner has been tried and found guilty by a jury, has authority to issue an order to the sheriff to hang him, and the sheriff is bound to obey ; but if he were to give the sheriff an order to hang any private enemy to whom he owed some grudge, a man who was not accused of any crime and who had not been tried, he would exceed his authority, and the sheriff would not be bound to obey him.

"In case of soldiers and judges," continued Mr. Grant, "the limits of authority are always exactly defined by law, and such

Implied limitations.

Their meaning.

A new disclosure.

officers almost always know exactly where the boundaries are; but in the common affairs of life, though the boundaries are just as real and just as important, we do not see them so easily, and sometimes it is quite difficult to find out where they are. The limits are not expressed—they are only implied.”

“I don’t know exactly what you mean by that,” said Jasper.

“Why, in your case,” said Mr. Grant, “when I put Martin under your command for the afternoon, I did not tell you in express words how much authority you were to have over him, but left you to infer it by your own good sense from the nature of the case. I won’t attempt now to define them exactly, but I think you will see yourself, on reflection, that I did not mean to authorize you to command him to spoil my tools, or to injure my property in any way.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Jasper, “I do see it now.”

“Still,” continued Mr. Grant, “I should not have thought that he would have come away and left you on that account. I don’t see why he did not stay and help you in other ways. What was the real reason why he came away?”

“Why, I suppose,” said Jasper, hesitating, “I suppose he thought I struck him.”

“Ah!” said Mr. Grant, “that throws new light on the subject. He thought you struck him.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Jasper; “but I did not mean to strike him exactly.”

“How was it?” asked Mr. Grant. “Tell me all about it.”

“Why, you see,” replied Jasper, “I wanted to take the axe to

The degree of wrong attached to Jasper's exhibition of temper.

cut the roots of the tree, and he would not let me. He held the axe behind him, and then put out his arm to keep me from taking it, and so I struck his arm."

"There was no great harm in that," said Mr. Grant; "still I think it was wrong."

"Yes, grandfather," said Jasper, "I think so myself now."

"It was not any thing very bad," rejoined Mr. Grant. "For a *man* to strike his workman because he was angry with him would be very bad, but for a boy like you to do it on a sudden impulse is no great thing, provided he sees the wrong, after he has committed it, and makes reparation."

Perhaps Mr. Grant made too light of Jasper's offense in striking Martin, and yet it must be confessed that while we are young, and before we have learned the habit of self-control, the movement of the arm to resent any supposed injury or wrong follows so exceedingly quick upon the emotion of resentment that the action is almost involuntary. It is, however, none the less really wrong.

It was, however, not Mr. Grant's way ever to exaggerate in any degree the faults or offenses of children. While he was very firm and decided in the measures which he adopted in the government of Jasper, he was always very indulgent in estimating his conduct, and was very ready to take into view, of his own accord, every possible excuse and palliation.

"I don't think it was any thing very bad, your striking Martin as you did," he continued, "though it is not surprising that he was very much hurt in his feelings by it. To be struck when

Viewing the matter in a new light.An honest apology.

you don't deserve it is something very hard to bear. I don't know that I blame him for going away. Do you?"

"Why no, sir," said Jasper, "I don't think I do."

"Suppose," continued Mr. Grant, "that you had been working for somebody, and had been doing as well as you could for them, and that they should get out of patience with you, and come and strike you, would not you have gone off and left them?"

"Yes, sir, I would," said Jasper, firmly.

"Well, now, I think you will feel better," said Mr. Grant, "if you go and tell Martin so. Do just as you please about it. You see, you naturally feel a little uncomfortable when you think of having struck Martin in that way, but if you go and tell him that you ought not to have done so, that will take all the uncomfortable feeling away. Besides, I should not wonder if it should make Martin feel better about it too."

"I'll go and tell him this minute," said Jasper.

So Jasper went out to find Martin, while his grandfather rose from the table and went into the library. Martin was watering the horse at the pump in the yard.

"Martin," said Jasper, "I think you did exactly right to come off and leave me this afternoon. I would have done just so if I had been you. I had no business to strike you."

"Well, now, I have been thinking of it," said Martin, "and I rather thought I did not do quite right. You did not hurt me any."

"That makes no difference," said Jasper.

"At any rate, it is of no consequence now. And I'll tell you

An excellent settlement of the difficulty.

The old axe.

what I can do about that stump. I have found an old axe in the shed that I can cut the roots off with and not hurt it at all, and I'll go and do it the next time your grandfather can spare me to go and work for you."

"Good!" said Jasper; "that will be just the thing."

So Jasper returned into the house, and went to the library to find his grandfather.

"Well, Jasper," said Mr. Grant, when he saw him coming in, "have you settled the affair with Martin?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jasper.

"Did you settle it pleasantly?" asked Mr. Grant.

"Yes, sir," said Jasper, "very pleasantly indeed."

"And do you feel better about it yourself?" asked Mr. Grant.

"Yes, sir," said Jasper, "I feel a great deal better; and Martin says that he has found an old axe to cut the stump roots off with, and that he will come and cut them for me the first day you can spare him."

"Ah! but I don't see how I can spare him very well to work for you any more," said Mr. Grant, "I have got so much for him to do myself. How long will it take him to cut the roots off?"

"I should not think it would take him more than half an hour," said Jasper.

"Well, you may have him to-morrow for half an hour," said Mr. Grant, "but after that I think you must hire your own help. If you want any body to work for you on your island, I'll pay him, but you must find him."

"How must I find him?" asked Jasper.

Hiring help.

Mr. Grant's offer.

Jasper's determination.

“I don't know, I am sure,” replied Mr. Grant. “It is always very difficult to get hired hands in this part of the country. You see, every body has a farm of his own, and so they don't like to go and work for other people. All I can say is that if you can find any body to work for you, I'll give you the money to pay them. If you can't find any body, then you will have to do the work yourself.”

“I'll go and ask Martin,” said Jasper.

So Jasper went out into the kitchen to find Martin. He asked Martin if he knew where he could get a hired hand to help him about his work.

“Do you want a man or a boy?” asked Martin.

“Which would be best for me, do you think?” asked Jasper.

“Why, I suppose a man would do more work,” said Martin, “but then a boy can bear being ordered about better.”

“How do you mean?” asked Jasper.

“Why, you always change your plan pretty often, you know,” replied Martin, “and you want your workman to leave one thing and go to another a good deal. Men don't like to do that. They always want to finish one thing before they begin another.”

“Ah! but I am not going to do so any more,” replied Jasper. “I am going to let my man work more steadily.”

“There's an Irishman that they call Patrick that lives in the edge of the village,” said Martin, “and another man named Thompson. They both go out to work.”

“I mean to go to-morrow,” said Jasper, “and see if I can hire either of them.”

More planning about the work on the island.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF CONGO.

THE next morning, at breakfast, Jasper asked his grandfather if Martin could go that forenoon and cut up his stump.

“At what time do you want him?” said Mr. Grant.

“At eleven o’clock,” said Jasper, “when I get through my studies.”

“Very well,” said Mr. Grant; “he may go.”

“And then this afternoon,” added Jasper, “I am going to the village to see if I can hire a man for myself.”

“Yes,” said his grandfather, “that will be a good plan. You can hire a man or a boy.”

“Which do you think would be best?” asked Jasper.

“Why, a man will do the most work,” said Mr. Grant, “but a boy would be the best company.”

“On the whole, I think I’d rather have a boy,” said Jasper.

“Take which you please,” said Mr. Grant, “only you must not hire him but for one day. After we have tried him for one day we can tell better whether we shall keep him or not.”

According to the arrangement thus made, at eleven o’clock Jasper called Martin, and they together went down to the island. Martin, of course, carried the old axe. On the way Jasper said that he was going that afternoon to see if he could find a man or boy to work for him all the time.

How boys can be taught to be careful in the use of their tools.On the island.

“If you get one,” said Martin, “I advise you to ask your grandfather to give you this old axe, and then you and your man can grind it up sharp, and always have an axe to use of your own that you can dull as much as you have a mind to.”

“But I should not want to dull it at all,” replied Jasper, “after taking so much pains to grind it.”

“That is the very reason why I wanted you to grind it yourself, in order that you might know how much hard work a good edge costs, and try to keep it when you get it. Nothing makes a boy so careful of the edge of a tool as his having turned the grindstone in getting the edge.”

Martin and Jasper leaped over the brook to the island. When they reached the place, Martin immediately began to cut off the roots of the stump. He cut them as low down as he could, so that when the hole should be filled up again, and the ground leveled, no traces of the stump should appear. The work was soon accomplished, and the stump was rolled out upon the ground.

“Now,” said Jasper, “the difficulty is to know what to do with it, for I have not got any more fire to burn it up.”

“Can’t you make a new fire?”

“I have not got any more sticks,” said Jasper. “I have cleared the ground up all about the island.”

“Then I don’t know what you will do,” said Martin; “and I can not stay to help you. Mr. Grant only gave me leave to come down here to get the stump out, and that work is done.”

Just at that moment Jasper heard a voice at a distance calling to him,

A new acquaintance.

Flip.

He comes down to the island.

“Jasper! Jasper!”

Jasper ran to the margin of his island, at a place where there was an opening through the fringe of trees, and looked in the direction from which the sound proceeded. He saw a boy standing on a gate which led toward the house. It was the gate that Jasper and Martin had passed through in coming from the little green lane into the pasture. Jasper perceived at once that it was a boy of his acquaintance named Flip. I don't know whether that was his real name, but it was what the boys generally called him.

“Halloo, Flip!” said Jasper; “come down here.”

So Flip set out to come down just as Martin did to go up, and they passed each other midway between the island and the gate.

Flip was considerably younger than Jasper, but he was a very bright and pleasant boy. As soon as he came near the island he asked Jasper what he was doing.

He stood, in asking this question, on the main land, while Jasper remained on the island. The branch of the brook was between them.

“I am making me a farm,” said Jasper. “I'm clearing the land now, and presently I'm going to dig up a piece of ground for a garden. The rest I'm going to have for a mowing field.”

“But the cows will get into your garden, I'm afraid,” said Flip. “There are always cows in this pasture.”

“Ah! but I have left a fringe of bushes all about the island,” said Jasper, “so that they can't see that there is any garden there. Besides, I am going to widen and deepen the brook all around, and then they can't jump across, even if they do see.”

A proposition.

Partnership.

Working in company.

“Then how will you get across yourself?” asked Flip.

“Why, you see,” said Jasper, “I suppose we shall have to have a bridge.”

“But, if you have a bridge, then the cows can go over too,” said Flip.

“Ah! but I shall contrive some kind of bridge that the cows can not get over,” said Jasper. “I could manage that well enough if I only had somebody to help me do the work. If you will help me you shall own the farm with me.”

“Agreed,” said Flip, eagerly. “I’ll help.”

So Flip jumped across the brook, over to the island, by way of taking possession of his new property.

“And now,” said Jasper, “the first thing to be done is to get rid of this old stump that we have been digging up out of the ground. One thing we can do with it is to roll it off into the woods out of sight, only I don’t see how we can get it across the brook.”

“We might lay a plank across,” said Flip.

“But we have not got any plank down here,” said Jasper, “and it is a great deal of work to bring one down.”

“What else can we do with it?” asked Flip.

“If we could find sticks enough to put under to make a good hot fire,” said Jasper, “we might burn it up.”

“That’s the best plan,” said Flip. “We can find sticks enough in the woods, I am sure.”

So the boys went to work getting sticks, and old dry stumps and logs in the woods. The piles that they found they brought

Gathering fuel for the fire.A statement of plans.

down to the margin of the brook and threw them over upon the island. In the course of half an hour they had accumulated quite a pile of fuel.

“The more we get the better,” said Flip, “for we shall have a bigger fire.”

“Yes,” said Jasper, “and there will be more ashes left; and the more ashes there is, the better it will be for the crops on my farm.”

“On *our* farm,” said Flip.

“Yes, *our* farm,” rejoined Jasper, accepting the correction. “This afternoon,” he added, “I am going into the village to try to get a man to come and help me do some of the hard work on my island.”

“That’s good,” said Flip; “I’ll go with you. But who is going to pay the man?” he asked.

“My grandfather,” said Jasper; “and, besides paying the man, he is going to let me have the wagon to go and get him; so I shall have a ride at any rate, if I don’t get a workman. I am going to have the wagon immediately after dinner, and I’ll come for you at your house.”

“No,” said Flip, “I’d rather come to *your* house, and then I shall have a longer ride.”

This arrangement having been made, the boys resumed the work of gathering wood for the fire, and continued to prosecute it industriously till the bell rang for dinner. Then Jasper and Flip went together to the house, and Flip went home, promising to come again as soon as he had finished his dinner.

An expedition.

The boys setting out.

Conversation about the bridge.

The horse was harnessed into the wagon at one o'clock ; Martin and Jasper harnessed him. A few minutes before he was ready Flip came. Mr. Grant had given Jasper no instructions whatever in respect to hiring his man, having preferred to leave him to his own judgment and discretion.

"He can not make any great mistake," said Mr. Grant to himself, "for one day's work of a man is of no serious consequence any way ; and if a boy always walks in leading-strings he never will learn to go alone."

As soon as the wagon was ready, Jasper went into the house to tell his grandfather that he was going.

"We are all ready, grandfather," said he.

"Very well," said Mr. Grant ; "I hope you will have good luck."

So Jasper bade his grandfather good-by, and went back to the wagon. Flip was already in, and was holding the reins ; Jasper got in, and they drove away.

On the way they began to talk about the kind of bridge they should have over the brook.

"I have thought of a kind of jumping bridge," said Jasper.

"What kind of a bridge is that ?" asked Flip.

"Why, one way to make it," said Jasper, "would be to find a big stone with a flat top, and put it in the middle of the brook, at some place where the banks are high and firm. Then, when we wanted to go across, we could jump from the bank on one side to the stone, and then from the stone to the other bank ; but the cows, you see, would not dare to do that, so they could not get over."

The jumping stone.

Another plan.

The post.

“Well,” said Flip, in a tone of satisfaction, “that will be an excellent plan.”

“Only,” added Jasper, “I think it will be very hard to find a stone large enough and high enough to make a good firm step. And then, if we should find one, it would be very hard to place it right. If we were to get it there, and roll it over into the brook, it would go down into the mud, and then we could not do any thing with it; so I thought of taking a post.”

“A post?” repeated Flip.

“Yes,” rejoined Jasper; “a short post with a good broad end. We would saw off one end of the post flat and square; that would be the end to step upon. Then we would sharpen the other end.”

“We could not do it,” said Flip.

“But our man can do it,” said Jasper. “You forget that we are going to have a man. Then, when he has sharpened the lower end of the post, we will put it on the wheelbarrow, and wheel it down to the place where we want to have our bridge. We will have it in a place where there is a good soft bottom, so that the post will drive.”

“It is soft bottom almost all along there,” said Flip.

“Then,” continued Jasper, “I’ll hold the post in its place, and keep it steady, while our man drives it down with a great beetle.”

“Oh, Jasper,” said Flip, “you could not hold it.”

“Yes,” said Jasper, “I’ve thought of a way. You see, I’ll take a long strip of wood, and nail one end of it across the post,

The ill success of their expedition.

Jasper in perplexity.

A resource suggested.

just below the square end, and that will keep the post upright while our man drives it."

"That will be an excellent way," said Flip.

"I have planned it all out," said Jasper. "I planned it at dinner to-day. Grandfather helped me."

The boys were not successful in hiring either Patrick or Thompson. Patrick was engaged for four or five days to work in a garden, and Thompson had gone with a team to a neighboring town to bring a load of seed potatoes, and they did not know when he would be back. After having made these applications and received these answers, Jasper felt quite perplexed. He did not know what to do. He let the horse walk slowly along the road, while he and Flip sat in the wagon considering.

"If we only knew somebody to inquire of," said Jasper, hesitatingly.

"I know a fellow, that lives right round the corner here in a little lane, that perhaps could tell us," said Flip.

"What's his name?" asked Jasper.

"Congo," said Flip.

"That's a queer name," said Jasper.

"Yes," rejoined Flip, "and the fellow is a queer fellow. Perhaps he would come and work for you himself, though I don't know as he would; and, if he would be willing to come, I don't know as he would do."

"Why would not he do?" asked Jasper.

"First, he's only a boy," said Flip, "and, next, he's black."

No prejudice against color.

Congo.

They find him at work.

“That’s no matter,” said Jasper; “I’d just as lief have him black, or blue, or green, or any other color he’s a mind to be, if he’s only a good strong fellow to drive the post for the jumping bridge.”

“He is a good strong fellow,” said Flip. “I saw him throwing a beetle with the other boys a few days ago, and he threw it farther than any of them.”

“Then let’s go and see him,” said Jasper.

So saying, Jasper whipped up his horse and drove fast round the corner where Flip directed him, and soon came to the house. It was a small house, quite in the outskirts of the town. There was a little yard by the side of the house, and a path, bordered with hollyhocks, led up from the open gate to the end door. As the boys drove up to the place, Jasper saw a colored boy, considerably larger than himself, at work digging by the side of the door.

“There he is now,” said Flip; then, in a louder voice, he called out,

“Halloo, Congo!”

Congo looked up from his work, and responded in the same tone,

“Halloo, Flip!”

“What are you doing?” asked Flip.

“I’m setting out a hop vine, to grow up over our door,” answered Congo.

“Well, Congo,” added Flip, “here’s Jasper, who wants to know if you will come and work for him.”

The proposition considered.

Inquiries.

The result.

Congo looked a little surprised at this proposal, and, after a moment's pause, he asked,

“What does he want me to do?”

“Why, he wants you to help him clear some land, and to dig out some stones—don't you, Jasper?” (here Flip turned to Jasper, and spoke in a lower tone)—“to build your dam with.”

“Yes,” said Jasper, “and all such things.”

“Well,” said Congo, “I'll go and ask my mother.”

So Congo went into the house, and presently he came to the door again, bringing his mother with him. She was a very good-natured-looking colored woman, about forty years old. His mother questioned Jasper more particularly about the business, seeming to be at first somewhat in doubt whether Jasper was in earnest in the application that he had made. At last she asked who would pay if Congo went there to work.

“My grandfather,” said Jasper, “Mr. Grant.”

“Ah! well,” said she, “if Mr. Grant will pay him, he may go. I want him generally here at home to help me, but, if he can earn any money, that would help me more still. At any rate, he shall come up this evening and see Mr. Grant about it. What time shall he come?”

Jasper, after a moment's reflection, said that he thought seven o'clock would be a good time; and the affair being thus arranged, he and Flip rode away, well satisfied with the result of the expedition thus far.

At tea-time Jasper told his grandfather that he had found a boy to work for him.

Talk with Mr. Grant.A good rule as to the payment of wages.

“I could not get a man,” said Jasper, “but this is a good strong boy. Don’t you think he will do, grandfather?”

“Yes,” replied his grandfather, “I think he will do very well, if you can only manage him.”

“A boy will be easier for me to manage than a man, at any rate,” said Jasper.

“On the contrary, I think you will find him a great deal harder to manage,” said Mr. Grant. “It is no easy thing to manage a boy, I assure you. And how much are you going to pay him?”

“Why, you are going to pay him, grandfather,” said Jasper.

“No,” said Mr. Grant; “I’ll give you the money, but you must pay him yourself. I can’t have any thing to do with it.”

“And how much do you think I ought to pay him?” asked Jasper.

“I don’t know any thing about it,” said Mr. Grant. “You had better inquire what the customary wages are. It will be bad if you pay him either too much or too little.”

“I know it would be bad if I paid him too little,” said Jasper, “but what harm would there be in my paying him a little too much?”

“Why, he would tell other boys of his age who are working for less than what you paid him, and that would make them discontented with their wages. Perhaps they would complain, and that would make difficulty. Then, besides, you will probably not employ this boy very long; and if, while you do employ him, you pay him more than the market price for his work, and he finds afterward that he can not get so much from other people, then he

It is best to pay the market price.

Making the engagement.

will be discontented and dissatisfied, and will perhaps say that if he can't get as much as you paid him he will not work at all. So it is never best to pay a workman above the fair market price for his labor."

"And how am I to find out the market price?" asked Jasper.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Mr. Grant. "You must find out somehow or other for yourself. If I pay the money, that is all that I can do. You must do all the business."

"I'll go out and ask Martin," said Jasper.

So Jasper went out and asked Martin. He also asked one of Mr. Grant's hired men who was in the kitchen at the time. After obtaining all the information that he could, he came to the conclusion that he ought to pay the boy twenty-five cents a day with his board, or thirty cents a day without his board. He concluded that the latter would be the best plan.

Mr. Grant approved of this, and accordingly, when Congo came, these terms were proposed to him.

Congo seemed entirely satisfied with the terms, and said that he would come the next morning immediately after breakfast.

"We make the engagement for one day at a time," said Mr. Grant, "though perhaps Jasper will want you longer, if you are a good boy and behave well. You look to me like a good boy, and I believe that you must be a good boy, for I have never heard any thing against you. There is only one thing that I have any concern about."

"Yes, sir," said Congo.

Mr. Grant had paused a little when he had finished the above

Mr. Grant's conversation with Congo about what he should do.

sentence, and Congo thought that he was to say something, and as he did not know what else to say, he said "Yes, sir."

"The thing is about bad language," said Mr. Grant. "Sometimes pretty good boys get into the habit, almost without knowing it, of using some bad language."

Here Congo began to hang his head, and to look a little confused.

"I want you to be very careful about that," continued Mr. Grant; "and if you ever find yourself on the point of using any language which you don't think is quite right to use, check yourself at once. You see, I would not have Jasper learn to use bad language on any consideration whatever."

"The way it works," added Mr. Grant, "is this. A boy who is perhaps himself a pretty good boy, like you, hears other boys use bad language, and he gradually falls into the habit of it himself. He never means to use it when any respectable person is hearing him, but often he forgets, and sometimes he is overheard speaking loud words by somebody he does not know is listening. Thus people find out, sooner or later, that he uses bad language, and then they think that he is a bad boy, when perhaps, in other respects, he is not, and then they won't trust him. We never think so well of people when we know that they use bad language; so you will be very careful, won't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Congo, "I will."

"It is very easy indeed," continued Jasper's grandfather, "for a boy to lose his good reputation, and to get a very bad reputation, and that is a great misfortune, for a bad reputation is not so easy

Jasper's proposition.Congo agrees to it.

to get rid of. So I wish you to be very careful and not fall into any such habits."

Congo inwardly resolved to be very circumspect, and he replied to Mr. Grant, "I will, sir."

"Very well; then I suppose that Jasper will engage you to come and work for him to-morrow. I do not know; it is for him to decide; but you can tell your mother that, if he does engage you, she can depend upon his paying you for your work at night whatever he agrees to pay."

So Jasper and Congo went away. As soon as they got out of doors, Jasper said that he would engage Congo to come the next day, and would pay him thirty cents for his day's work if he boarded at home.

This plan seemed very satisfactory to Congo. He preferred, on the whole, to board at home. So he said, "Well, I'll eat my breakfast before I come away, and bring my dinner with me; then I will eat my supper at night after I get home."

So the plan was all settled.

Congo punctual to his engagement.About grinding the axe.

CHAPTER IV.

CONGO'S WORK.

CONGO came the next morning before Jasper had finished his breakfast. Jasper saw him through the window as he sat at table.

"Ah! there he is," said Jasper. "I'll finish my breakfast, and then go out and set him at work, so that he shall have something to do while I am at my studies."

Jasper always spent the two hours between nine and eleven at his desk and father's library attending to his studies.

Mr. Grant had given him the old axe, and the first thing that Jasper did when he went out was to take Congo into the shed to look at it.

"The first thing," said he, "is to grind this axe. You see we shall want a sharp axe all the time; besides, I want it now to sharpen the post for my jumping bridge. Can you grind it, Congo?"

"I can't grind it alone," said Congo. "Nobody can grind an axe alone, unless they have a grindstone that goes by water."

"Is there any grindstone that goes by water in this town?" asked Jasper.

"Yes," said Congo; "I know where there is one, but I think this axe needs to be set before it is ground."

When an axe has been dulled, and ground again and again a

Work laid out.

Widening the brook.

Making a rampart.

great many times, it gets worn very short and "stubbed," as Congo called it. In such cases it is common to take it to a blacksmith's, and let him heat it in the fire, and then hammer on the cheeks of it while it is red hot, so as to push out the edge, as it were, and make it thin bladed as before. This is called setting the axe. It not only renders it much easier to grind it, but makes it of much better shape when it is ground.

"I can carry it to the blacksmith's and get it set," said Congo, "if you wish, and then, after that, you and I can grind it."

But Jasper wished to see the blacksmith set the axe, and so he concluded to wait until the afternoon, and then to go with Congo and see the work done. So he laid the axe aside, and then took Congo down to his island and told him what he was to do.

"In the first place," said Jasper, "go all around the island, and wherever you find a place so narrow that a cow might jump across, dig away the bank a little on one side or the other, so as to make it wider."

"Yes," said Congo; "and what I dig I'll put along on the edge of the island, and that will make a sort of rampart, which will help keep the cows off."

"Good!" said Jasper; "that will be an excellent plan. I thought of having it all wheeled down to a place where I am going to build a dam; but the rampart will be better."

Having thus assigned Congo his work, Jasper left him and went back to the house, in order to be ready to begin his studies at nine o'clock.

Congo worked very well; indeed, he took quite an interest in

One thing accomplished.

The blacksmith's shop.

Setting the axe.

the island operation, and he widened out the brook in a very handsome manner. Jasper got through with his studies at eleven o'clock, and then he came down to see how Congo was getting on. He was very much pleased with what was done.

"I'll risk the cows getting over now," said he; "indeed, we can hardly get over ourselves. Immediately after dinner we will go and get the axe put in order, and then we will make the bridge."

Accordingly, after dinner, Jasper and Congo, and also Flip, who had come to help them work on the island, went to the blacksmith's with the axe to have it set. The blacksmith first took the handle off, and then put the axe into the fire and heated it red hot. Congo blew the bellows for him while the axe was heating. The blacksmith then laid the axe on the anvil, holding it in his grippling-tongs, and hammered on the sides of it near the edge until he had brought it into a good shape again. In fact, he made it very much like a new axe; only, of course, it was now rather smaller and lighter than a new one.

"There," said the blacksmith at last, "I think that will do."

So saying, he took the axe with the tongs and put it into the fire again.

"Then what are you going to heat it again for?" asked Jasper.

"To temper it," said the blacksmith. "By heating it in order to hammer it I have taken the temper out, and now I must temper it again. A steel instrument, after it is forged, must always be tempered."

The process of tempering steel is performed by heating it and

Farther renovation.

The grindstone.

The axe in prime order.

then plunging it in a peculiar way into cold water, which, by cooling it suddenly, somehow or other makes it very hard.

“And now,” said the blacksmith, “I advise you to get a new handle to your axe instead of putting this old one in. You can get a good one for a shilling at almost any of the stores in the village, and then you can come here and grind the axe, if you choose. I’ve got a stone that goes by water under my shop.”

Jasper gladly acceded to this proposal. He paid the blacksmith for setting the axe, and then he went with Congo, who carried the axe in his hand, to one of the stores to buy a handle. Jasper looked over all the handles which the man had, and chose the one which he thought the most smooth and slender. Then he and Congo went to a joiner’s shop, and had the handle put in. The joiner fitted the end of the handle to the socket in the axe, and then drove it in, and wedged it in the firmest possible manner. Then he rubbed it all up and down with fine sand-paper until it was made so smooth that Jasper took great pleasure in having it in his hand, so that, in going back to the blacksmith’s, he carried it himself instead of giving it to Congo.

There was a sort of basement below the blacksmith’s shop where the grindstone was that was turned by water. It was carried by means of a brook which ran behind the shop. The blacksmith went down with the boys and set the stone a going, and then Congo held the axe on until it was ground. He made it very sharp indeed.

The axe was now all ready, and the boys set out on their return home.

Cautions about using the axe.

The bridge timber.

The chopping-block.

“Now, Congo,” said Jasper, “I put that axe under your care. I shall consider you responsible for it. You must not cut any thing with it that has got any nails in it, or any grit, or hard knots, or any thing else that will dull it.”

“Why,” said Congo, “when it gets dull, you can grind it, can’t you?”

“Yes,” said Jasper; “if we dull it we shall have to go to work and grind it. You will have to turn the grindstone to sharpen it up again; and I think we shall find it a great deal easier to be careful of it and keep it sharp, than to grind it after it is dull and the edge of it full of notches. And you must find some good place in our sheds or shops where you can keep it, and keep it safe. Then, whenever I want it, you can go and get it.”

“Yes,” said Congo, “I will.”

The first use, of course, that was to be made of the new axe was to make the jumping bridge. For this purpose Jasper selected a post from a pile which lay behind the barn, and Congo pulled it out for him. Congo then carried the post to a saw-horse, and sawed it off at a place which Jasper designated. Jasper had ascertained what length to saw off from the post, by measuring the depth of the water at the place where it was to go, allowing also, at the same time, for the distance to which it was to be driven down into the mud.

When the post was sawed Congo carried it to a chopping-block in the shop, and there Jasper held it with the lower end upon the block, while Congo, with the new axe, hewed the end to a point.

The chopping-block was a great block made by sawing a piece

A beetle or mallet is better than an axe or hammer for driving a post or stake.

off the trunk of a large maple-tree. It was as large round as a barrel, and two thirds as high. It stood up in one corner of the shop. It stood very firm upon the floor, and the wood was very hard, so that it made a capital place for any work that required a solid place. It was just the place to sharpen the post upon.

“There!” said Jasper; “now we will carry it down to the brook, and set it in its place. We can drive it down with our axe.”

“That will not be quite so well as to drive it with a beetle,” said Congo, “if we only had a beetle; for the axe will bruise the head of the post, and that will make it not so good to step upon.”

“Then we will get the beetle,” said Jasper. “There is one in the wood-shed. You may carry the post, and I will carry the beetle.”

“No,” said Congo, “I can carry them both.”

So they went to the wood-shed to get the beetle, and when they had found it they all set out together to go down to the island. Congo carried the beetle on his right shoulder, and the post under his left arm. He seemed quite proud to show Jasper and Flip how easily he could carry them both. Jasper carried a hammer and a long strip of board which he had prepared, and Flip had in his hand some nails.

When they reached the place where the post was to be set, they nailed one end of the strip of board across near the top of the post, and then, when Congo had placed the point of the post down in the bottom of the brook at the place where it was to be driven, Jasper held the top steady by means of the strip of board. Congo then drove it down with the beetle until it would go no farther.



THE JUMPING BRIDGE.

Trying the bridge.

The pond.

Jasper's pleasure-grounds.

Jasper and Flip began to jump back and forth over the brook, stepping on the post in the middle in order to try the bridge. They found that it answered the purpose perfectly.

“And now,” said Jasper, in a tone of triumph, “I should like to see a cow dare to go over that bridge!”

Jasper was so much pleased with Congo's work that day that, after asking his grandfather's consent, he engaged him for another day, and afterward for another and another. He employed him in building the dam down below the island, and the wharf or pier at the lower part of the island, to stand upon in sailing boats on the little pond made by the dam. He also built a sort of hut on his island. The frame of the hut was of posts set in the ground, two long posts and two short ones. Congo dug the holes for these posts and set them in the ground while Jasper was at his lessons.

The roof of the hut was made by sloping rafters covered with sheets of bark. The ends of the rafters were supported by cross-bars which passed across, one between the two long posts and the other between the short ones. The sheets of bark were laid on lapping over each other like slates or shingles on a common roof.

Jasper laid out pretty paths along the shores of his island, and also by the sides of the little pond below it; and as there were a great many trees and bushes there, it was a very shady and pleasant place, especially as the grass grew up and made it green. Jasper often invited the children of the village to come and play there, three or four at a time. Some of these children were girls, and they were a little afraid to go across on the jumping bridge, and so Jasper made what he called a drawbridge there.

Description of the drawbridge.Jasper meets with a funny difficulty.

The way in which he made the drawbridge was this. He selected a wide and thick board, and let Congo saw it off of a length a little greater than the brook at the jumping bridge. This board Congo carried down and put in the hut. Then, whenever any girls came, or any other persons who were not of the jumping kind, Jasper would let Congo put this board down in such a manner that the ends of it should rest on the bank on each side, and the middle of it on the post in the centre. The post assisted very much in keeping the centre of the board steady when people stepped upon it. By this means the most cautious and timid people could go across the bridge without fear, and yet it was of no service to the cows, for it was always taken up and put into the hut before the boys left the island.

It was this circumstance, that the new bridge could be taken up and let down again at pleasure, that led Jasper to call it a drawbridge.

Things went on in this way for a week or more; then Jasper began to find that Congo was getting out of work. In fact, Jasper was beginning to be in the condition in which so many masters find themselves who wish to keep a man, but can't find enough for him to do. How Jasper contrived to obviate this difficulty will appear in the next chapter.

Jasper's success with Congo.Mr. Grant's suggestions.

CHAPTER V.

THE SEED-CORN EXCURSION.

I DON'T think that Jasper would have succeeded in managing Congo so well, and in going on so long without getting into difficulty with him, had it not been for the many conversations that he had from time to time with his grandfather, and the good counsel which he received from him in respect to the proper course to be pursued.

“In the first place,” said Mr. Grant, “you must manage so as always to have work enough for him to do.”

“I always have plenty for him to do when I am there,” said Jasper; “but sometimes, while I am away at my studies, he gets through what I set him about, and then he does not know what to do next.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Grant; “I should think that would happen often. You must guard against that by always having a good quantity of steady work on hand, which he can turn to when he has nothing else to do.

“Then another principle is,” continued Mr. Grant, “that, as a general thing, when you have once given him a piece of work to do, you must not call him off from it to any thing else until he has finished it.”

“Sometimes I change my mind,” said Jasper.

“Ah! but that you must not do,” replied Mr. Grant. “When

Consideration necessary.Jasper sees the beauty of benevolence.

any thing occurs to you as desirable to be done, don't call out immediately to Congo to come and do it as soon as the idea of it comes into your head, but wait till you have considered fully whether it is really best to do it or not. Estimate in your own mind how much time it will require, and consider what other things must be omitted or postponed if that is undertaken. Consider, too, when is the best time for doing it, if you decide that it ought to be done, and then finally, when all these things have been arranged in your mind, then, and not till then, give Congo your order. And when you have once given him the order, do not interfere with him until it is fully executed."

"Yes, sir," said Jasper, "I see that is the best plan."

"Then you must have proper consideration for your workman. A master ought always to remember that his laborer, though a laborer, is still a man, and that he has all the feelings, and desires, and aspirations of a man. You ought to see to it that Congo, while he works for you, has a good time. A laborer will have a good time if his employer is kind and considerate in dealing with him, and does not exact from him what is beyond his powers."

"I think that Congo does have a good time," said Jasper.

"I presume he does," said Mr. Grant. "Does he know how to read and write?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Jasper. "I mean to ask him."

"I would," said Mr. Grant.

"And if he does not know, I mean to teach him," said Jasper.

"That will be an excellent plan," said Mr. Grant.

"That is, I will teach him if he is willing to learn," said Jasper.

The island cleared.

New work in hand.

The corn-field.

“Yes,” said Mr. Grant, “that is all that you can do. You can not teach him unless he is willing to learn.”

Jasper often held such conversations as this with his grandfather in respect to Congo, and it was in a great measure owing to the influence of them that he succeeded so well in managing him. After the island was finished, he began to experience some difficulty in finding employment for him, until at last his grandfather proposed to him one day that he should have a corn-field. There was a yard behind one of Mr. Grant's barns, which had been used a year or two before as a hen-yard and pig-yard. The cattle had been turned into it, too, a good deal in the winter, for it was in quite a sunny place.

This yard was inclosed with a high fence, made with slats, placed pretty close together to prevent the hens from getting through, though this fence was now somewhat out of repair. The ground was quite rich, but it was very uneven on account of the pigs having rooted it so much. It had also been very much overgrown with weeds during the preceding summer, and the stalks of the weeds were still standing.

“You might take that piece of ground,” said Mr. Grant, “and make a corn-field of it. I want to have it leveled and cleaned, and the only way to do that is to plant it for a year.”

“What do you mean by cleaning it?” asked Jasper.

“Why, getting the weeds out,” said Mr. Grant.

“But, grandfather, there are no weeds in it now. They are all dead. There is nothing left of them but the old stalks, that Congo and I could pull up in half an hour.”

The way to undertake it.Spading up the ground.

“Ah! but the ground is full of the seeds of the weeds,” said Mr. Grant, “and in a short time you will see the young weeds coming up all over it. The only way to clean the ground is to let the seeds come up, and then kill them with the hoe. After one crop is killed another will come up, and so on all summer; but, by the end of the summer, if the ground is kept well hoed all the time, it will be pretty well cleaned, and then we can sow grass in it for the next summer. If I were to sow grass-seed now, the weeds would come up with the grass and spoil it.”

“Then why won’t they come up with the corn?” asked Jasper.

“They will,” said Mr. Grant; “but corn is so large that you can walk about among the hills, and hoe the ground over, and kill the weeds. Now I want the ground cleaned, and if you will plant it with corn, and keep it well hoed, you shall have all the corn you raise to sell in the fall, and the money shall be yours. The ground is very rich, and it will produce an excellent crop.”

Jasper was greatly pleased with this proposal, and he set at work upon the corn-field the very next day.

It was necessary to dig the ground instead of plowing it, for the place was too small for a plow to work to advantage in it. For two or three days Congo was employed during the forenoons, while Jasper was at his studies, in digging. When Jasper came out at eleven o’clock, he took another spade, and they both, master and man, worked together. As they dug the ground they leveled it. Before they begun the digging they had pulled out all the old stalks, and burned them in a little pile in the centre of the field.

A rule in pulling up weeds.

An expedition.

Its object.

In pulling the stalks up they were careful not to shake them, for they wished to keep in all the seeds that had not yet fallen, and burn them in the fire.

One morning, just before Jasper went in to attend to his studies he called Congo to go with him into the carriage-house. When there he pointed to a small open wagon.

“I am going away this afternoon in that wagon,” said he, “and I shall want you to go with me to drive; and now this forenoon I wish you to see if you can fix some box or board on before here to make a driver’s seat for you. I am going to take my little cousin Lottie with me on the wagon-seat.”

Jasper did not tell Congo where he was going nor what he was going for. This was in accordance with his grandfather’s advice.

“It is generally not best,” said Mr. Grant, “for an employer to give his workmen much information about his plans and designs, except so far as is necessary to enable them to perform well the part which they have to do, or so far as they wish to ask for advice or information in respect to some of the details of the work.” So Jasper, in this case, merely directed Congo to get the wagon ready, without telling him any thing of the nature and object of the expedition.

The object was to get some seed-corn of a particular kind to plant the corn-field with. There was a farmer who lived about six miles off, among the mountains, who had this corn for sale, and Jasper was going to get some of it. His little cousin Lottie, who was about seven years old, was going with him for the sake of the ride.

Congo's seat.

The party setting off.

A beautiful ride.

Jasper gave Congo directions to harness the horse into the wagon, and to bring him to the back hall-door at half past one; and when, at that hour, Jasper and Lottie went to the door, they found Congo all ready. Congo had made quite a good seat for himself by placing a board across the front part of the wagon. He had nailed two cleats across the ends of the board, on the under side, at such a distance from the end that when the board was put across the wagon these cleats would shut down over the sides and keep the board in its place.

Congo was seated on this board when Jasper and Lottie came to the door.

"Is your seat comfortable?" said Jasper; "because we are going out six miles, so that the whole distance, going and coming, is twelve."

"Yes," said Congo, "it is very comfortable indeed. It is a spring seat, for the board is thin and has a spring; besides, I folded up a horse-blanket and put it on for a cushion."

Jasper helped Lottie into the wagon, and then he got in himself. He had a basket in his hand to bring the corn home in. He and Lottie took their seats, and Congo mounted upon the board; then, after telling Congo which way to go, Jasper directed him to drive on.

During all the morning of that day it had been very pleasant weather. The air was balmy, and the sun shone bright and clear; and as the grass was now every where quite green, and the leaves were out upon the trees, Lottie promised herself a delightful ride. Indeed, it was in a great measure because the day was so fine and

Prepared for a reverse of weather.Lottie wants some flowers.

the season so charming that Jasper had invited Lottie to go with him.

The weather had changed somewhat before the party set out, but still it was very pleasant riding. Jasper and Lottie took great-coats and cloaks, by Gertrude's advice, thinking that it might be cool coming home in the evening. Indeed, it began to be a little cool already, for the sun was obscured, and a general cloudiness had overspread the whole sky. So they also took an umbrella.

The party went on, however, very pleasantly. They stopped a moment at the door of the house where Congo lived, in order that Congo might tell his mother that he was going away, and that he should not be at home at the usual time that evening.

"She never likes to have me out in the evening," said Congo, "unless she knows exactly where I am."

After passing out of the village, Congo, by Jasper's direction, turned off into a road that led through a retired part of the country among the mountains. At last they entered the woods, and Lottie was very much delighted with the different shades of green in the young foliage of the trees, and in the beautiful moss which was growing on the ground beneath them.

At last she spied a number of flowers growing among the moss in a pretty green bank by the road side.

"Ah!" said she, suddenly, "look, Jasper, look! See those beautiful flowers."

"Would you like some of them?" asked Jasper.

"Yes, *indeed*," said Lottie.

"Then I'll let Congo go and get you some," said Jasper.

Gathering a bouquet.Jasper's regard for Lottie's apprehensions.

So Jasper ordered Congo to stop.

"Do you think you can climb up that bank," said Jasper, "and get Lottie some of those flowers?"

"Yes, easily enough," said Congo.

"Then give me the reins and try," said Jasper.

So Congo handed Jasper the reins, and then, after getting down from the wagon, he climbed up the bank, and gathered the flowers. Lottie pointed to the ones which she wanted.

Congo gathered quite a bouquet of flowers, and when he handed them to Lottie, he got into the carriage again and drove on. Lottie was exceedingly pleased with the bouquet.

After going on some distance farther, they came to a bridge leading across a brook. On one side of the bridge was a place to drive through the brook for the purpose of watering horses.

"Do you think the horse wants to drink?" said Jasper, when he came in sight of this brook.

"No," replied Congo. "Martin watered him just before we set out."

"Never mind," said Jasper, "we'll water him again. Or, at any rate, we will let him go through the brook just for the fun of it."

"But I'm afraid to drive through the brook," said Lottie.

"Oh, there is no danger," said Jasper—"no danger at all. Still, if you are afraid, we will not go."

"I am not much afraid," said Lottie; "so you may go if you think it is best."

On the whole, Jasper concluded that, since the horse was not



THE FLOWERS.

Clouding up.

A snow-storm in prospect.

What becomes of the birds?

thirsty, it was not best to go through the brook if Lottie was at all afraid, and so he ordered Congo to go directly on over the bridge.

In the mean time the sky became more and more overcast—so much so, in fact, that Congo said, if it had been in December instead of April, he should expect that it was going to snow.

“But it never snows in April, I suppose?” said Lottie.

“Oh yes,” replied Jasper, “it snows very often in April.”

“Then,” said Lottie, “what becomes of the poor little birds and the flowers?”

Besides the flowers which Lottie had seen here and there by the wayside, her attention had been strongly attracted by the birds which were every where singing among the branches of the trees.

“I don’t know what becomes of them,” replied Jasper. “They hide away somewhere or other, I suppose; for the next morning, when the sun comes out, they come out too, brighter than ever. But the thing that concerns me most,” he added, “in case it snows, is to know what is to become of us.”

“Oh, I shall not mind it,” said Lottie. “It won’t hurt *this* bonnet if it does get snowed upon.”

“Ah! but I am not thinking of you or of your bonnet,” rejoined Jasper, “but of the horse.”

“Why, will it hurt *him* to be snowed upon?” asked Lottie.

“No,” replied Jasper, “it will not hurt him to be snowed *upon*, but to be snowed *under*. When there comes much snow, wheels can’t go; at least it is very hard indeed to draw them.”

The scenery along their route.Where Mr. Tooly lives.

“Then, if it begins to snow,” said Lottie, “we had better turn about and go home.”

“Perhaps,” said Jasper.

So they went on. After passing through the woods they came out into the open country again, where there were to be seen farm-houses here and there along the road side. There were fields, too, where the farmers were plowing or harrowing, and flocks of sheep nibbling the young grass in the pastures. The road led up and down a great many long hills, and over several little rivers, and at one time for half a mile it skirted the border of a pond. At last, about four o'clock, Jasper thought they must be drawing near the place where they were going. It was at a farmer's, he said, whose name was Tooly.

“Congo,” said Jasper, “when we get opposite to that man out there with the oxen, stop and ask him if he knows where Mr. Tooly lives.”

So Congo stopped and asked the question. The man was at work by the road side with oxen, getting out a large flat stone. He was just hooking the chain round the stone, and without stopping his work, or even looking up from it to see who was speaking, he said,

“Third house from here, on the left hand—a one-story yellow house, with three barns. Come, now! gee, Star-r-r-r!”

These last words were, of course, spoken to one of the oxen, and Congo drove on.

“That man seems to be in a great hurry to get his stone out,” said Jasper.

At the end of the expedition.Finding Mr. Tooly.

“Never mind,” replied Lottie, “he told us all that we want to know. I’ll look out for the yellow house.”

So Lottie kept a good look-out ahead, and after going about a mile beyond the place where they had inquired of the man, the yellow house came into view. There was an open yard on one side of the house, with a big wood-pile on the farther side of it.

“We may as well drive right up into the yard,” said Jasper. “Oh no,” he added, correcting himself, “you may go first, Congo, and ask if Mr. Tooly is at home. I’ll take the reins.”

So Congo handed Jasper the reins and went up to the house. In a few minutes he returned, and said that Mr. Tooly *was* at home. He was out in one of the barns. So Jasper drove up into the yard.

“Now, Congo,” said Jasper, “you may stay here and take care of the horse while I get out and go and see if I can find Mr. Tooly.”

“And let me get out too,” said Lottie.

So Jasper, after getting out himself, helped Lottie to get out, and then said,

“You had better stay here, Lottie, and look about the yard while I go and see if I can find Mr. Tooly. You see I don’t know what sort of a place he is in.”

So Lottie staid, and Jasper walked away toward the barn.

A moment after he had gone, a little girl of just about Lottie’s age came to the door of the house. She had in her hand a small heart-shaped tin cup, such as cakes are baked in. She stood on a flat stone, which served as a step to the door, and gazed

Charlotte and Lottie.A visit to the kitchen.

earnestly at Lottie, Lottie at the same time gazing earnestly at her.

At last the little girl beckoned to Lottie, as if she wished her to come nearer. So Lottie walked forward a few steps toward the girl.

The girl then beckoned again, and Lottie went a little nearer.

“What is your name?” asked the girl.

“Lottie,” she answered. “And what is yours?”

“Charlotte,” replied the other.

“Why,” exclaimed Lottie, “that’s my name in full, only they call me Lottie. How funny!”

Here the two children burst into a joyous fit of laughter at the oddity of their both having the same name, and from that moment they felt perfectly acquainted with each other.

“Come in, and see the cakes that we are baking,” said Charlotte.

“Wait till Jasper comes back,” said Lottie, “and he will tell me if I can go in.”

“Oh, never mind him,” said Charlotte.

“But he won’t know what is become of me,” said Lottie.

“I’ll tell him,” said Congo. “You need not be afraid to go in. He would not have any objection.”

Thus encouraged, Lottie went into the house. Charlotte asked her into a neat, pleasant-looking kitchen, where a very attractive spectacle met her view. The table was covered with pies, cakes, and apple turn-overs, which had just been taken out of the oven, and Charlotte’s mother was taking out more.

Baking pastry.

Jasper in the barn.

The festoons of corn.

“Mother is going to have company,” said Charlotte, “and so she is baking some cakes and pies; and one of the pies, and two of the turn-overs, and four of the cakes are mine. See, here they are, all together on the end of the table.”

Then, turning to her mother, she said,

“Mother, I believe I will eat one of my cakes now.”

“Very well,” said her mother; “they are yours to do what you please with.”

“I want to give Lottie a piece of it,” said Charlotte. “Besides, I think cake is never so good as when it just comes out of the oven.”

So Charlotte took one of her cakes, and then inviting Lottie to follow her, she led the way to the step of the door again, and there they sat down together to eat it.

In the mean time Jasper had gone into the barn, and there, after some searching, he had found Mr. Tooly, with a large boy, employed in getting out and looking over his hoes. Jasper told him that he had come to buy some of his seed-corn. Mr. Tooly said he had some of a very fine kind to sell, and, laying down his hoes, he told Jasper that he would go and show it to him.

So he led Jasper along through various passages, leading from one barn or shed to another, until at last they came to a place where the corn was hung in festoons from the rafters of a loft. Mr. Tooly went up by a ladder and brought down one of the festoons.

“This corn comes forward very early,” said he, “and it is very sweet, so that it is the best corn for the table that we have ever had in this part of the country.”

Jasper makes his purchase.Lottie's amusement.

Jasper liked the appearance of the corn very much. He told Mr. Tooty how large the piece of ground was that he wished to plant, and Mr. Tooty easily calculated how much corn would be required for it. Mr. Tooty began to count out the ears, while Jasper went to the door to call Congo to bring the basket to put them in.

“Congo,” said he, “see if you can find some place to fasten the horse, and then come here with the basket.”

So Congo fastened the horse and brought the basket, and Mr. Tooty put the ears of corn in it. Jasper then paid the money, and Congo took the basket and carried it to the wagon. Jasper, having bid Mr. Tooty good-by, followed him.

When Jasper arrived at the door of the house, he saw Lottie and Charlotte sitting there. Having eaten up the cake, they were talking and laughing together, and seemed apparently the best friends in the world.

“What have you got in your basket, Jasper?” asked Lottie.

“Some seed-corn,” said Jasper; “and, so saying, he held the basket so that Charlotte and Lottie could both look into it, and see the ears of corn.

“Where did you get it?” asked Lottie.

“I have been buying it of Mr. Tooty,” said Jasper.

“Hoh!” exclaimed Lottie, with an expression of contempt for the seed-corn, “you had better a great deal have gone and bought some cakes and turn-overs of Mrs. Tooty.”

Here Charlotte and Lottie, who were both brimful of fun when Jasper came out, burst into another joyous fit of laughter.

Farther negotiations.Buying some turn-overs.

“Very well,” said Jasper. “I can buy some cakes and turn-overs too, if Mrs. Tooty will sell them.”

“You go and ask her,” said Lottie to Charlotte, suddenly becoming serious.

“Well,” said Charlotte, “I’ll go and ask her.”

In a moment Charlotte came out and reported that her mother said that she should be perfectly willing to *give* the children some of the cakes and turn-overs, but still, if they preferred paying for them, she should be very thankful for the money.

“Oh yes,” said Jasper, “we would a great deal rather pay for them. There is no reason in the world why she should give them to us.”

So Jasper took some money out of his pocket. He had a certain supply of money, which he was allowed, within certain limits and restrictions, to spend as he pleased. Some of this money he had with him now. He took a ten cent piece and a five cent piece out of his pocket, and gave them to Charlotte, and asked her to bring out as many as that would buy of either cakes or turn-overs, or both.

In a few minutes Charlotte returned, bringing with her two turn-overs and four cakes, which she gave to Jasper.

“And now,” said she, “I wish that you would buy one of *my* turn-overs.”

“Have you got any turn-overs?” asked Jasper.

“Yes,” said she, “I have got two, and I want to sell one of them.”

“Well,” said Jasper, “what is the price?”

Charlotte's delight.

Beginning to snow.

The return.

“Five cents,” said Charlotte. “Mother says they are worth about five cents.”

“Very well,” said Jasper; “go and bring it out.”

So Charlotte went into the house and brought out another turn-over, and gave it to Jasper. Jasper gave her a five cent piece for it. Charlotte began immediately to dance about with great glee, saying, or rather singing,

“Ah! I’ve got some money! I’ve got some money!”

Jasper wrapped the turn-overs and cakes in a newspaper which Charlotte brought him, and put them into the top of the basket over the corn. Just as he had finished this operation he saw that it was beginning to snow.

“Look, Congo, look!” said he. “It is beginning to snow. We must not stay a moment longer. Unfasten the horse and turn the wagon round, and we will get in immediately.”

While Congo was turning the wagon, Jasper and Lottie put on their cloaks, and then, getting in, Jasper opened the umbrella, and the party set out on their return home.

The snow.

A beautiful sight.

Jasper's apprehensions.

CHAPTER VI.

GETTING INTO DIFFICULTY.

“Now, Congo,” said Jasper, “you must drive at a pretty good pace, so that we may get home before the snow gets very deep.”

So Congo whipped up the horse, and went on quite rapidly. The snow fell pretty fast, but the flakes seemed to melt as fast as they reached the ground, and they soon began to make the road somewhat wet and slippery, yet in other respects, for a time, they did no damage. When they fell upon the branches of the trees they did not melt, and thus the forest, where the road led through the forest, and the orchards, and groups of ornamental trees in other places, presented a beautiful spectacle, the branches all becoming whitened in a very extraordinary manner. The snow remained unmelted too in some places on the grass in the fields, and produced a singular effect by the mingling of white and green.

“I think it is very funny to see it,” said Lottie. “How pretty the flakes look coming down so softly among the branches of the trees like downy feathers! I’m glad it snows.”

“Yes,” said Jasper, “it looks very pretty; but if it snows much, it will make us a great deal of trouble before we get home.”

“How will it make us trouble?” asked Lottie.

“Why, it will clog up the wheels,” replied Jasper, “so that we can not go fast; and then, perhaps, it will get dark before we get home, and we can not see our way.”

Progress of the storm.Obstructions on the way.

“Oh, Jasper,” said Lottie, “the snow will be so white that we can see the way very plain, if it is ever so dark.”

“Yes,” said Jasper, “we can see the snow well enough, but we can’t see our way in it. It will all look alike, and we can not see where the road is. However, I think Congo will find some way to get along.”

They went on without much trouble for half an hour, and then they began to find that the first difficulty which they were to encounter from the clogging of the snow was not with the wheels, as Jasper had anticipated, but with the horse’s feet. For a time the snow fell much faster than it melted, but at length the road as well as the fields began to be whitened with it, and soon it began to stick to the horse’s feet, and make balls there in the hollow inclosed by the shoe. These balls in the horse’s feet would grow bigger and bigger, until it seemed as if the horse would fall down, and then suddenly they would fly out, and for a moment the horse would seem relieved, but immediately they would begin to form again.

“You must drive very slowly,” said Jasper to Congo.

“They generally say,” replied Congo, “that we must drive fast when the horse ‘balls,’ for that makes him throw the balls out of his feet before they get so large.”

“Try it,” said Jasper. “Drive a little way, and let us see how it works.”

So Congo whipped up the horse, and made him go quite fast, and the effect which Congo had described was produced. The rapid motion of the horse’s feet broke the balls to pieces, and

The difficulty increases.

The night coming on.

knocked them out of the shoes before they became large. But Jasper did not feel easy while going in this rapid manner. It seemed to him not quite safe.

“The horse might fall down,” said he; “and if he should fall and throw Lottie out of the wagon, I don’t know what we should do.”

So he ordered Congo to drive more slowly again.

In the mean time the snow fell faster and faster, and, before long, the ground began to be covered with it to a considerable depth. The wheels now began to clog and to go heavily. It was, indeed, very hard for the horse to draw the wagon at all, on account of the double difficulty arising from the clogging of the wheels and the embarrassment of his feet by the balls of snow that were continually forming there.

“Never mind,” said Jasper, “we’ll go slowly and carefully. Slow and sure, grandfather says, is the best maxim for traveling in a bad time.”

“It is beginning to grow dark already,” said Lottie.

“Yes,” said Jasper, “but that is no matter. It can not become very dark when there is so much snow on the ground.”

Jasper was right in this opinion. It never becomes very dark when the ground is covered with fresh snow. But then the snow itself so covers and disguises the ground, and the falling flakes so fill the air and blind the eyes, that an obscurity and a bewilderment are often produced at such times which are worse even than absolute darkness.

It was so in this case. It grew colder as the night came on,

The gale.

Driving of the snow.

A halt.

and the wind increased more and more, driving the snow so much into the children's faces that Jasper was obliged to hold the umbrella down close before them to protect them from the storm. This cut Congo entirely off from his view.

"How do you get along, Congo?" said Jasper. "Can you see to drive?"

"Oh yes," said Congo, "I can see very well."

"But does not the snow drive in your face and blind you?" asked Jasper.

"Yes," replied Congo, "it drives into my face, but I don't mind that. I get along very well."

The snow was now getting to be five or six inches deep, and the horse went on wallowing through it at quite a slow pace. Congo had to strain his eyes in every direction to find the road. Indeed, the only way in which he could keep it was to watch the fences on each side, and to take a course as nearly as possible midway between them. At last, suddenly, he reined the horse and stopped.

"What's the matter now?" asked Jasper, looking out from under the umbrella.

"I don't know exactly which the road is," said Congo.

By lifting up the umbrella a little more, Jasper could see, dimly and indistinctly, that the road divided into two branches before him.

"Which seems to be the best road?" asked Jasper.

"I can't see which is the most traveled," replied Congo, "for the tracks are all buried up in snow."

Which road to take.

Looking for a house.

Another stop.

“Which seems to be the widest?” asked Jasper.

“The one to the left,” said Congo.

“Then take the left,” rejoined Jasper, “and drive on till you come to a house, and then we will stop and inquire. There does not seem to be any house about here, does there?”

“No,” said Congo; “but now I see a sort of sign, I believe it is, nailed up on a tree.”

“What is on it?” asked Jasper.

“I’ll drive along a little way to it and see,” said Congo.

So Congo drove on toward the sign-board as near as he dared to go.

“I can’t see,” said he; “the sign-board is all covered with snow. Besides, it is so dark that I don’t think we could read it if the snow was not there.”

“Then we must go on,” said Jasper, “and the first house that you come to you must stop.”

So Congo drove on.

After going on about ten minutes, Jasper called out from under his umbrella,

“Have not we come to any house yet, Congo?”

“No,” said Congo; “it is all woods.”

They went on about ten minutes farther, and then Jasper called again,

“Have not we come to any house yet, Congo?”

“No,” said Congo; “it is still all woods.”

A few minutes after this Congo suddenly stopped again.

“What’s the matter now?” asked Jasper.

Something in the road.

What it is.

A conference.

“There is something here in the road,” said Congo. “If I had not stopped just as I did, I should have run against it.”

“What is it?” said Jasper, looking out from under the umbrella.

“It looks like a cart,” replied Congo. “If you will take the reins, I’ll get out and see what it is.”

So Congo passed back the reins to Jasper, and got out, and then wallowing about a few minutes in the snow, he called out,

“It is a cart; and there is another cart here, and one or two plows. I suppose they have been mending the road here, only they ought not to have left their things here right in the way.”

Jasper and Lottie looked out from under the umbrella, but it was so dark, and the air was so full of driving snow, that they could make out nothing distinctly.

“No,” said Congo, after a short pause, and calling out from a distance, “I see now. This is a new road that they are making. We can’t go any farther. There is a great bank here that they are digging away. I suppose that that sign was put up to tell that we must not come this way.”

“What a pity it is that we could not read it!” said Jasper. “But now, I suppose, all that we have to do is to turn and go back again.”

“I don’t think that there is room to turn here very well,” said Congo.

“Wait,” said Jasper; “I’ll get out and see.”

So Jasper got out, and he and Congo waded about together a while in the road, and out on one side of it under the trees, to see

Trying to turn about.An unforeseen trouble.

if they could find a place to turn. At last Jasper concluded that by taking a considerable circuit round a great stump by the road side they could get round.

“But as for Lottie,” said he, “I hardly know whether she had better get out or stay in.”

“She will get her feet and ankles very wet,” said Congo, “if she gets out.”

“So she will,” said Jasper. “Lottie, are you afraid to stay in the wagon while we turn?”

“No,” said Lottie, “if it don’t upset.”

“It won’t upset,” said Jasper, “but it will jolt you about a good deal. I’ll tell you what you must do. You must sit right down in the bottom of the wagon, and then you will be less likely to be jolted out. I’ll spread the blanket for you.”

So Jasper spread the blanket down, and Lottie sat upon it, drawing her cloak about her as closely as possible, and holding the umbrella over her head. Congo then took hold of the horse’s head to lead him, while Jasper went before, with a pole in his hand, to explore and point out the way.

They went on very well till they had got the wagon half turned, but then, unfortunately, just as the horse was coming round to get back into the road again, one of the forward wheels suddenly sank into a fissure made by the course of a small streamlet, which here ran along the ground. The fissure was so entirely concealed by the snow that Jasper had not seen it. The wheel sank in it up to the hub in an instant, and gave such a shock that it made Lottie utter quite a scream of fright.

Lottie's alarm.

Attempt to right matters.

The axle-tree is broken.

“Jasper!” said she; “ah! Jasper, we are tipping over—we are tipping over.”

Jasper came back immediately to the place and looked at the wheel, saying,

“What’s the matter now?”

“We’ve got into a deep rut or something,” said Congo.

“Yes,” said Jasper, “we have. I think now that Lottie had better get out till we get our ship righted again. Wait a minute till I clear a place on the ground for her to stand upon.”

So, with his foot, Jasper brushed away the snow from a part of the ground behind the wagon, and then lifting Lottie out, he set her down carefully upon it.

“Now, Congo,” said he, “we must be very careful, or we shall break something in getting the wheel out. If we had an axe we might make a pry, and pry it up a little before we start. That would ease it. But as we have not any axe, we must do the best we can without. You are the strongest, so you may take hold of the horse and lead him along, and I’ll push behind.”

Congo went to the horse’s head, and did the best he could to follow the instructions which Jasper had given him. The horse pulled once or twice gently, but the wheel would not come, and then, getting a little out of patience, as horses in such cases sometimes will, he determined that it *should* come, and so, when Congo attempted to start him again, he gave a spring and a plunge, by which the wheel was wrenched, as it were, violently out of the hole, and, at the same time, a loud crack was heard as of something breaking.

Jasper's self-possession.What is to be done in the emergency.

"What's that?" asked Jasper from behind.

"Something has broken down," said Congo. "If you will come and hold the horse, I'll look and see."

"I'll look and see," said Jasper.

Jasper accordingly looked under the wagon, and found that the forward axle-tree was broken off close to the wheel, and that had sunk into the hole.

"The axle-tree is broken," said Jasper, quietly.

"And can you mend it?" asked Lottie.

"No," said Jasper, "not here in the woods, and without any tools."

"Then what are we going to do?" asked Lottie.

"That's for me to *consider*," said Jasper.

Jasper examined the break-down more particularly, until he was fully satisfied that there was nothing that they could do to repair the damage sufficiently for them to go on. All this time Congo stood quietly at his post holding the horse.

"Well, Congo," said Jasper, at length, "here we are. If there were only you and I here, we could leave the wagon and get on the horse, and ride home double; but here's Lottie to be looked after."

"I could not ride on the horse," said Lottie, "in such a snowy night as this."

"I think," said Jasper, "the best thing will be for you to mount the horse, and ride back to the nearest farmer's, and get another wagon or a sleigh. A sleigh would do better."

"Very well," said Congo, "I'll go."

Building a fire.The appearance of the party.

“And, in the mean time,” said Jasper, “Lottie and I will stay here. I’ll brush away the snow under the wagon, and spread the blanket down, and then Lottie and I will crawl in under there for shelter till you come back.”

“I could make you a fire, if you wish it,” said Congo.

“Good!” exclaimed Jasper. “I have got the match-box in my pocket.”

Jasper was accustomed to carry a match-box in his pocket, in order to be always provided with the means of making a fire in any emergency which might occur requiring one.

“Shall I get some wood?” asked Congo.

“No,” said Jasper; “you had better lose no time in getting off to some farmer’s. Though, on second thought, you may get some wood, for Lottie will not like to be left alone while I go after it. I’ll be getting her established under the wagon.”

So Jasper brushed away the snow under the wagon, and spread the blanket down there. He then carried Lottie to the place, and she crawled under. The wagon, being broken down in front, was inclined over her head like the roof of a shed. Jasper immediately broke off some small dry branches from the neighboring trees, and piling them up before the open part of the little shed formed by the wagon, he set them on fire. A bright and cheerful blaze began at once to burn up, which shone in under the wagon, and also illuminated the stems of the trees around the spot in a very cheerful manner.

“Ah!” said Lottie, “what a pretty little cuddly this is!”

In the mean time Congo had gone off a little way in search of

Congo's discovery.

The school-house.

Jasper's suggestion.

wood for fuel to feed the fire. Presently Jasper heard his voice calling to him.

“JASPER!”

“HALLO!” answered Jasper, in a loud voice, standing up at the same time upon his feet.

“I see a house,” said Congo.

“A house!” exclaimed Jasper; “where?”

“Out here a little way. I think it is a house, though it may be a barn, for I don’t see any light.”

“Go and see what it is,” said Jasper, “and then come back and tell me.”

In about five minutes Congo returned, saying, as soon as he came near enough, that it was a school-house.

“A school-house!” repeated Jasper, surprised.

“Yes,” said Congo; “and it seems to stand on the old road, where we ought to have gone.”

“And could you not see any houses, looking up or down the road?” asked Jasper.

“No,” said Congo. “I went out into the middle of the road, and looked both ways, and I could not see any houses or any lights.”

“Then I think we had better go to the school-house,” said Jasper, “and stay while you go for the sleigh. Can we get in?”

“Is there any fire there?” asked Lottie.

“No,” said Congo, “of course not.”

“Then I’d rather stay here,” said Lottie, “it is so much pleasanter to be where there is a fire.”

Making arrangements for Lottie.Under the porch.

“Ah! but we can make a fire there very easily,” said Jasper, “when we once get in. There’s always a good fire-place in a school-house.”

“And now,” he continued, “how shall we get Lottie there through all this snow? Do you think you could carry her, Congo?”

“Oh yes,” said Congo, “I think I can carry her very easily.”

“Then come out here, Lottie,” said Jasper. “Come out of your hole.”

So Lottie came creeping out from under the wagon, and Jasper wrapped her up entirely in the blanket, and then Congo took her in his arms as if she had been a big bundle.

“Is she heavy?” asked Jasper.

“Oh no,” said Congo, “not at all.”

“We shall have to leave the horse where he is,” said Jasper.

“Yes,” said Congo; “but he will stand quietly.”

“I’ll go before,” said Jasper, “to show you the way. I’ll follow your tracks.”

So Jasper went on, following the tracks which Congo had already made, and Congo came after, bringing Lottie in his arms. In this way they soon reached the school-house. Congo put Lottie down under a little shed-like portico which was built over the door. In one corner of this porch was a small pile of dry wood, ready for the fire.

“Now,” said Jasper, “the difficulty is to get in. First you may go, Congo, and try the windows.”

So Congo went around the school-house, and tried the windows

A way to get in.

Consideration.

Jasper breaks the window.

all around. Every one of them was fastened down, and Congo said they seemed to be fastened by nails put in over the lower sashes.

“Then,” said Jasper, “we must break in one of the panes of glass, so as to get at a nail. You must get a stone, or a stick of wood, Congo, and break out a pane of glass. Grandfather will have it mended again. Or stop a moment; let me consider.”

What Jasper wished to stop and consider was this, namely, whether ordering Congo to break the window of the school-house was not going beyond the limits of his authority. He remembered the conversation which he had had with his grandfather on this subject, and now, though he was well convinced that it was right, under the circumstances of the case, that the window should be broken, he was not quite certain whether he ought to order Congo to break it.

“Besides,” said he to himself, “Congo may not like to take the responsibility of doing such a thing. He may be afraid that, in some way or other, he will get into difficulty about it, so I will do it myself.

“On the whole, Congo,” said he, now speaking aloud, “I’ll break the window myself. Let us find the one that will be easiest to get in at.”

They chose the window which came next to the door. They then laid some sticks of wood together, two and two, crosswise on the ground under the window, and thus made a sort of step. Jasper then stood upon this step, and with a stick of wood which he held in his hand, he broke out a pane of glass in the upper sash,

Burglary.

A candle found.

Gathering fuel.

just over the place where he thought the nail was which fastened the lower sash down. Then Congo, who was a little taller than Jasper, reached up and drew out the nail, and immediately afterward pushed up the lower sash and got in.

“Now, Congo,” said Jasper, “grope about in there, and see if you can find a broom to sweep away the broken glass with before we try to put Lottie in.”

So Congo disappeared from the window a few minutes, but presently came back, saying that he had not got a broom, but that he had found what was better—a candle.

“If you will hand me in a match,” said he, “I’ll light it.”

Jasper handed the match-box up to Congo, and by means of it he lighted his candle. He then had little difficulty in finding the broom. With it he swept away the broken glass from the sill of the window and from the floor below. Then Jasper lifted Lottie up, and Congo took her in. Then Jasper climbed in himself.

“Now, Congo,” said Jasper, “you may get out and hand me up a good parcel of wood so that I can make a fire. Then you may go and take the horse, and ride off as fast as you can, and get a sleigh for us.”

So Congo got out of the window, and went to the porch to find the wood. He brought two or three armfuls of wood to the window, and handed it all up to Jasper, one stick at a time, and Jasper took it in.

After he had brought the third armful, Jasper said that there was enough.

“Now,” said he, “you may go back to the wagon and unhar-

In the school-house.

Kindling a fire.

Altogether too much noise!

ness the horse. Put the harness and the cushions under the wagon so that they may not get buried up in the snow. Then get on the horse, and come here to the window again, and I'll tell you what to do."

So saying, Jasper shut down the window, and Congo went away.

"Now, Lottie," said Jasper, "the first thing for us to do is to build a fire." So Jasper carried the wood to the fire-place, and began to build a fire.

"How long do you think we shall have to stay here?" asked Lottie.

"About half an hour, I think," said Jasper; "but it may be longer. At any rate, it will be better for us to have a fire."

While Jasper was laying the wood, Lottie found some kindling-wood in a closet, and she brought some of it to the fire-place. By means of this kindling-wood Jasper soon had a good fire. It blazed up brightly in the chimney, and lit up the whole room.

"What a pretty school-room it is!" said Lottie.

"Yes," said Jasper, "it looks very pretty by this fire-light."

"I mean to go and sit in the teacher's desk," said Lottie.

So she went to the teacher's desk, and, sitting upright there, and assuming a very grave countenance, and speaking in a stern voice, as if she were the teacher addressing the scholars, she said,

"Children, you must not make so much noise! Children, I say, you *must not* make so much noise!"

Just then she heard a rapping sound at the side of the school-room.

"What's that?" said she, suddenly, looking alarmed.

Congo at the window.Jasper gives him some directions.

“That must be Congo,” said Jasper. “It is Congo, I think, rapping at the window. I’ll go and see.”

So Jasper went to the window, and, raising it up, he saw Congo on the outside, mounted on the horse.

“I put the harness, and the cushions, and your basket of corn all under the wagon,” said Congo.

“Right,” said Jasper. “And now I want you to ride on to the next house, and see if you can get a sleigh, and if you can, come back for us. If you can’t get a sleigh, get a wagon.”

“Which way shall I go?” asked Congo. “Shall I go back that way, or go toward home?”

“Go toward home,” said Jasper. “You will be more likely to come to a house soon going that way. And when you have got a wagon or a sleigh, see if you can also hire a man to go on to the town and tell grandfather where we are, because he will feel anxious about Lottie when he finds that we are staying out so late. Let the man tell him that we are all safe, and that we shall be at home pretty soon. He can tell him that we broke down, and had to send for another wagon or sleigh to take us home.

“But let him be sure and tell grandfather not to send any body for us,” added Jasper, “for we can get along very well ourselves.”

“Yes,” said Congo, “I will.”

“And tell the man who goes that I will pay him to-morrow,” said Jasper.

“Very well,” said Congo.

Congo, having received all these directions, set off, and then Jasper, putting down the window, went to the fire.

Jasper and Lottie left alone.

What to do?

The turn-overs.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SAFE RETURN.

“Now, Jasper,” said Lottie, as soon as Jasper returned from the window, “if we only had one of our turn-overs here, what a nice time we might have eating it, while we are waiting for Congo to come back.”

“Ah! yes,” said Jasper, “I wish we had thought of that before. I might have let Congo bring the basket here just as well as not.”

“Or at least the paper of cakes and turn-overs,” said Lottie. “It is no matter about the corn.”

“True,” replied Jasper. “The corn might as well stay where it is, but I wish we had the cakes and turn-overs here; and I might as well go and get them now.”

“And leave me here all alone?” asked Lottie.

“Yes,” said Jasper; “there would be no other way. There is no possibility of getting any body to stay with you.”

“But I should not like to be left all alone,” said Lottie.

“Then I won’t go,” replied Jasper.

“But if you don’t go,” rejoined Lottie, “then I can’t have any of the turn-overs.”

“No,” said Jasper. “You can have your choice; you can stay alone a little while and have the turn-overs, or you can have my company all the time and go without them.”

“How long do you think you should be gone?” asked Lottie.

Lottie holds the candle at the window while Jasper goes after them.

“Only a few minutes,” said Jasper; “that is, if you would be willing to hold the candle at the window for me, so that I could see to find my way back quick after I should get the parcel.”

“Oh yes,” said Lottie, “I would do that. I should like to do it.”

Indeed, the idea of holding the candle at the window while Jasper was gone afforded the prospect of an occupation, which made it seem much less lonely for Lottie to be left; and so, after considering the subject a short time, she finally concluded that she should like to have Jasper go. Accordingly, Jasper went to the window where he had got in, and opened it, pointing out, at the same time, another window at the back side of the school-house where Lottie was to stand with the light. He then climbed out of the open window, and began to walk along through the snow toward the place where the wagon had been left.

Lottie took her station at the window which Jasper had designated, and held the candle there. She tried to look out too, but she could see nothing but flakes of snow sliding down on the outside of the panes.

She waited about five minutes, and then she heard Jasper's voice again at the open window.

“Here I am,” said he. “You need not hold the light for me any longer.”

So Lottie carried the candle back, and put it on the teacher's desk, where it had been before, while Jasper climbed in at the window.

“Could you see the light?” she asked.



WAITING IN THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Preparations for supper.

Turning a turn-over.

The evening meal.

“Oh yes,” said Jasper, “I could see it all the way both going and coming. And now we will take out one of our turn-overs, and put it down to the fire and warm it, and then, when it is well warmed, we will eat it together.”

So Jasper took out the parcel from the basket, for he had brought the basket with him, and then opening the parcel, he took out one of the turn-overs. He then laid down the tongs upon the hearth before the fire as a support for the turn-over while it was warming, and placed the turn-over against it.

“There!” said he. “Now, when it has time to warm well on that side, we will turn it over.”

“Yes,” said Lottie, “and that will be turning a turn-over, which *I* think is something funny.”

So saying, Lottie went again to the teacher’s desk, and sitting down there as before, she began again to play that she was the teacher of the school, and to reprove her imaginary scholars for making so much noise.

Before long she became tired of this play, and so she came and sat down with Jasper by the fire. She said she thought it was time to turn over the turn-over.

Jasper said he thought so too. He accordingly turned it, and then, a little time afterward, when they thought it was warmed through, they took it up, and breaking it in two, one of them took one piece and the other the other, and they ate it together sitting before the fire.

“Jasper,” said Lottie, “how much longer will it be before Congo comes back?”

Conversation beside the fire.They talk of staying in the school-house all night.

“I think it probable that he will come back soon,” said Jasper.

“And suppose he should not come at all?” suggested Lottie.

“That would be bad for grandfather and Gertrude,” said Jasper.

“I think it would be bad for *us*,” replied Lottie.

“Oh no,” said Jasper, “it would not be bad for us at all. We could stay in this school-house all night just as well as not.”

“Oh, Jasper!” exclaimed Lottie.

“Certainly,” said Jasper. “What would be the difficulty?”

“Why, Jasper,” said Lottie, “there is no place for us to sleep.”

“Yes,” said Jasper, “I could make you up a bed of cloaks here on the floor, and lay you down upon it, and you would sleep as sound all night as a baby in a cradle.”

“And what would you do?” asked Lottie.

“I would do the same,” said Jasper; “only, now and then, I should get up and put some more wood on the fire.”

“But, Jasper,” said Lottie, “there might be thieves and robbers in such a place as this.”

“Oh no,” said Jasper. “There are very few thieves and robbers in these parts; and when there are any, they don’t very often break into school-houses.”

“Well, some travelers might come along and see a light in this school-house,” said Lottie, “and they would think it was on fire.”

“Yes,” said Jasper; “but when they came to see, they would find that we were here, and then they would carry us home. So you see there would be no great harm in that.”

“Well, at any rate,” said Lottie, drawing a long breath, “I hope that Congo will come.”

Sleigh-bells coming.

Hurrah!

Congo and Joseph.

“I hope so too,” said Jasper; “but it is chiefly on grandfather’s and Gertrude’s account, for they would be very much alarmed if we were to stay away all night.”

Just then Jasper heard a sound as of sleigh-bells coming.

“Hark!” said he; “I hear some sleigh-bells.”

Lottie listened a moment, and then, clapping her hands, said, in an exulting tone, “It is Congo! I am sure it is Congo!”

“I am not *sure*,” said Jasper. “It may be only some traveler going by.”

The children listened, and they found that the bells, after drawing nearer and nearer, stopped at the door. Jasper went to the window and opened it. He heard voices outside, and among them the voice of Congo. He also saw that they had got a sleigh.

“Ah! Congo,” said Jasper, “you have come.”

“Yes,” said Congo. “And I have got the key of the door, so you and Lottie will not have to get out at the window.”

Congo soon unlocked the door. He then came in, accompanied by a young farmer’s son, about eighteen years old, named Joseph. Both Congo and Joseph were well covered with snow.

“Now,” said Jasper, “we will first put this fire all out, and then we shall be ready to go.”

So Congo and Joseph brought in snow and put out the fire, and then Jasper conducted Lottie out to the sleigh.

“Ah!” said she, “I am glad I am going to have a sleigh-ride.”

“And, Congo,” said Jasper, “we had better take the harness home with us, so you may go and get it, and bring it here. Bring the blanket too.”

They abandon the school-house.

A sleigh-ride.

At home once more.

So Congo went for the harness and the blanket, while Joseph locked up the school-house again, and turned the sleigh. When Congo came back, he put all the things that he had brought into the bottom of the sleigh, and then mounted his own horse, while the farmer's boy got into the sleigh. It was necessary for Joseph to go with them in order to bring back the sleigh.

"Did you send somebody to tell grandfather that we were safe?" said Jasper to Congo, as he was mounting his horse.

"Yes," said Congo, "I sent a man, and he has got there long before this time."

"Very well, then," said Jasper, "go on."

The snow was now pretty deep, and Joseph drove the sleigh along very fast. There was no longer any danger that Lottie would fall out, and so Joseph drove fast in order to keep the horses' feet free from the balls. Besides, he said, he thought that the snow was turning into rain, and so, unless he went quick, the sleighing might fail before he got home.

At length they reached the village, and drove directly to Mr. Grant's. Mr. Grant and Gertrude came to the door to receive them.

"Ah! grandfather," said Jasper, "here we are."

"Yes, sir," said Lottie, "and were you not dreadfully frightened about us?"

"Oh no," said Mr. Grant, "I was not at all frightened."

"But, grandpapa," said Lottie, "didn't you think something had happened to us by our being so late?"

"Yes," said Mr. Grant, "I had no doubt that something had happened; but then I was sure that, with such a good commander

Appearance in the morning.How can the broken wagon be brought home?

as Jasper, and such a good man as Congo, you would get along very well."

When Jasper woke up the next morning the snow was almost entirely gone. It had been melted away partly by the warmth of the ground below, and partly by the rain which had fallen during the night. It cleared up about breakfast time. At breakfast Jasper and Lottie related over again, in full, an account of the adventures they had had. Lottie said that it was the best ride in the country that she had ever taken, though Gertrude said she was glad that she was not there.

When they had finished their account, Mr. Grant asked Jasper what he was going to do about the broken wagon.

"I don't know exactly," said Jasper. "We must contrive some way to get it home."

"I don't see how you *can* get it home," said Mr. Grant. "It is too big to put in another wagon, and too much broken to come of itself."

"Then what shall we do?" asked Jasper.

"I am sure I can't imagine what you will do," said Mr. Grant. "If you can contrive any way to get it mended, and also to get a new pane of glass put in to the school-house window, I will furnish you the money to pay; but that is all that I can do. That is my share. You must do all the contriving yourself."

"Will it do to leave the wagon where it is," asked Jasper, "till this afternoon, because this forenoon I shall be engaged with my studies?"

Jasper devises a plan.Mounted on the old General.

“Oh yes,” said Mr. Grant. “It is safe there, I have no doubt.”

“Very well,” rejoined Jasper. “I’ll consider what to do, and decide before noon.”

After reflecting on the subject in all its bearings, and talking with Congo about it, Jasper finally determined what course to pursue. He went with Congo after dinner into the carriage-house, and there—he taking hold on one side and Congo on the other—they lifted the body of another wagon that was there off the forward wheels. Thus the forward wheels, together with the axle-tree and shafts pertaining to them, were set at liberty.

“Now, Congo,” said he, “harness the horse into these shafts. Can you ride on this axle-tree?”

“Oh yes,” said Congo, “very well.”

“You can put a board on for a seat if you choose, or you can ride on it as it is. And I want you to take our axe with you. You can fasten it to the axle-tree with straps.”

“I will,” said Congo; “and I can ride on the axle-tree myself well enough.”

“And saddle and bridle the old General for *me*,” added Jasper. “I am going on horseback. There might not be room for us both in the wagon, coming home, with the wheels, and broken axle-tree, and all of the other wagon.”

So Congo harnessed one horse into the shafts of the pair of wagon-wheels, and put a saddle and bridle on the other. Jasper went into the shop, and took a broad-bladed chisel from the bench, wrapped it up in paper, and put it in his pocket. When the horses were ready, Congo took his seat on the axle-tree of the pair

At the scene of the accident.

Prying out the wagon.

All right.

of wheels, and Jasper mounted the old General. In this way they set off together.

They arrived at the school-house without having met with any difficulty by the way. Jasper dismounted from his horse, and fastened it at a post in front of the school-house. Congo drove in behind the school-house, and entered the woods where the wagon had been left. Jasper followed him in. Congo drove carefully, looking out for a good passage-way through the bushes and trees. At last they came to the broken wagon, which they found lying safely where they had left it.

“Now,” said Jasper, “we must cut a pole for a pry, and pry the old wheel up out of the hole.”

So he proceeded to select a small, slender tree, and Congo cut it down and trimmed the stem of it to the proper length for a pry. With the pry they easily raised up the forward end of the broken wagon, so as to get it, wheel and all, on the hard ground. Then they contrived to lift off the body of the wagon, and to prop it up, so as to get the broken axle-tree and the two wheels out. After this, they backed the new wheels which they had brought with them under, and gradually letting the wagon-body down, they lowered the transom-bolt into its socket, and thus they had the wagon complete again.

“Now,” said Jasper, “we are all right. We have nothing to do now but to put the old wheels and axle-tree into the wagon, and then we can start on.”

So they put the wheels and axle-tree into the wagon, arranging them in such a manner as to leave a place for Congo to sit upon

Repairing the window.Lottie's visit to the school-house by daylight.

the seat. Congo took the place, and drove out of the woods to the school-house by the same way that he had come in.

“Now,” said Jasper, “I want to get the sash of the broken window.”

So saying, he climbed in at the window, and with his chisel took off the side-piece which holds the sash. He then took the sash out and handed it to Congo, who stood outside. Congo put the sash carefully into the wagon.

Jasper then mounted his horse, and Congo got into the wagon, and they went back to the village.

They stopped at a painter and glazier's shop in the village, and left the sash to be repaired, and then they drove to the wagon-maker's to get a new axle-tree made to the wagon.

The next day, at dinner, Jasper asked Gertrude if Lottie could go and take a ride with him that afternoon.

Her consent was gained, and accordingly, soon after dinner, Congo came to the door with the mended wagon. Jasper helped Lottie in, and then got in himself. Congo drove first to the painter's to get the sash, and then they set out for the school-house.

They went beyond the village to the farm-house where the key was kept, and, having obtained it, they came back to the school-house and put in the sash. They put the wood back, too, which they had left under the window, and then carried the key again to the farmer's. They also paid him and the man who had been sent into town for what they had done for them on the night of the break-down, and then returned home.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONGO'S EDUCATION.

THE summer passed away, and Congo continued all the time in Jasper's service. The corn in the corn-field grew remarkably well, and all of Jasper's other operations went on successfully. Jasper paid Congo his wages punctually every Saturday night, and he increased them from time to time as Congo improved in strength and skill. Sometimes, when Jasper had nothing for his man to do, Congo worked with Mr. Grant's man, hoeing in the fields, weeding in the garden, or making hay; but then he was always at Jasper's command, and Jasper always called him whenever he required his services.

One afternoon in the fall of the year, when Mr. Grant and Jasper had been out in the orchard, overseeing the men who were employed in gathering the fruit, as they were walking up toward the house, Mr. Grant began to talk with Jasper about Congo, who had been at work with the others gathering apples and carrying them to the barn.

"He seems to be a very good sort of boy," said Mr. Grant; "can he read and write?"

"He can read some," replied Jasper, "but he can't write."

"Why don't he learn to write?" asked Mr. Grant.

"He don't like to go to school where all the scholars are white children," replied Jasper. "The white children don't like to have

Jasper proposes to teach him.

Mr. Grant suggests some considerations.

him come, he thinks, and he don't like to go. He says he don't really think the teacher likes to have him come."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Grant; "it is rather hard for him, is not it?"

"Yes, sir," said Jasper. "I've a great mind to teach him myself."

"That you might do," said Mr. Grant; "and I think it would be a very good plan, provided you did not attempt to teach him too much."

"How could I try to teach him too much?" asked Jasper.

"Why, you might attempt to teach him geography, and grammar, and history, and drawing, and all such things," said Mr. Grant.

"And would it not be a good plan for him to learn such things?" asked Jasper.

"It might be a good plan for him to learn them," replied Mr. Grant, "and yet not a judicious employment of your time to teach them to him."

"Then what ought I to teach him?" asked Jasper.

"You should consider what kind of knowledge is likely to be useful to him in future life, and for that purpose consider what sort of life he is likely to lead. I think he is likely to spend his life as a laborer, or perhaps as a coachman or footman in some gentleman's family. Such a kind of life as that is the one that he is best qualified for, and that is undoubtedly what he would like the best. It is one of the characteristics of the colored people to like to be employed by other people, rather than to take responsibility and care upon themselves. If those who employ them treat

The advantage to Congo of learning to read well.

The best plan to accomplish it.

them kindly, and pay them the fair wages that they earn, it is all that they desire."

"Well, grandfather," said Jasper, "and what do you think that Congo ought to learn?"

"You say he can read already?" said Mr. Grant.

"Yes, sir, he can read pretty well," replied Jasper.

"He ought to learn to read *perfectly* well," said Mr. Grant. "It will be very useful to him all his life to be able to read well, for then he can amuse himself and his family, if he ever has one, by reading aloud winter evenings."

"Then, grandfather, what sort of a plan would it be for me to hear him read a little every day?"

"That would do," said Mr. Grant; "but that is not necessary. A more effectual way would be to lend him some of your old story-books to read himself at home in the evenings this fall and winter, only telling him that he must read aloud to his mother a good deal of the time. If you can get him interested in the reading for the pleasure of it, and his mother interested in hearing him read aloud, he will learn very fast."

"Well, I will," said Jasper; "and what books would you lend him, grandfather?"

"The most interesting books you have got," said his grandfather.

"I'll lend him my Robinson Crusoe," said Jasper.

"That will be just the thing," said Mr. Grant, "provided he can read well enough to get along with it. If he can not, you must lend him something easier to begin with."

About teaching him to write.Making a beginning.

“I'll look over my old picture-books and see,” said Jasper.

“But you must make him promise to read, a part of the time at least, aloud,” said Mr. Grant, “either to his mother or to himself. That is an essential part of the business. He will improve twice as fast by reading aloud as he will by reading silently.”

“Yes, I'll make him promise,” said Jasper. “But, grandfather, that is not much for me to do, just to lend him books ; what else is there that he ought to learn that I can teach him ?”

“You might teach him to write a little,” said Mr. Grant.

“Yes,” said Jasper, “that is just what I should like to do. I can let him begin with a copy of straight marks.”

“I don't think I would do that,” said Mr. Grant. “You see, in attempting to teach him to write, you don't expect he will ever make much of a penman. All you can hope for is that he will learn to write his name and make figures, so as to calculate an account, or something of that sort. I would begin at once with teaching him to write his name. That will be very easily taught, and, if he never learns to write any thing else, that alone will be of very great service to him.”

So Jasper determined that he would at once attempt to interest Congo in learning to read, by lending him entertaining story-books to read in the evenings at home, and also that he would teach him to write his name.

“I'll only begin one thing at a time,” said Jasper to himself; “I'll get the reading a going before I say any thing about the writing.”

Accordingly, Jasper called to Congo, when the apples which had

The story-books.

Congo makes a trial.

Prudence.

been brought up from the orchard had been all got in, and asked him to go into the shop and wait there a few minutes before he went home. After having given Congo this direction, Jasper went into the house, and selected from among his old story-books four or five which seemed to him most easy and most interesting, and took them out into the shop to show them to Congo.

“I have brought you out some of my story-books,” said Jasper, “and I want to see whether you can read any of them.”

Congo opened one of the books and began to read. He read, on the whole, pretty well.

“Yes,” said Jasper, “you read very well. I thought perhaps you would like to take one of these books home and read it in the evenings. You can read it aloud to your mother while she is at her work. Perhaps it would amuse her; at any rate, it will improve you in reading.”

Congo said that he should like to take one of the books very much. Jasper allowed him to choose the one that he thought he preferred. Of course, in making the selection, Congo could only judge by the title and the pictures. He took care, however, to choose one which was, as he said, “in good large and easy print.”

In respect to teaching Congo to write, the first thing, as Jasper thought, was to provide a place where he could have his desk. In thinking on this subject, Jasper finally concluded to ask Prudence, the girl who worked in the kitchen at his grandfather's, if she was willing that Congo should write at her kitchen table. Prudence said that she had no objection in the world. Indeed, she said that she should like very much to have him come, and that she would

Congo does not see the use of it.

A rather sensible objection.

have a writing-book, and take writing-lessons too, at the same time.

Accordingly, a day or two after this, Jasper proposed the subject to Congo.

“Congo,” said he, “I think it would be a very good plan for you to learn to write your name. It is a very easy name to write, Congo Rood—very easy indeed, there are so many o’s in it; and when you are a man, you will have occasion to write your name a great many times.”

“What for?” asked Congo.

This question was rather a puzzler for Jasper, for he was not prepared on the instant to say what precisely would be the occasions on which Congo would be called upon to affix his signature to written documents.

“Why—why—” said Jasper, hesitating, “I don’t know exactly; but—why, you see, if you ever want to borrow money and give your note for it, you’ll want to sign your name to the note.”

“But I never mean to borrow any money,” said Congo. “I mean to pay as I go.”

“Well, then, you’ll *receive* money, at any rate,” said Jasper, “and you’ll want to give the people a receipt for it.”

“No,” said Congo; “if I only get the money, that’s all I shall care about. What do I want to give them a receipt for?”

“Why, people do give receipts,” said Jasper, “when money is paid to them. Then, again, you might have a house or piece of land, and you might wish to sell it, and then you would want to sign the deed.”

However, he will try.

In connection with Prudence.

Congo disconcerted.

“No,” said Congo; “if ever I get a house or a piece of land, I shall keep them. I shall never want to sell them, you may depend.”

“At any rate,” said Jasper, “I am sure you will want to write your name very often, and, as it is so easy, I advise you to learn. If you will, I’ll teach you.”

“Well,” said Congo, “I should like to learn, if you think I can; but I have tried to write a great many times, and I never could.”

“Did you ever try to learn to write your name?” asked Jasper.

“No,” said Congo; “I only tried writing lines in a book.”

“Ah! you’ll find it a great deal easier to write your name,” said Jasper; “besides, in writing your name, you will have the satisfaction of thinking that you are learning something useful.”

Jasper then proceeded to explain to Congo the plan which he had formed to have him write at his grandfather’s, in the evening, at Prudence’s kitchen table. He had proposed the plan to Prudence, he said, and Prudence would be quite pleased to have him come.

Congo looked a little disconcerted at hearing this proposal, and he said that he should be ashamed to have Prudence see any of his writing—at least, he should be unwilling that she should see any of it until he had got ahead a little in learning.

“Well, then,” said Jasper, “I can rig you up a place to write in the shop, at the end of the work-bench. I can put a paper, and a pen, and some ink there, and you can write at noon, while you are resting from your work.”

Writing with chalk.

Progress.

Congo learns to write his name.

“But I don’t think,” said Congo, “that I could do any thing with a pen and ink, my fingers get so stiff and clumsy holding the hoe-handle or scythe so tight all day ; besides, I have tried a great many times, and never could. But there is a piece of chalk there in the shop, and perhaps I could learn with that on a board.”

At first Jasper was somewhat perplexed by this proposition of Congo’s to learn with chalk on a board, from the consideration that such a mode of signing could never be practiced in the business of life. However, on reflection, he thought that Congo might learn the forms of the letters as well in that way as in any other, and that afterward he might practice with pen and ink.

So Congo began with a piece of chalk and a board. Jasper wrote the name out at full length on another board, which he placed like a sign up over the bench where Congo was to stand, for Congo thought he could work better standing than sitting. Jasper explained to his pupil the several letters, and showed how they were made, and Congo practiced every day for about half an hour writing the different syllables. He succeeded much better than he expected, and in a very short time he learned to write his name quite tolerably well.

Jasper then gave him a piece of paper and a lead-pencil, and let him practice with these materials instead of with his board and chalk, and finally he gave him pen and ink. Congo was very much pleased with his success, and was, in the end, quite proud of being able to write his name ; but he did not acquire any such taste for literary labors as to desire to go any farther in acquiring the art of penmanship.

And that is all.

His reasoning.

His improvement in reading.

Jasper attempted to persuade him to go on, telling him how convenient it would be for him to be able to write letters one of these days ; but he said that he never expected to have any letters to write, and besides, there was such an infinite number of words in the language that it would take him an immense while, he said, to learn how to write them all, and unless he really learned them all he never could be sure but that some of those that he did not know would be the ones that would come in his letters.

Jasper, however, succeeded in persuading Congo to learn to write the figures, so that he could put down any sums or numbers at any time that he wanted to remember, and, having done this, he gave up the attempt to carry Congo's education any farther.

Congo was glad of this, on the whole, for he liked a great deal better to work than to study.

He, however, made great progress in learning to read. By reading aloud to his mother he improved very rapidly in the ease and fluency with which he read, and he borrowed from time to time a great many of Jasper's books.

Jasper plans a visit to New York.Congo accompanies him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BALCONY.

AT one time, late in the fall of the year, when Congo and Jasper had been to New York together, they met with an extraordinary series of disastrous adventures on their return. These I am going to describe; but first, in this chapter, I must give an account of Jasper's going to New York, and of something that he did there about a balcony.

Congo frequently went to New York with Jasper. Indeed, Mrs. Bleeker liked to have him come. It was more respectable, she said, for Jasper to have a domestic with him when he traveled. Besides, she liked Congo very much, and she had taken a notion to have him for her coachman some day. So she liked to have him come to New York from time to time, in order that he might learn city ways and manners a little, and become somewhat accustomed to finding his way about the city.

"Congo," said Jasper one evening, when Congo was going home from his work, "I want you to go to New York with me to-morrow; so, when you come in the morning, be all ready."

Congo was always required to dress himself very neatly when he went with Jasper to New York.

The next morning Congo came to Mr. Grant's properly equipped for the journey. He had in his hand a small parcel containing what he wanted to carry for himself. Jasper himself took no

At the rail-road station.An excellent plan in regard to Congo.

baggage of any kind ; for, as he had full supplies of clothes both at Lendon and at New York, he was never under the necessity of carrying any thing to and fro.

“ Now, Congo,” said Jasper, “ as we have no baggage to take, we will walk to the station. That will save the necessity of taking any of grandfather’s men off from their work to bring the wagon back.”

So they walked to the station, and then Jasper gave Congo the money to buy tickets for both. Congo went into the ticket office to buy tickets, while Jasper waited outside on the platform to watch for the train. In a few minutes, just as Congo was coming out of the office with the tickets, the train came along ; and as soon as it stopped, Jasper got into one of the cars. Congo followed him, keeping the tickets in his hand.

It was always Congo’s business, when he traveled with Jasper, to keep both the tickets, and then, when he showed them to the conductor, he pointed to Jasper to show who the second ticket belonged to. Congo liked this plan, because, somehow or other, it seemed to make him of more consequence in the cars. Indeed, the poor boy always, when he entered a public conveyance of this kind, had a sort of undefined fear that he might be turned out on account of his being black, and he felt doubly protected from this danger by having two tickets in his hand, especially when one of them belonged to such a gentlemanly young fellow as Jasper was. Indeed, Congo was, in all respects, quite proud of Jasper.

Congo took his place, as his custom was, on the end seat of the car forward, while Jasper sat near him, on another seat, at a win-

Arrival in New York.Jasper greets his mother.

dow. Jasper had a book to read on the way, but Congo amused himself with observing the people going and coming at the different stations, and the boys that were continually passing through the cars with things to sell. In due time they arrived safely at New York.

“Ah! Jasper,” said Mrs. Bleeker, when Jasper went into his mother’s room, “how glad I am to see you! And how fast you grow! You are really getting to be quite a great boy. Did you come down alone?”

“No, mother,” said Jasper, “I brought Congo with me.”

“Ah! did you,” said Mrs. Bleeker; “where is Congo?”

“He is in the stable helping about the horses,” said Jasper.

“He is always so glad to get into your stable.”

“Yes,” replied Mrs. Bleeker. “And I am glad of it; I mean to have him for my coachman one of these days. And how long is your grandfather going to let you stay?”

“Only through to-morrow,” said Jasper. “I came down to do some business for him, and I am going back again day after to-morrow. I can do all the business to-morrow morning.”

“Ah! I am glad you have got old enough to do business for him,” said Mrs. Bleeker. “It shows, too, that he thinks you are a good boy, or he would not trust you with it. I shall be glad when you get to be a young man, and then you can do business for me.”

“Why, mother,” said Jasper, “I can do business for you now.”

“Oh no,” replied his mother, “you could not do such business as I have to be done. Here, for instance, is my balcony. I

Business to be done.

A balcony wanted.

Jasper's measures in regard to it.

want somebody to attend to that very much, and your father tells me continually that he will attend to it as soon as he can find time ; but he never does find time, and he never will. Now, when you get to be a young man, you can attend to all such things for me without troubling him."

Jasper made some farther inquiries of his mother about the balcony, and he found that she had formed a desire, from the recommendation of a lady of her acquaintance, to have a balcony built out from one of the bed-room windows, where she could walk out on summer evenings, and where she could keep flowers and shrubs growing in the open air.

"It would not only be very convenient for me," said Mrs. Bleeker, "but it would be an ornament to the house and to the room. You see, I should have the window cut down to the floor, and a glass door made."

"Well, mother," said Jasper, "I can attend to that business for you just as well as not."

"Oh no, Jasper," said Mrs. Bleeker ; "you would only do mischief if you were to try."

"Let me try," said Jasper, "and you'll see that I won't do any mischief at all."

Accordingly, the next morning, Jasper took a measure of the size of the window, and its distance from the floor. Congo came and held one end of the tape for him while he measured it. He made a memorandum of the results of his measurement on a paper, and put the paper in his pocket.

His mother was half pleased and half afraid when she saw him

Mrs. Bleeker is not sure of his capabilities.In the architect's office.

doing this. She was pleased to see that her boy took such an interest in gratifying her wishes, but she was afraid that he would, in some way or other, get her into difficulty by his interposition.

“You need not be at all afraid, mother,” said Jasper. “I won’t do any mischief. Indeed, I won’t *do* any thing at all without first consulting you. I am only going to make some inquiries now.”

Jasper then bade his mother good-morning, and set out to go down in town to attend to the business which his grandfather had intrusted to him. After doing this business he went to Wall Street, to the office of an architect whom he knew to be the one that his father employed. The name of this architect was Walkner. He was of the firm of Walkner, Strale & Co.

Jasper went up stairs and entered the office. In the first room he saw a number of clerks at work, at very large tables, drawing plans. The plans were monstrously large themselves. They were drawn on immense sheets that were cut off from rolls of paper as big as rolls of carpeting.

Jasper passed through the room, and, turning to the right, passed into another smaller room, which had a carpet on the floor, and one or two handsome mahogany desks near the windows. There was a sofa in the room too, and some comfortable arm-chairs, and a table in the middle, with books of architecture and portfolios of engravings upon it.

On entering this room Jasper inquired for Mr. Walkner. A gentleman who was sitting at one of the desks turned round and looked at him, saying that he was Mr. Walkner.



JASPER AT THE ARCHITECT'S.

Conversation with Mr. Walkner.Jasper's frankness.

"I am Mr. Bleeker's son," said Jasper.

"Ah! it seems to me I remember you," said Mr. Walkner; "only you have grown a great deal since I saw you. Take a seat."

So Jasper sat down in one of the arm-chairs, and immediately opened his business. He said that his mother had a plan of having a balcony built before one of her bed-chamber windows, but she did not know exactly how to have it made.

"I thought," continued Jasper, "that perhaps you could have two or three little drawings made, just slight sketches, to give her an idea, and then she could choose, and if she liked any one of them, you could have a regular drawing of it afterward."

"Yes," said Mr. Walkner, "we can do that. There will be no difficulty at all. Do you know the dimensions of the window?"

Here Jasper drew out his memorandum from his pocket, and gave it to Mr. Walkner. Mr. Walkner said that that was all that he should require, and that he would have the drawings made.

"But now there's one thing," said Jasper. "Mother did not tell me that I might come and get the sketches, and so, in case she should not like any of them, then I don't know how you will get your pay."

"It is very honorable in you to give me fair warning," said Mr. Walkner, smiling, "but I think I'll take the risk of that. How soon do you want the sketches?"

"I should like them as soon as possible," said Jasper.

"I can have them ready in an hour," said Mr. Walkner. And, so saying, he called one of the clerks in from the other room, and,

Drawing plans for the balcony.Mrs. Bleeker's preference.

taking down at the same time a volume of engravings from a book-case at the back side of the room, he turned over the leaves of it, and while looking at the engravings, he gave the clerk directions for drawing three or four forms of balconies, on a small scale, in a style sufficiently full to give a lady an idea of the effect. He then told Jasper that the drawings would be ready in an hour, and Jasper thereupon went away, promising to call again at the expiration of that time.

Jasper then went to the bank to see his father, and afterward went to do some of his commissions, and, at last, when the hour had expired, he went back to the architect's. He found the drawings all ready. There were four of them. They were very different from each other, but they were all extremely pretty. Jasper asked Mr. Walkner if he would mark on each paper what the cost would be, as near as he could judge, of such a balcony as was there drawn. Mr. Walkner did so. Jasper then took the drawings, which Mr. Walkner had put in a portfolio for this purpose, and, placing them under his arm, went out into the street. He there took an up-town omnibus, and was soon at home.

As soon as he entered the house he went into his mother's room and showed her the drawings. Mrs. Bleeker was very much pleased with them all. There was one, however, which pleased her more than the rest.

“Yes,” said Jasper, “that is the dearest one.”

“I see it is,” said Mrs. Bleeker. “It is almost always so. If there is any thing that I particularly like, I always find, when I come to inquire the price, that it is the dearest in the whole col-

Going down to the bank.Jasper shows the drawing to his father.

lection. However, after all, I don't think that this balcony is very dear."

"And now," said Jasper, "suppose I go and show the drawing of it to father, and tell him what the cost will be. Then, if he says it may be made, we shall not have to trouble him any more about it. Mr. Walkner will attend to every thing."

"That's an excellent idea," said Mrs. Bleeker. "Suppose you go right down to the bank, Jasper dear, and show it to him. Morton can take you down in the carriage."

"No," said Jasper, "I'd rather go in an omnibus. But I'll go immediately."

So Jasper went out again, and, taking the first omnibus that came along, he rode down in town again, and, getting out at the proper place, he went to the bank. He found his father sitting at a desk, looking over a parcel of notes that had been handed in for discount. Jasper stood a moment by the side of his father, waiting until he should be at leisure.

"Well, Jasper," said Mr. Bleeker, at length, looking up from his work, "what can I do for you this morning?"

Jasper opened his portfolio, and showed his father the design for the balcony which his mother had chosen.

"What is that?" said Mr. Bleeker.

"It is a plan for a balcony for mother's window," said Jasper.

"Ha!" said Mr. Bleeker, in a tone of satisfaction, as he looked at the drawing, "and a very pretty thing it is too. Who made it?"

"Mr. Walkner had it made at his office," said Jasper.

"And who got him to make it?" asked Mr. Bleeker.

Mr. Bleeker is pleased with it.

It shall be called Jasper's balcony.

“I did,” said Jasper. “Mother said that she wanted a balcony, and so I got some drawings to show her, and she chose this one, if you are willing to have it built. It won’t make you any trouble at all. Mr. Walkner will attend to the whole business.”

Mr. Bleeker looked at the drawings again a moment, and then, taking his pen at the same time out of his inkstand, he said,

“You are more of a man than I thought you were, Jasper.”

As he said this, Mr. Bleeker wrote on the margin of the paper containing the drawing the following words:

“Will Mr. Walkner cause this balcony to be built, and send the account to Mr. George Bleeker.”

He then put the drawings into the portfolio, and gave the portfolio again to Jasper.

“There,” said he, “take it to Mr. Walkner, and tell your mother that I like the design very much, and that when it is built it must be named and always be called Jasper’s balcony.”

So Jasper took the portfolio to Mr. Walkner’s office again. Mr. Walkner, when he read Mr. Bleeker’s note on the margin of it, said that he would have the full drawing made immediately, and would commence the work when Mrs. Bleeker desired.

“Tell your mother,” said he, “that it will take about a fortnight to do it, and that every thing must be moved out of the room that the balcony opens from. No other part of the house will be disturbed; for the workmen, while they are doing the work, will go and come through the window by means of ladders.”

Jasper then returned home, and reported Mr. Walkner’s message to his mother. She was greatly pleased at having the business

Jasper takes his departure again for London.

thus completely arranged, and she said that she would have the room cleared the very next day, so that the workmen might begin as soon as they were ready.

Of course, Jasper did not remain in New York long enough to see the balcony built, for the very next day he and Congo returned home. When he was ready to set out, his mother told him that he had done her a great deal of good by coming down.

“I don’t know when I should have got my balcony,” said she, “if you had not helped me about it. I did not know that you were so much of a man.”

“I am *very* glad that I could help you about it, mother,” said Jasper; “though, after all, it is very little that I have done.”

“I think it is a great deal that you have done,” said his mother, “and I shall always call it Jasper’s balcony as long as I live.”

“I wish you would write me a little letter,” said Jasper, “and tell me when it is done.”

Mrs. Bleeker promised that she would do that, and then Jasper and Congo set out on their journey. The remarkable adventures that they met with in going up the river will be related in the next chapter.

Going up the North River.At the Jay Street pier.

CHAPTER X.

ALMOST A SHIPWRECK.

JASPER had determined to return to Lendon by the way of the river, or, rather, *partly* by the way of the river. His plan was to go by one of the steam-boats to Hudson, and there to take the rail-road. He thought that this would be the pleasantest way to return, and he had obtained his grandfather's approval of the plan before he left home.

It was necessary to leave New York quite early in the morning, and before the usual time for the family to have breakfast; so Jasper had his breakfast alone, at a small table by the window in the breakfast-room. Congo brought his breakfast in to him on a waiter. Congo had his breakfast at the same time in the kitchen. After breakfasting, they set out together. Congo now, instead of his small parcel, had a carpet-bag, containing, in addition to his parcel, some books and periodicals, and also some other articles, all of which Jasper had purchased for his grandfather. The carpet-bag was, however, not very heavy. The two boys walked together to the Sixth Avenue, and there they took a car which conveyed them to Chambers Street. There they got out, and went down a side street leading to the river. They came out exactly at the pier where the Hudson boat lay.

There was a broad plank leading from the pier to the deck of the steamer, and a great many people were going over it on board.

Going through the gangway.

On the steamer.

Buying tickets.

Near the end of the plank, on the pier, were standing a number of women with cakes, apples, and oranges for sale. There were also some boys there, with the morning papers, which they were crying with very loud voices.

Congo and Jasper passed directly through this crowd, and went over the plank on board. There was a broad space on the deck of the steamer, where people were coming and going, and where there were chairs, and sofas, and settees for such people as liked to sit there somewhat in the open air. It was not entirely in the open air, for this was the lower deck, and, of course, it was covered by the upper deck as by a roof. It was also walled in, as it were, along the sides—except for a certain space on each side, where there was an opening for people to go out and come in—by ranges of small rooms used as offices, and for other such purposes. On the back side of the space, that is, directly aft, there was a large double door leading into the ladies' cabin.

Jasper went in upon this deck, and took his seat upon one of the sofas. Congo followed him in order to receive his commands.

“Now, Congo,” said Jasper, “the first thing is to get the tickets.”

So saying, Jasper opened his wallet, and gave Congo a two-dollar bill.

“Go and get two tickets,” said he, “one for you and one for me. I don't know how much they will be, but you can bring me back the change.”

Congo took the money, and went to the captain's office. He had to wait there a few minutes until his turn came. He had to

The crowd at the ticket-office.

A true gentleman.

Congo's gratitude.

wait longer than that; for some rude people, seeing that he was a colored boy, pushed by him and took his place. Congo did not resist at all, nor did he even attempt to crowd forward in the least, but waited quietly until the rest had obtained their tickets. At last, however, room was made, and he advanced toward the window at the same time that a well-dressed gentleman came up on the other side. Congo was going to wait till the gentleman had got his tickets, but the gentleman made a sign for him to go forward first.

“It is your turn before me, my lad,” said he. “In fact, it was your turn long ago.”

This disposition on the part of so gentlemanly a man to take his part and do him justice went directly to Congo's heart, and he wished very much that he could do something to evince his gratitude. But there was not any thing that he could do. He could not even express his gratitude in words. He did not know what would be proper to say. So he only looked confused, and, hanging back, he said,

“No, sir, I will wait till after you.”

So the gentleman bought his ticket—which was for a state-room—and then Congo, laying down his bill on the little counter, said he wished for two tickets.

“One cabin passage,” said he, “and one deck passage.”

The captain gave him his two tickets and his change, and then Congo went back to Jasper.

“That's right,” said Jasper, when he saw the tickets. “I'll take my ticket, and you may keep yours. And now I'll go for-

A walk upon deck.Jasper's consideration for Congo.

ward with you, and see what sort of a place you have got there among the emigrants."

So Jasper rose from his seat to go with Congo. At the same time, he gave Congo the carpet-bag to carry.

"We must take the carpet-bag with us," said he. "Grandfather says that it is never safe to leave any small baggage about until after the steamer has started from the wharf."

Congo took the bag, and then, Jasper leading the way, they both went to the forward part of the deck. There, scattered about in the little nooks and corners made by the fixtures of the steamer, the piles of baggage, and the coils of ropes and rigging, were to be seen several families of emigrants who were going up the river. The men and women were sitting or reclining in all attitudes, and there were children playing about near them on the floor.

"Congo," said Jasper, "I think you had better have some oranges to give these children."

"I have no doubt they will like them," said Congo.

"You shall go and buy some," said Jasper.

So, after walking about a little longer on the forward deck, Jasper went back to the sofa near the door of the ladies' cabin, and sat down there. He took out from his pocket some change, and gave it to Congo.

"Go to the gangway plank," said he, "and buy four oranges and some cakes, and put them in the carpet-bag. Wrap them up well in paper first. You can buy a Sun for a cent, and that will be paper enough.

"And also, Congo," continued Jasper, "I think grandfather

The morning papers.Congo among the emigrants.

will like to see the morning papers, so you may buy them, and bring them to me. I can read them myself, too, on the way up the river."

So Congo went and made the purchases, and in due time came back to where Jasper was sitting.

"Now, Congo," said Jasper, "give me the papers, and you may take the carpet-bag, with all the other things in it, and go forward. I'll come there and call you if I want you for any thing. And, by-and-by, after we get well under way, you may take out the oranges and the cakes, and give them to the children that are around there."

You may perhaps think that in making this arrangement Jasper evinced a great deal of kind and charitable regard for the emigrant children, but the truth is, that, in buying the cakes and oranges, his real motive was kindness for Congo. His regard for the children was a secondary consideration altogether.

He thought, if Congo had these things to give away to his fellow-passengers on the forward deck, that they, instead of despising him and treating him with contumely, as they might otherwise do because he was black, would hold him in high consideration as their friend and benefactor, and thus that he would have a pleasant passage up the river.

Jasper took the newspapers, and went up the stairs leading to the promenade deck. He found a seat there in a comfortable arm-chair near the stern. There was an awning over his head to shelter him from the rays of the sun, and a fine view on each side over the water. Jasper placed his chair on the side of the steam-

All aboard!

The steamer under way.

Jasper looking after Congo.

boat which was toward the pier, and he sat there for some time watching the movements of the men on the pier in casting off the ropes, and the hurry of the belated passengers to get on board. The last bell was ringing. In a short time it suddenly ceased, and, almost at the same instant, the great pipe ceased blowing off steam. In a moment more the steamer began slowly to move away from the pier.

Jasper remained in his seat several hours. He was occupied a part of the time in reading his papers, and in looking at the pictures which some of them contained, and a part of the time in observing the scenery along the banks of the river, in watching the movements and the evolutions of the sloops and tow-boats that were continually passing by. At last he folded up his papers, and concluded to take a little walk.

“I’ll go,” said he to himself, “and see what has become of Congo.”

So he walked forward the whole length of the promenade deck to the forward part of the vessel, intending to go down to the deck below by one of the forward staircases. He reached the head of the stair—which was, in fact, only a step-ladder, with a rope on each railing—and paused for a moment to look forward and observe how rapidly the steamer was gliding through the water. There was a point of land about two miles ahead, around which the steamer was going, and on the other side the bank of the river could be seen extending far away, till the outline of it was lost in the blue haze of the horizon.

Jasper descended the ladder a few steps, and then, looking

Making friends in the cabin.A collision at hand.

down upon the deck below, he saw Congo seated on a box containing some sort of merchandise, with several children around him. He was dividing an orange, and giving to each one of the children one of the lobes of it. The mothers of the children were looking on, seemingly very much pleased. The carpet-bag was on the box by Congo's side.

"I'll wait here a minute," said Jasper to himself, "and see what he will do."

Jasper accordingly remained a moment where he was, looking down toward Congo, when suddenly he heard a cry of surprise and fear on the deck above, and a great running. He looked and saw an immense steamer just coming round the point of land with prodigious swiftness and force, directly in their way. For a few moments it seemed that a dreadful collision was inevitable. The helmsmen and look-out men on each steamer shouted to each other with loud vociferations, and the seamen ran to and fro, getting ready to fend off, if possible, with buffers, to diminish the violence of the shock. Jasper was so confounded that he could not or did not move from his place. He saw the head of the steamer that he was in slowly move to the left, while the steamer itself went on with great speed, although the paddles had been reversed. It was the same with the other steamer, only her head was moved to the right, viewed from Jasper's position. In a moment more the bows of the two steamers came opposite to each other, and glided by, the sides of the vessels rubbing against each other for their whole length. A boat that was hanging in the davits was crushed to pieces, and the paddle-boxes of both steamers were broken in. An

The collision avoided.

Another danger.

The steamer aground.

instant more, and the vessels were clear of each other; and, by looking back, Jasper could see the one which they had met going on as swiftly as ever down the river below them.

Jasper, who had been greatly frightened by this sudden danger, now felt entirely relieved, and he uttered an exclamation of astonishment and joy. He thought that the trouble was all over; but, in a moment afterward, he heard more shouts, and there were other evidences of excitement among the people about him. He saw the men in the wheel-house pulling the wheel round with all their force, and he could hear the rattling of the tiller chains as they ran rapidly over the pulleys. In a moment more he suddenly felt a violent shock, as if he had been pushed forward by an invisible hand. The shock was so violent that Jasper was thrown forward by it, and fell down the stairs; and he would have been seriously hurt by the fall, if he had not saved himself, in some degree, by grasping the rope with all his force, and thus, in some measure, breaking his fall.

The first thing that Jasper knew, Congo was at his side helping him up.

“What’s the matter?” said Jasper.

“I believe we have got aground,” said Congo.

This was true. In turning in toward the left to avoid the danger of a collision, the steamer had been made to head toward a shoal, and before her direction could be altered again after the danger had passed, she had struck upon it. The passengers at first were greatly alarmed. One of them, in his terror, asked a seaman if they were wrecked and were going to the bottom.

Confusion among the passengers.

Their various actions.

The old sea-captain.

“To the bottom?” said he. “We have gone to the bottom already. We can’t go any lower.”

The passengers below, on feeling the shock, all came running up on deck, and they gathered about here and there in knots, some asking what was the matter, and some giving information. In a short time it began to be generally understood that the shoal which the steamer struck upon was a muddy bank which could do the hull of the vessel no serious damage, although the sudden cessation of her motion which it had occasioned had produced so violent a shock for all on board. It was also said that, when the tide rose, she would be floated off again.

“And when will the tide rise?” asked some of the passengers, addressing the mate.

“There’s an hour more of ebb,” said he. “We sha’n’t be off under five or six hours.”

This news, as it was circulated about the steamer, produced various effects on the different persons that received it. Some were vexed, some looked disappointed and sorrowful, and some seemed to care very little about what had happened. There was one old sea-captain among the passengers, who smiled and rubbed his hands together, and seemed rather pleased than otherwise when they told him that the steamer would float again in five or six hours.

“Why, you don’t seem to think our calamity of any consequence at all,” said one of his friends.

“No,” said the captain. “A man who has had his ship lying becalmed a fortnight at a time under a broiling sun in the Pacific

The position of the steamer.Boats coming from the shore.

as often as I have, or been driven back three days' sail out of his course by a howling hurricane, won't think much of lying quiet six hours in a pleasant day in the North River, in such a steamer as this."

As soon as the first excitement had passed away, Congo returned to his place on the forward deck with the carpet-bag, leaving Jasper to go about at his pleasure among the passengers. He considered that he had nothing to do in the case but to await Jasper's orders. So he seated himself on his box again, and resumed his occupation of amusing the children.

The bank which the steamer had run upon was on the western shore of the river, while the town that the boys were going to, and also the rail-road which runs up and down the river, is on the eastern side.

"If we were only on the other side of the river," said Jasper to himself, "and could get ashore, we might go home by way of the rail-road."

Not long after the steamer struck, Jasper, standing on the upper deck, saw a boat putting off from the western shore of the river, and soon afterward another and another. The boatmen came in hopes of getting jobs in rowing some of the passengers to the shore. They concluded very naturally that among all the passengers there would be a number that would not be willing to wait for the tide to rise, but would wish to be set ashore, in order that they might go to the end of their journey in some other manner.

They were not disappointed in this expectation; for, as soon as the boats drew nigh the steamer, the passengers began to hail them.

Negotiations with the boatmen.What the sea-captain does.

Among the persons thus hailing them was the sea-captain that has already been mentioned.

“What do you ask to set us ashore?” said the sea-captain, addressing the man who was rowing the first boat.

“On which side?” said the boatman.

“On the rail-road side, of course,” said the captain.

“I’ll take two of you over for half a dollar,” replied the boatman, “and as many more as can go in the boat for a shilling a piece.”

“Very well,” said the captain; “I engage your boat; and I’ll go and see how many passengers I can find.”

“But, captain,” said one of the passengers, who was standing near at this time, “I thought you considered it almost nothing at all to get aground here for five or six hours, and now you are the first to want to get away.”

“Of course,” said the captain. “Because a man takes it quietly when he gets into difficulty, that is no reason why he should not try to get out of it as soon as he can.”

So saying, the captain went away, and going about the boat, he told all the forlorn and lonesome-looking women that he could find sitting about the deck or in the cabin that he was going ashore in a boat, and if any of them wished to go, rather than remain on board for the tide to rise, they were welcome to a passage with him. At the same time, he told them that he had learned that it was several miles to a station on the rail-road either up the river or down.

Quite a number of persons accepted the captain’s invitation.

The gentleman and his family.The second boat engaged.

They said that they would run the risk of getting a conveyance to a station after they got to the land.

The second boat was engaged by a gentleman who had his wife and two or three children with him. One of these children was a boy of about Jasper's age. This boy, who had been going hither and thither about the steamer since she struck, watching every thing that was going on, came back to his father just as he was closing a bargain for the boat.

"Father," said he, "the captain is going to get out *his* boat, and send all ashore that wish to go, so that you can go in that way for nothing."

"But the captain's boat is stove all to pieces," said the gentleman.

"Ah! but he has got another," said the boy.

The father seemed to hesitate a moment, and then, after a pause, he said,

"After all, I think we had better take a boat to ourselves. They'll load down the captain's boat so that, like as not, she will capsize before they get across. At any rate, we should not have any peace on the passage."

So he closed the bargain with the second boat.

There was one boat left, and the question now arose in Jasper's mind whether he had better engage it for himself and Congo, or whether he had better go on shore in the steamer's boat. It seemed to him not best to remain on board the steamer; for, as he had no baggage except what Congo could carry in his hand, they could easily prosecute their journey if they could once get to the shore.

Jasper's deliberations.

His decision.

Leaving the steamer.

“If I go in the captain's boat,” said Jasper to himself, “I should save some money; but I am very sure, if mother were here, she would rather I would pay the expense of a separate boat rather than run any risk of being capsized.”

This consideration decided Jasper's mind, and so he hailed the third boat, and engaged the man in charge of her to take him to the shore.

There was a little flight of steps just abaft one of the paddle-boxes, which could be let down to the water for the purpose of going to or from boats alongside. The boats all gathered at this place. Jasper went to the forward deck to find Congo.

“Congo,” says he, “I have got a boat to take us ashore; but after we get ashore it will be three or four miles to the nearest station. Do you think you can walk as far as that and carry the carpet-bag?”

“Oh yes, Mr. Jasper,” said Congo, “I can walk that far just as well as not.”

“Then we will go,” said Jasper.

So Jasper led the way, while Congo followed, to the gangway, where the boats were assembled. The parties that were going in the other boats, being more numerous, were longer in getting ready, and Jasper and Congo, taking advantage of the interval, stepped into their boat and pushed off.

“Now,” said Jasper to the boatman, “lie by here a few moments till the other boats are ready. If there is not room enough for all that wish to go in them, we can take one or two more here.”

“We could take ten more here,” said the boatman.

Appearance of the boats on the river.The sloop.

The boatman was desirous of getting as many into his boat as possible; for, although he had agreed to take Jasper and Congo for half a dollar, he expected to receive something more in case of his having additional passengers to convey.

So the boat, after going off a little way, came to a stand, the boatman resting on his oars, in order that Jasper might watch the operation of loading the other boats. First came the gentleman with his wife and children. They got into their boat, and the oarsmen of it immediately struck out across the river.

Then came the sea-captain's boat. Besides the captain himself, eight persons, several of them women with children in their arms, got into it. There was room for more, the captain said, but as there were no more that seemed disposed to come, the captain ordered the boatman to push off, and they too began to move rapidly away out into the middle of the stream.

There was now only one boat remaining, and that was the one belonging to the steamer. Seven persons got into her, mostly men. The captain of the steamer stood by the gangway superintending the operation, and, when all the seven were in, he turned round to the by-standers, saying,

“Come, gentlemen, there's plenty of room, if there are any more of you that wish to go ashore.”

But there were no more, and so the boat pushed off.

“Now,” said Jasper, “we may go too.”

So the boatman began to row. He had taken only a very few strokes before Jasper observed a small sloop coming across the river, as it were, just above where the steamer was lying.

Evolutions.

A new idea.

Sloop ahoy!

“Look out,” said Jasper, “or that sloop will be aboard of us.”

“No,” said the boatman, “she will go about in a minute or two, and then she will run across the river the same way we are going, but she will be to the leeward of us.”

Jasper watched the sloop, and in a few minutes he saw her head coming round, and in a moment afterward her sails were shaking in the wind. Very soon, however, they filled on the other tack, and then the sloop came on rapidly after the boat, though it was plain that she would pass to one side.

“She’ll go clear of us,” said the boatman, “never you fear.”

The sloop now came rapidly on behind the boat, and soon came up with her. Jasper observed that there was nobody on the deck but a boy, a little older than himself. This boy was steering. There had been a man on the deck when the sloop was going about, but, as soon as she had got well under way on the new tack, he had gone below.

On seeing this sloop passing so near him on her way down the river, it all at once occurred to Jasper that, if he and Congo could get on board, they might go down in her instead of walking down on the shore. He suggested this plan to the boatman.

“Do you think they would take us on board this sloop,” he asked, “and land us at the first station down the river?”

“Like enough,” said the boatman.

Jasper immediately rose in the boat, and waving his hat in the air, hailed the sloop.

“Sloop ahoy—oy—oy!” said he.

“Halloo—o—o!” answered the boy who was steering.



THE SLOOP.

The sloop takes the boat in tow.

The travelers on board of the sloop.

“I want you to take us two on board,” cried Jasper, “and land us down the river at the next rail-road station. I’ll pay you for it.”

“How much will you pay us?” asked the boy.

“Whatever it is worth,” said Jasper.

The boy said nothing in reply, but, instead of an answer, he stamped his foot three times on the deck where he was standing.

A moment afterward the head of a man appeared coming up the companion-way. The boy spoke a few words to him, and then the man, coming to the side of the vessel, took up a small line that lay upon the deck, and coiling it up, he threw the coil out toward the boat in such a manner that it uncoiled as it went, and the end of it fell across the boat, where the boatman seized it and made it fast round a thwart.

“I’ll land you at the next rail-road station,” said the sloop-master to Jasper, “for half a dollar.”

“Very well,” said Jasper; “I’ll get on board.”

The question now arose to Jasper’s mind how much he ought to pay his boatman. The boatman was to have taken him and Congo to the eastern shore of the river for half a dollar, but they met the sloop before they had gone a quarter part of the distance. Still, as the change in the plan was wholly Jasper’s work alone, he did not think it right that the boatman should lose any thing by it, so he concluded to pay him the whole amount.

So he paid the boatman his half dollar, and then, when the boat was brought alongside, he and Congo climbed up on board the sloop. The boatman handed up the carpet-bag, and then pushed off his boat, and rowed away back toward his home.

Julick.

His compound character.

How he came to be steersman.

CHAPTER XI.

A DISASTROUS JOURNEY.

THE boy who was steering the sloop at the time when Jasper and Congo went on board was named Julick. He was partly a boy and partly a man. I do not mean by that that his character was intermediate between that of a man and of a boy, but that it was compounded of the two, so that he was sometimes one and sometimes the other. When he was on board his father's sloop he was usually quite a man.

He had been accustomed to go with his father in the sloop only a few weeks at the time when Jasper and Congo were taken on board of her, and it was almost by accident that he first began to go. His father's regular man was sick, and could not go that trip. At first the sloop-master was quite perplexed to know what to do, but at length it occurred to him that possibly Julick was big enough to answer for a substitute. Julick had often made trips with his father for pleasure, and he had learned something about the management of the sloop, and about the art of steering. He was about twelve years old, but he was very large and strong of his age.

"He is not quite big enough," said the sloop-master to himself; "but the Maria steers easily in smooth weather, and perhaps he will do."

So he went out to look for Julick. He found him behind the house amusing himself at a tub of water with a sham sea-fight.

A bombardment of pea-pods.Julick's efficiency.

He and his little brother Tom had made boats of pea-pods to represent men-of-war, and then he and Tom, stationed on opposite sides of the tub, were pelting the two fleets with peas, to represent the cannonading. The noise of the conflict was denoted by the "bangs" which they uttered with their voices, varied now and then with a hiss for the fusee of a bomb-shell.

"Nonsense!" said the sloop-master; "he's a mere boy, after all. He will never do."

"Well, father," said Julick, with his hand in the air ready to discharge another ball, "do you want me?"

"I was thinking of having you go with me to Albany and steer the sloop," said his father; "Joe is sick."

"Yes, father, yes!" said Julick, with the utmost eagerness; "yes, sir, let me go; I can steer."

Julick threw away his peas and ran for his cap. His father let him go with him. As soon as he got on board he stationed himself at the helm, and steered the sloop all the way to Albany.

The sloop-master told his wife when he came home that, if it were not for taking him out of school, he would make him his steersman and dismiss Joe. "He is as much of a man on board the sloop," said he, "as half the mates you will find on the North River."

At any rate, the sloop-master resolved to keep Julick on board until Joe got well, and as Julick liked much better to make voyages with his father between New York and Albany than to go to school, he made no objection whatever to the arrangement.

And thus it was that Julick happened to be steersman when the sloop took Jasper and Congo on board.

Conversation about steering the sloop.Tacks and tactics.

The master of the sloop, after giving Julick some fresh directions about steering, and especially charging him to knock on the deck as soon as they were within a quarter of a mile of the shore, went below again, leaving Jasper, Congo, and Julick on deck together.

“Is it hard work to steer?” asked Jasper.

“No,” said Julick, “not in such weather as this. It is only to watch the sails and keep close to the wind. And not too close either,” he added, “for if the sails begin to shiver I let her fall off a little.”

The wind was blowing up the river, and the sloop was beating down, so that she had to go back and forth across the stream in a zigzag direction, keeping close to the wind, as the sailors term it, on both tacks. Julick explained all this to Jasper, and finally he let Jasper hold the tiller a little himself, and Congo too. Congo was very much pleased to see how completely he could control the course of the vessel by moving the tiller one way or the other. He did not see why he could not learn to steer, he said, as well as to drive a team, in a reasonable time.

“Yes,” said Julick, “you could learn very well, and you could get good wages on the river. There are a great many colored men go as hands on board the North River sloops.”

“Which should you rather do,” asked Jasper, addressing Congo, “be a sailor on the North River and steer a sloop, or be a coachman in New York?”

Congo said he would rather be a coachman. He liked the care of horses. A horse had more soul, he said, than a vessel.

Putting down the helm.

Dodging the boom.

Change of view.

“I don’t know exactly what you mean by that,” said Julick; “but if by soul you mean life, and spirit, and knowing what she is about, there is not a horse in all Dutchess that will beat the Maria. You see, now, how she’ll come around.”

So saying, Julick knocked on the deck for his father, for the sloop was now drawing near to shore. The sloop-master went forward to attend to the sails while the sloop came about, and then, when he was ready, gave the order for Julick to put down the helm. Julick immediately pushed the tiller hard over to leeward, and immediately the sloop began to come swiftly round up into the wind, causing the sails to shake and shiver with a sound like thunder.

“Look out for your heads when the boom comes over,” said Julick, calling out aloud. “Down! down with you! right upon the deck!”

Jasper and Congo dodged down just in time to save their heads from the boom, which swung over from one side of the sloop to the other with great force, as the sloop fell off on the other side of the wind. The boys, however, still remained down, not knowing but that the boom was coming back again.

“That’s all,” said Julick; “you can stand up again now.”

The boys stood up and looked about them. A strange change had taken place. The sails were now on the other side of the vessel, and on looking forward, instead of seeing the land close before them, as they had done a moment before, there was now a wide expanse of water, with the shore of the river beyond it, three or four miles away.

Drawing near the pier.

The boat.

Paying the passage-money.

“What’s the matter?” said Jasper; “where are we? Where’s the land?”

“It is behind us,” said Julick; “we are on the other tack now.”

Jasper looked back, and saw there the land which had a few minutes before appeared so near. The sloop was now going away from it. She had changed her direction entirely, though both Jasper and Congo had been unconscious of the change at the time it was taking place.

In this manner the sloop went on, shooting swiftly back and forth across the river, but getting at every tack farther and farther down the stream, until at last they arrived opposite the place where the master said was the first rail-road station. There was a pier here, built out into the river for the use of steam-boats in making their landings. When the sloop arrived near the pier, the master called out to some boys that were playing in a boat, near some steps at the side of the pier, saying,

“Boys, come out here with your boat. I want you to land a couple of passengers for me.”

The boys received this invitation with an appearance of delight, as if they deemed it a great honor to be employed in conveying passengers ashore. One of them began eagerly to unfasten the boat, while the other two busied themselves in getting out the oars. They soon pushed off from the pier, and came on rapidly toward the sloop.

“And now,” said Jasper, “I will pay our passage-money.” So saying, he took out his wallet, and gave the captain half a dollar. “And how much shall I pay these boys?” he asked.

Landing.

Paying the boys.

The ten cent piece.

“Oh nothing,” said the captain; “they won’t want any pay. They are glad of an excuse to have something to do with the boat. Besides, if any one is to pay them it should be I, for the agreement was that I should land you.”

So Jasper and Congo, after bidding the captain and Julick good-by, climbed down into the boat, which the boys had by this time brought alongside, and so were rowed safe to land.

“Well, boys,” said Jasper, as soon as he and Congo had stepped out from the boat upon the pier, “the captain said that there would be nothing to pay for the boat.”

“No,” said one of the boys, “there’s nothing to pay.”

“But I think you ought to have some pay,” said Jasper; “so I will give you two cents apiece.”

The boys seemed greatly pleased with this announcement, and they all began scrambling out of the boat to get their two cents.

Jasper felt in his pockets, but he had no cents. He had, however, a ten cent piece, which he drew from his pocket and held up before the boys.

“Can any of you change a ten cent piece?” said he.

“Give it to me,” said the boys altogether, each one stretching out his hand eagerly to get the money.

“Which shall I give it to?” asked Jasper, holding back the money.

“To me!” “To me!” “Me!” “Me!” said all the boys.

“But, unless you can decide which of you I shall give it to,” said Jasper, “I don’t see how I can give it to any of you.”

Finally the boys agreed upon one of their number to act as

Jasper and Congo at the station.Just in time for the train.

treasurer for the rest, and so Jasper gave him the coin, and then he and Congo went on.

“And now, Congo,” said Jasper, as he walked up the pier, “all that I am afraid of is that the last train will have gone. It is almost four o’clock, and I should think that the two o’clock train ought to be here by this time. That is the last train that connects so as to take us home to-night.”

It was not far to the station. The two boys walked to it together. When they reached it Jasper went in, while Congo remained with the carpet-bag at the door.

In a moment Jasper came out with two tickets in his hand, and saying that the train had not gone; but he had scarcely spoken the words before he heard the whistle.

“There she comes!” said Jasper; “we are just in time. If we had been five minutes longer in making our passage down the river in the sloop, we should have missed it.”

So Jasper gave Congo the tickets, and then, as soon as the train came to the platform, he and Congo got in. Jasper took his seat with an air of great satisfaction. He could see that Congo also, who sat at a little distance from him, looked very much pleased. As soon as the train began to move again, he nodded his head to Congo with an expression which seemed to say,

“Now we are all right. We have got through with all our troubles.”

The train went on very prosperously for about an hour, stopping in the course of that time at three or four stations, at each of which some people got out and others got in. At length both Jasper and

Stoppage of the train.

Jocose conjectures.

A smash-up.

Congo were startled by the sound of two sharp and sudden blasts of the whistle, and a sudden stopping of the train. Jasper looked out of the window, and saw trees and rocks along the wayside, which showed that they were not at a station. Besides, at a station the train never stops in that sudden manner.

“What’s the matter?” exclaimed Jasper, almost involuntarily.

There was a man sitting near him reading a newspaper.

“Cow on the track,” said he, without raising his eyes from his paper.

“Man overboard,” said another person, sitting near.

“Whipple-tree broken,” said another.

“The driver has caught the snapper of his whip in the harness,” said a fourth.

“Ah! no,” said a fifth; “the conductor has lost his hat, and has stopped to pick it up.”

“Or else he is not sure about his way,” said a sixth, “and is stopping to inquire.”

The men got quite into a frolic in giving these fancied explanations of the cause of the stopping. They all, however, really supposed that, whatever the cause might be, it was something very temporary, and that, after a few minutes, the train would go on. They waited about five minutes, and then one of the men said he would go and see what was the matter.

After being gone a short time, he returned, and, sauntering slowly into the car, took his seat, saying, in a careless manner,

“A smash-up!”

“A smash-up!” repeated those around him, astonished.

*The red flag.**Slow progress.**At the scene of the accident.*

“Yes. There’s been a smash-up on the road ahead, and we were stopped by a red flag that they sent down.”

“And what are we going to do?” asked one of the passengers.

“We are going on pretty soon, slowly, up to the smash-up,” replied the man. “What we are going to do then nobody knows.”

The train soon began to move again, as the man had foretold, but it went very slowly, and at length it stopped.

It was now about five o’clock, and Jasper began to feel a little solicitude lest, if they were to be detained long by the accident, he should not be able to get home that night.

“I’ll go,” said he to Congo, “and see what has happened. You may stay here and take care of the carpet-bag.”

So Jasper went out upon the platform of the car, and then climbed down to the ground, though it was a long step down. There were other persons who had got out from the other cars of the train walking along by the side of the track. Jasper followed them. He soon came in sight of the smash-up. The locomotive of the train which had met with the accident had run off the track entirely, and it now stood canting over and half upset on the sloping bank. The baggage-car behind it was broken pretty much to pieces, and the trunks and baggage were scattered about. Behind the baggage-car there was a long passenger-car, which had been slewed half round by the force of the concussion, and now lay directly across the track. Behind were other cars more or less misplaced, and at all gangs of men were at work trying to raise them up and replace them on the rails, or to get them out of the way, in order to clear the track so that the other trains might pass along.

The condition of affairs.Jasper meets the conductor.

Jasper asked some of the men how long they thought it would take to get the track clear, but he got no satisfactory information. One man said he thought it would take about three weeks. Another said, "About as long as a kite-string." Another paid no attention to the question at all, but went on with his work without making any reply. The fact was, that, as usual in such cases, the men did not like to be bothered at their work by being asked questions about it which they did not know how to answer.

By talking with some of the passengers, however, Jasper learned that it would probably be some hours before the track could be cleared, and that, in the mean time, many of the passengers were going forward to the next station, which was about a mile distant, on foot.

Jasper was quite at a loss to know what he ought to do—whether he should stay by his train, or go forward to the station.

"I'll do what the rest of the passengers in my car do," said he to himself; "though I think the conductor ought to come round and tell us what we ought to do."

So Jasper turned his steps toward the car, and on his way he met the conductor; so he asked him what he had better do.

"I think you had better keep your place in the car," said the conductor. "We are in hopes to get the track cleared soon, and if we do we shall go on. If we don't, then you will go to the next station on foot, and the next train that comes down the river will turn about and go up again, and take you all in."

"But that will be too late for me to get home," said Jasper, "for I shall lose the connection."

His advice.

Jasper's indecision.

Night coming on.

“Then you will have to stop at some tavern on the way till to-morrow morning,” said the conductor, “and go home then. If you have not got any money, the tavern-keeper will trust you when you tell him how it happened.”

So saying, the conductor hurried on.

Jasper went back to the car, where he had left Congo, and reported the facts to him.

“I am not quite sure what we had better do,” said he.

Congo did not express any opinion in respect to what it would be best to do, for, in point of fact, he had no opinion. He only looked out of the window, as if he wished to see what the prospect was.

“It is growing toward night,” said Jasper, looking out of the window too, “and, in truth, I think it is going to rain.”

The sky was, indeed, quite cloudy, and it looked very much as if a storm was coming on.

“I’ve a great mind,” Jasper added at length, “to go on as far as the station, and wait there until they get the track cleared. I’ll go once more and see how they get along with the work. In the mean time, you may stay here and take care of the carpet-bag; or, rather, you may go too, and take the carpet-bag with you.”

So Jasper went out of the car again, and Congo followed him, carrying the carpet-bag. They made their way together to the wrecked cars, and remained there some time watching the operations of the men, who were at work with jack-screws and other contrivances, trying to raise the cars and get them back upon the rails. But they made very slow progress.

At last Jasper concluded that it would be best for him and

Going to the station.

It begins to rain.

At the hotel.

Congo to go on to the station. It was growing darker every moment, and it looked very much like rain, so they set out together on the track in the direction toward the station. There were many other parties of passengers, some before and some behind them, all going the same way.

After they had been going about half a mile, Jasper offered to carry the carpet-bag a little way to let Congo rest. But Congo would not allow him to do so. He said he could carry it himself all the way just as well as not.

Indeed, he thought that, as Jasper had all the care and perplexity of the affair upon his mind, and all the responsibility of determining what was to be done, without any assistance from Congo in respect to those burdens, it was right Congo should do his own work in full without asking any assistance from Jasper.

At length they drew nigh to the station. It was now quite dark, and it was beginning to rain. Jasper made a calculation from the time-tables hung up in the station, and he found that there was no prospect of his being able to get home that night; and, as there was a sort of hotel there—a high three-story wooden building, just across the street from the station—he concluded that he would go and see if he and Congo could get lodgings in it for the night. There was a great deal of coming and going, and a great deal of confusion, both at the station and around the doors of the hotel. Some were lugging trunks and other baggage to and fro; some were hurriedly making arrangements for going off in wagons and other vehicles that they had hired; and some were standing about in groups, fretting, and seeming not to know what to do.

All full.

One resource left.

Bob's room.

Through the midst of all these people Jasper led the way, and Congo followed into the hotel.

Jasper made his way into a sort of bar-room. There was a counter there, and a man behind it entering names in a book, and assigning people their rooms. As soon as Jasper could get an opportunity to speak to the man, he asked him if he could have a room there that night.

“No, *sir*,” said the man, emphasizing strongly the word *sir*, “I am afraid not.” He said this without looking up from his book; but immediately after saying it, he raised his eyes, and seeing a boy before him with so frank and intelligent a face, he looked surprised, and then immediately added,

“Wait half a minute, and I’ll talk with you.”

After Jasper had waited several minutes, the clerk got through his business with the other men that were there, and then, after looking at Jasper a moment more, he turned round to another young man who was behind the counter with him, and said,

“We might put him in Bob’s room. It is such a short bed that we can’t put any body else there.”

Then turning again to Jasper, the man asked,

“Are you alone?”

“Yes, sir,” said Jasper. “There’s nobody with me except Congo here.”

So saying, Jasper pointed to Congo, who stood behind him with the carpet-bag in his hand.

“Congo?” said the clerk. “Who is he?”

“He’s my grandfather’s hired boy,” said Jasper.

Jasper and Congo go to reconnoitre their quarters.

“Oh, well, he must tumble in any where, under the tables or in a corner. We are too full to give him any thing for a bed, but we can give you a boy’s bed in a small room.”

So saying, the clerk turned round a big book which he had upon the counter before him, and handed Jasper a pen, in order that he might enter his name. Jasper accordingly entered it, and then the clerk called a boy to show Jasper to his room.

“Come, Congo,” said Jasper, “I want you to come too.”

On the way out Jasper asked Congo if he thought he could find some place to sleep.

“Oh yes,” said Congo, “I can sleep any where. I can have this carpet-bag for a pillow, and that will be all that I shall want.”

The stairs that Jasper went up in going to his room were in the back part of the house, and were very narrow and winding. The entrance to them was by a door leading from a small passage-way near the kitchen. The boy who went to guide them led the way, carrying a small candle. The room was in the third story. It was very small. There was one narrow single bed in it, of the kind called a sacking-bed. There was a small table and a chair. There was also one window, which opened out upon the stable-yard.

There was no washing apparatus in the room; but, in a passage-way which the boys passed through in getting to it, there was a large sink, with two wash-bowls in it, and a pail full of water on a shelf at the back side of the sink. There was a tin mug with a long handle in this pail, which was evidently intended to be used to dip out the water from the pails in order to fill the bowls. This

Rooming together.

The refreshment-saloon.

Supper.

sink was for the use of the lodgers of several rooms in that part of the house.

The boy put the candle down on the table, and then went out, leaving Jasper and Congo to themselves.

“Now, Congo,” said Jasper, “if you are going to sleep on the floor any where, I had rather you would sleep here in this room.”

Jasper thought that he should feel safer to have Congo near, in case any thing should happen in the night. The result proved that he was very correct in this calculation.

“And now, Congo,” said Jasper, after a moment’s pause, “I don’t know exactly what we are going to do for supper.”

“They were taking supper down in the supper-room,” said Congo, “when we came up.”

“Yes,” said Jasper; “but then the room was crowded full, and there was no room at all for any more. But I’ll tell you what we will do. We will go across to the station. There is a refreshment-room there, and we can get whatever we want.”

Congo seemed to like this proposal very much, and so, Jasper leading the way, they both ran across the road through the rain to the station. There they found a long counter, with cups for coffee, and plates with cakes and pies upon them, all set out. Jasper bought some sandwiches and a piece of pie for Congo, and, giving him the plate that contained them, he directed him to go out and sit down on a seat there was outside under the piazza. He would come out presently, he said, and bring him a cup of coffee.

Congo felt a little embarrassed at being thus waited upon by Jasper at his supper, when it seemed to him, as a matter of pro-

Amusement during the evening.Preparations for the night.

priety, that he ought to be waiting upon Jasper. However, he was accustomed to obey implicitly all that Jasper said, and so he took the plate, and went away to the seat that Jasper had designated without saying a word.

Jasper ate his own supper at the counter, seated on a high stool which was placed before it. He left his place, however, for a moment, in the middle of his supper, to carry out a cup of coffee to Congo. Then he returned, and finished drinking his own coffee. Afterward he and Congo remained some time at the station, amusing themselves with seeing what was going on, hearing the conversation, and listening to the reports which came up from time to time from the train that had run off the track. At last, about nine o'clock, they went back to the hotel and ascended to their room.

“Now, Congo,” said Jasper, “I think the best thing that we can do is to go to bed.”

So Jasper began to make preparations to go to bed. It was a cool night, and there were two blankets on the bed. Jasper took off one of them and gave it to Congo; the other he kept for himself. He also took out some things from the carpet-bag, and then gave it to Congo for a pillow.

“Congo,” said Jasper, when these arrangements had been made, “do you ever say your prayers when you go to bed?”

“Sometimes,” said Congo, rather hesitatingly.

“We ought to say them always,” said Jasper; “it is right that we should say them; and then, besides, it comforts us when we feel lonesome as we do now; so we will kneel down, and I’ll say

The boys are relieved by prayer.

Roused in the night.

An alarm.

the prayers. I'll say them for both of us. If you listen, that will do just as well."

After the prayer, which, as Jasper had predicted, had the effect of greatly strengthening and comforting both the boys in their hearts, Jasper undressed himself and got into bed; while Congo, lying down on the floor, with the carpet-bag for a pillow, covered himself up with a blanket.

"Congo," said Jasper, after a few minutes' pause, "are you comfortable?"

But Congo gave no answer to this question, for he was already fast asleep.

In a very short time Jasper fell asleep too.

He was conscious of nothing more until about two o'clock in the morning, when he suddenly awoke and perceived a smell of smoke in the room. He started up and spoke to Congo. Congo did not hear him.

Jasper got out of bed, and, finding the smell of smoke very decided, he went to Congo and shook him by the shoulder, at the same time calling out to him, "Congo! Congo! wake up!"

"What's the matter?" said Congo, opening his eyes, and looking about him wildly. There was a faint light in the room from the window—for the sky had cleared up, and it was now starlight—and Jasper could just distinguish Congo's features.

"Wake up!" said he; "I smell something burning."

Congo rose up immediately, and, as soon as he perceived the smell, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and said,

"And there's ever so much smoke in the room too!"

They go through the passage-way and find the house on fire.

“I’m afraid the house is on fire or something,” said Jasper. “We must go and call somebody. I’ll dress myself as soon as I can, and you go and see if you can find any doors to call people.”

Jasper was already slipping on his clothes while he was saying these words, and he proceeded in the work of dressing himself with so much dispatch, that by the time Congo was up and ready to go to the door he was ready to accompany him. They went together into the passage-way where the sink was, and they found it even fuller of smoke than their room. They ran across this passage, which was small, like a small entry, and there opened another door which was at the head of the stairs. The instant that they opened it a great puff of hot smoke came into their faces, and they could hear the roaring and crackling of flames down below at the foot of the stairs, accompanied by the occasional flash of a lurid light there.

“The house is on fire!” said Jasper, and he instantly shut the door again to keep out the smoke and hot, suffocating air. At the same moment he began to hear shouts and outcries below of women scrambling and people crying fire. They had just taken the alarm.

“We can’t go down that way,” said Jasper. “Let us look about and see if there is any other door.”

So they looked all about the passage-way, but there was no other door.

“Never mind,” said Jasper, “we’ll go to the window, and the people will come there and take us down by a ladder.”

Congo was so frightened that he was almost beside himself, though the composure and courage which Jasper manifested some-

Jasper displays great presence of mind.The flames bursting forth.

what sustained him. He did not say a word, but he seemed bewildered and ready to faint with terror.

“We’ll keep both the doors shut,” said Jasper, “and so keep the smoke out as long as we can. You may open the window and cry fire, while I see if I can find a match and light the candle. It won’t be so gloomy for us if we have a light.”

Jasper perceived at a glance that the only way for them to escape from the house was by being taken out of the window by the people below, who should come when the alarm was given, and that there was nothing that they themselves could do to hasten their escape but to give the alarm from the window, in order that the people below, as soon as the ladders should arrive, might come and rescue them.

After Jasper had struck the light and lighted the candle, he went to the window himself. There were many people running to and fro in the yard, and he could see flashes of light shining every now and then upon the sky, as if the fire was beginning to break out on some other side of the house. The men that were below in the yard called out to the boys to tell them that they had gone for ladders, and that, in the mean time, they must stay where they were.

“There will be time,” they said. “Don’t be afraid; there will be plenty of time.”

The bells of the town soon began to ring, and people in great numbers came running to the scene of fire. The flashes grew more and more frequent, until at length they ended in one great burst of continuous flame, which illuminated the whole sky. The smoke grew more and more dense in Jasper’s room, though it was obvi-

The boys at the window.

The fire in the room.

Calling for help.

ous that the chief seat of the conflagration was around upon some other side of the house.

“Congo,” said Jasper, “come with me, and let us see if we can not find where the smoke comes in.”

So Jasper went out into the passage-way and looked at the door leading to the staircase, and there he saw streams of dense smoke coming in through the key-hole, and through the crack under the door. Jasper contrived to keep out a great deal of this by stuffing paper into the key-hole, and by laying down a pillow on the floor close to the door, to stop the crack. The two boys then came back to the window again to see if the ladders had come, and also, in case they had not come, to let the people know that they themselves were still there.

The people below, when they saw Jasper and Congo at the window again, called out to encourage them.

“Keep up good courage, boys,” said they. “They have got a ladder, and they are getting some women and children out on the other side of the house. They’ll be here very soon.”

Just then Jasper heard a crackling sound behind him, and, looking round, he saw the plaster curling up and coming off, and smoke and fire coming through on the back side of the room. He turned round immediately, and called out to the men below.

“Tell them to be quick,” said he. “The fire is bursting into this room.”

This announcement produced great commotion below, and Jasper saw some men running with an axe, and presently a party of them were seen bringing a long stout pole, such as is called a hay-

The hay-pole.

The peril from the flames.

Aid at hand.

pole, and, after laying it down upon the ground, they seemed to be nailing something to it, making, at the same time, a great deal of noise and clamor. In the mean time the fire had burned entirely through the partition on the back side of the room, and it began to be very hot where Jasper and Congo were standing.

“Let’s cover ourselves with the blankets,” said Jasper. “Bring your blanket out here.”

So saying, Jasper seized his own blanket, and ran into the passage-way with it to the sink, and began to wet it with water. In a moment Congo came too with his blanket, and Jasper put that into the sink too, and then wet them through with the water that was in the pail.

“Now, Congo,” said Jasper, “put this all over you, so as to cover up your back, and shoulders, and head.”

So saying, he handed Congo his blanket, and helped him put it on. He also put his own blanket on in the same way, and then they both went back to the window. It was now so hot in the room that it almost scorched them to go through, and the only way that they could live there at all was to stand with their heads out of the window, and with the wet blankets toward the fire.

As soon as they got to the window, they saw one end of the hay-pole slowly rising up from among the crowd under the window. They saw that there were two cross-bars nailed across near the top of the pole, one very near the top, and one two or three feet farther down.

“Now, boys,” said the men, shouting as loud as they could call, “cling to the top of this pole, and we will take you down. Stand

* The boys are taken down by the pole, and are saved.

on the lower bar, and hold on by the upper one. Don't be afraid. The bars are nailed on very strong."

Although these directions were vociferated in the loudest possible manner, still such was the noise and confusion that Jasper could scarcely hear a word. He understood, however, from the appearance of the pole, what the men intended.

"Now, Congo," said he, "we're all safe. Climb right out of the window and cling to the pole, and the men will take you down."

"You must go first," said Congo. "There may not be time to put it up again."

"Obey me," said Jasper.

Congo said no more, but, climbing out of the window and grasping the bars of the pole, he clung to them with desperation. The men below then, having hold of the pole in great numbers, gradually moved it away from the windows, and then let the top of it, with Congo clinging to it, down slowly to the ground. The instant that Congo had let go, they raised the pole again to the window. There was not a moment to lose, for the flames and smoke were pouring out of the upper part of the window, just above Jasper's head, in such a manner as to show that he could have lived there but a very few minutes longer. They were, however, in time. Jasper threw back the blanket, sprang out of the window to the pole, clasped it tightly, and was soon taken down safely to the ground.*

As soon as Jasper reached the ground, Congo came to him with the carpet-bag in his hands, which I had forgotten to say he had

* See Frontispiece.

Congratulations.

Duty.

Conclusion.

thrown out of the window just before he descended himself. The people gathered around him, and seemed greatly pleased that he had escaped.

“But what did this black fellow mean,” said one of the men, “leaving you to come last?”

“I ordered him to come first,” said Jasper, “and he obeyed me.”

“What did you do that for?” said the man.

“Why, that was my duty,” said Jasper.

When Jasper and Congo got home at last, and Mr. Grant heard this story, he told Jasper that he did perfectly right.

“It *was* your duty,” said he, “to take care of Congo first. The captain of the ship must always be the last to leave his vessel when she burns or sinks at sea.”

After this, Jasper continued to have Congo in his employ a long time in the country, and they had a great many adventures together which there is no room to describe in this volume. When at length Jasper went back to New York again, Congo went with him, and became Mrs. Bleeker’s coachman.

And a most excellent coachman he made.

THE END.



VIOLA AT HOME.

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VIOLA

AND

HER LITTLE BROTHER ARNO.



NEW YORK:

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E. J. M.

P R E F A C E.

YOU will learn from the story of Viola and Arno, if you read it aright, that when, in the course of life, calamities, whether seeming or real, come upon us, we are not to allow ourselves to be discouraged and cast down, and to yield to despondency and gloomy forebodings, but are to keep up a good heart, and, while we are vigilant and faithful in doing all that there is for us to do, not to refuse the enjoyment of the pleasures that still remain to us from regret and chagrin on account of those that are lost, or from anxiety and distress on account of those which we fear are in danger of being lost. We ought to be circumspect, prudent, and vigilant at all times in doing what we can to avert misfortune, but when we have once done our duty, or are conscious that we are doing it, we must, so far as is possible, dismiss all care and anxiety from our minds. We are always wrong when we reject the sources of happiness that still remain to us, from a useless repining after those which God in his providence has seen fit to take away.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. PIERRE AND HIS CHILDREN	13
II. GETTING SETTLED.....	29
III. DINNER	39
IV. GETTING INTO BUSINESS.....	49
V. WHISKER.....	62
VI. GREAT CHANGES.....	77
VII. SEARCHING THE HOSPITALS	105
VIII. THE PALACE GARDENS	123
IX. ROYAL	141
X. CONCLUSION.....	151

ENGRAVINGS.

	PAGE
VIOLA AT HOME	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
PIERRE.....	14
STREET IN PARIS.....	21
THE ROAST-SHOP	44
THE PLACE OF BUSINESS	53
FIRST APPEARANCE OF WHISKER.....	63
KITCHEN IN A CLOSET.....	97
THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.....	113
THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.....	125
WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY, YOUNG LADY?.....	133
THE PALAIS ROYAL	143

VIOLA AND ARNO.

CHAPTER I.

PIERRE AND HIS CHILDREN.

Blind Father Pierre.

His contented disposition.

VIOLA was a little Savoy girl. Savoy is a country among the Alps. Viola lived there among the mountains with her father and her little brother Arno till she was about nine years old, and then she came with her father and Arno to Paris.

Viola's father was blind; but he was not unhappy on that account. On the contrary, his heart was full of joy and gladness, and he was as merry as a lark all the day long. This made every body like him, and he got along a great deal better in the world than he would have done if he had been melancholy and gloomy. In that case, people would sometimes have given him a little money out of compassion, but they would have all wished to have as little to do with him as possible, and would have been glad to have him go on away from their town to the next, so as to get him out of their sight.

But, by being cheerful, contented, and happy, and always making merry with the children, and with every body else that was ready for a laugh, he made himself so agreeable that they all liked

He is a universal favorite.His various accomplishments.



PIERRE.

to have him stay among them, and they used to keep him as long as they could, in order to hear the music that he made, and the funny stories that he told. His name was Pierre.

Besides making music and telling stories, Pierre knew how to do various other things. He could make baskets, and mend rakes, and sharpen knives, and perform various other services of this

Pierre forms a plan of going to Paris.Conversation with his banker.

sort. The people of the village paid him money for these things, and, as they gave him all that he required to eat and drink besides, he saved all his money, and gave it to a banker to keep in one of the large towns.

The banker not only kept the money safe which Father Pierre left with him from time to time, but he added the interest to it, which made the amount increase still faster, so that, after a while, old Father Pierre, as the children called him, began to be quite rich—that is, I mean quite rich for a poor old blind man.

After a while, Pierre conceived the idea of going with his children to Paris. He mentioned his plan to the banker.

“Ah! yes,” said the banker, “that is the best thing that you can do. Paris is the place for men of genius.”

“Why, as for me,” said Pierre, “I can get along any where, but I thought I could do better for the children in Paris than I can in the country. I can get better places for them as they grow up.”

“That’s very true,” replied the banker; “you can, I have not a doubt. And you’ll take your money with you, of course?”

“Yes,” said Pierre, “I can carry it in a leather bag.”

“And what will you do with it when you get there?” asked the banker.

“I will put it into the Savings’ Bank,” replied Pierre, “and then draw it out as I want it.”

“I’ll tell you a better plan than that,” said the banker. “I’ll give you a draft, or a bill of exchange, on a banker in Paris, and then you will only have a piece of paper to carry instead of a

His banker's advice.

The bill of exchange.

Viola's signature.

heavy bag of gold. Then, when you get to Paris, you will go to the banker's, and he will take the bill and open an account with you, and he will pay you your money whenever you want it, without any trouble. There are some ceremonies and formalities about the savings' banks which would make it not quite so convenient for you."

Pierre said that he would like that plan very much, so the banker proceeded to draw the bill of exchange.

"You can write enough to sign your name, I suppose?" said the banker, looking up to Pierre from the desk where he was making ready the bill of exchange.

"No," said Pierre, "not a letter. Viola does all my writing for me."

"Then I will make the bill of exchange payable to her order," said the banker. "And you must bring Viola here to write her name for me, to send to Paris by post, in order that the banker there may have her signature."

So Pierre brought Viola to the banker's the next day, and she wrote her name on a slip of paper to be sent to Paris by post.

"Now," said the banker, "if you lose this bill of exchange, there will be no harm done; because, you see, suppose you lose it, and somebody finds it, or suppose it is stolen away from you, and the person who gets it carries it to the banker to call for the money, he would have to take some girl with him to stand for Viola. Very well; when he goes in and presents the bill, the banker will say, 'Where is Viola?' so he will point to the girl that he has taken in with him, and will say, 'This is Viola.' Then the bank-

Precautions against fraud.The plan is approved.

er will give the girl pen, ink, and paper, and will ask her to write her name; so she will try, and, after she has written it, she will hand the paper to the banker, and he will compare it with this that I am going to send him by post. He will see at once that it is not the same handwriting, and so will know that they are impostors; and thus, instead of paying them the money, he will send them off to prison."

"Good!" said Pierre; "that will settle it all up nicely so far as they are concerned, but it would not help me any about getting my money; and then suppose I *lose* the paper somehow or other, how should I get my money in that case?"

"Ah! if you lose the bill," said the banker, "you must let Viola write back to me, and tell me how it is, and the next day I would send you on a duplicate of your bill of exchange, and that would make it all right."

"It is a very good plan, Viola, don't you think it is?" said Pierre.

"Yes, father," said Viola, "I think it is an excellent plan; and I'll try to remember how I write my name on that piece of paper, so as to write it exactly the same when I get to the banker's at Paris."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself about that," said the banker; "you can't write your name so differently, even if you try, but that they will know there that it is the same handwriting."

The business being thus all arranged, Pierre took his bill of exchange, and, after folding it up carefully, he put it in his pocket, and then Viola led him away out of the office.

Setting out on the journey.

Pierre's flageolet.

The seat by the fountain.

A few days afterward Pierre and his two children set out on the journey to Paris.

They were many days on the road, and they met with a great variety of pleasant adventures, which, however, can not here be described. It was in the summer season of the year, and the country was delightful, and as every thing was new to Viola and Arno, and as they traveled by very easy journeys, they enjoyed themselves very much by the way.

Besides his bill of exchange, Pierre had several pieces of gold and plenty of silver in his pocket, so that he was not at all dependent on what he should earn by the way for the means of paying the expenses of the journey. But he took his flageolet with him, and he stopped at all the villages that he came through to play to the children, and to tell them amusing stories. In compensation for this, the people sometimes gave him and his children their supper, and a place to sleep at night, and sometimes they paid him money.

Pierre, however, did not in any case ask for charity, nor would he have accepted any if it had been offered him. At one time he arrived with the children, in the edge of the evening, at a small hamlet, and, being a little tired, they all sat down to rest upon a smooth stone bench near a fountain in the street. Just then, a laboring man, who was looking out at a window, saw them; so he called out to his wife,

“Jeannotte! Jeannotte! here’s a poor man out here. Hunt about, and see if you can’t find something to give him to eat.”

“Where?” said Pierre, calling out to the laborer in a merry

A friendly gathering.

Arrival at Paris.

The City.

voice. "Where is the poor man? Send him here to me, and I'll give him some money, and then he can go and buy him a supper."

So saying, Pierre took a handful of money out of his pocket, and jingled it so that all the people about there could hear, and then laughed aloud at the joke in such a merry manner that all the other people laughed too, and began to gather around him. In the end, he made a great many friends in that village.

After a time, Pierre and the children arrived safely at Paris. As soon as they entered the town the children were amazed at the magnificence and splendor of the scenes which met their view on every side. Pierre himself had been in Paris before, so that the spectacle was not new to him, but he enjoyed very much the astonishment and delight manifested by the children.

"We'll go at once to the City," said Pierre; "I am going to take a lodging in the City."

The word City, as applied to Paris, does not include the whole place, but only a certain small portion of it which is situated upon an island in the River Seine. This island, though small in comparison with the whole of Paris, is absolutely pretty large. It is so large that there are not less than twelve bridges all around, that lead from it to the main land. It is so completely occupied, too, with lofty buildings, and so crowded with traffic of every kind, that a person, when walking in any of the streets of it, would not imagine that he was upon any island at all.

Besides the great number of stores, shops, dwelling-houses, manufactories, and other private edifices in the City, there is an

The public edifices on the island.

Advantage of lodging in the City.

immense and very ancient cathedral there, called the Cathedral of Notre Dame. There is also a vast hospital, containing thousands of beds, arranged in long galleries and in suites of apartments without end, where sick people are carried from all parts of the town, and taken care of until they get well, or else until they die. You must remember about this great hospital, for it will be spoken of again hereafter in this story.

There were two reasons why Pierre concluded to seek a lodging in the City. One was because the City was very centrally situated, with many bridges, and quays lining the banks of the river, and broad, open streets all around it. From these bridges very extended views were to be obtained of the banks of the river, with many broad avenues, and open squares, and magnificent palaces and gardens bordering them on either hand. It is true that Pierre himself could not see any of these things, but he was pleased to have the children see them in going to and from their home. Besides, there was no danger of their losing their way in such a part of Paris as this; for, wherever they were, they could take in the whole scene, bridges, quays, palaces, gardens, and all, at one view.

“Do you see those two large square towers rising up above all the rest of the buildings on the island?” said Pierre to the children, when they had come out into view of the river.

“Yes, father,” said Viola.

“Those are the towers of Notre Dame,” said Pierre. “We shall have a lodging pretty near them. So, whenever you get lost, first find the river; then, when you come in sight of the riv-

A landmark.

Looking for apartments.

Front doors in Paris.

er, look for the towers of Notre Dame. Then you can go straight home."

"Yes, father," said Arno, "we will."

Pierre and the children crossed one of the bridges and reached the island. They immediately entered a street, which, though it was really wide, seemed narrow on account of the immense height of the houses on each side of it. They walked along this street a little way, and then turned into another. Pierre directed the way, inquiring from Viola, from time to time, for the names of the streets, which she could read at the signs upon the corners.

"Now," said Pierre at last, "we have got pretty near the neighborhood of the church. Look out for apartments to let. Whenever you see a little sign up with 'Apartments to let' upon it, tell me."

So the children began to look about, and they soon found quite a number of such signs. The front doors of all the houses were level with the street, and they were all open, so that you could look into the lower hall in passing along the street. Many of these doors were large and double, like the gates of a town, and, instead of a hall, they opened into a paved passage-way, leading in through an arch to an open court within.

You would think, perhaps, that if the front doors of houses in Paris were kept thus always open, thieves might go in and out when they pleased, and that thus nothing in the house would be safe. But this danger is guarded against by the porter. There is always a porter to a French house. He lives in a little room on the lower floor, at the end of the hall of entrance, and at the

Description of the porter's lodge.	The porter's duties.	The entresol.
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foot of the grand staircase. His room is very small, but there is a table in it, and a chair, and a bureau, and across the back end of it a bed, and in the front a small stove. The room is so small that the bed takes up nearly half of it. Besides the window which lets in the light, there is another small one which opens on the hall or staircase, so that nobody can go by to go up the stairs without the porter's seeing them.

There are usually a great number of different families and single lodgers in the houses in Paris, who live in separate suites of apartments on the different floors. Accordingly, if you wish to call and see any person in a house, you always walk directly in through the open door on the street, and pass on till you come to the porter's lodge. The porter is always there, or his wife, or some other person to take his place. You tell him who you wish to see, and he tells you in what part of the house they live. He says, "In the *third*, to the right," meaning the third story, right-hand door, or "In the *fifth*, to the left," or otherwise, as the case may be. So you go up the stairs, and find the door which leads to the apartment of the person whom you wish to see by means of the direction which the porter has given you.

Sometimes a stranger in Paris is a little puzzled to know where to begin to count the stories of the house. The ground floor is never counted as a story. It is level with the street, and the front of it is occupied for shops and stores, while the back rooms are used for kitchens, servants' rooms, store-rooms, and other such purposes. Then immediately above the ground floor there is very often a low story which is called the *entresol*. The regular

Description of the next engraving.

The ground floor.

The court.

stories of the house begin above this. You will see the entresol plainly represented in the engraving on the next page in the houses on the right.

You see the ground floor, level with the street, with doors opening into it direct from the sidewalk. The one where the lady and the two children are looking at the parrot is an example of the double doors which I have already spoken of. But the passageway that they open into, which leads into the interior of the house, is more like a little street than like the hall of a dwelling. Instead of a floor, it is usually paved with stone, so that carriages can drive in, and there is a little sidewalk for foot-passengers on either hand.

The place where the horses turn to come out again is in a small square court inside, with the buildings of the house all around it. Sometimes there are two or three of these courts, one within the other, with arched passages by which carriages can go out and in, thus giving considerable space within the house, in which the carriages can drive about. This is when the houses are very large, and cover a great deal of ground. In such cases as this there are a number of different staircases leading up from different parts of the courts to the stories above.

When the house does not extend so far back as to make it necessary to have courts within, then carriages do not drive in at the front door, and in such cases the people sometimes ornament the passage with trees and shrubbery, contained in boxes and tubs, and with flowers growing in flower-pots. The porter of the house represented in the engraving has got a parrot, which he keeps dur-



STREET IN PARIS.

The parrot's song.

Every body's amusement.

The hydrant.

ing the day-time at the door, where the passers-by often stop to amuse themselves with hearing him talk.

This engraving is a representation of the view from my windows in a room which I occupied for some time while writing these story-books. I used to hear the parrot singing in the summer mornings when I rose early to write. He had a very funny French song which he used to sing beginning with

“I have some first-rate snuff
In my tobacco-box.”*

Almost every body that went by would stop to hear the parrot sing his song, and then they would walk on laughing. The children were so much amused that sometimes the nurses could hardly get them to go on.

Those little square and round forms that appear hanging about the doors are placards specifying what kind of apartments are to let in that house.

A little beyond the open doors where the parrot is, on the margin of the sidewalk, you see a small stone post, round at the top, and fitting flat to the wall. This is a hydrant. The water is kept running there a certain number of hours every day, and during that time the people of the neighborhood are continually coming there for water. Sometimes little children run away from home to come there and dabble in the water; and their mothers,

* The French of it is

“J'ai du bon tabac
Dans ma tabatière.”

Of course, the parrot sang it in French.

Description of the entresol.Preferences of the lodgers.

who come there after them, have great difficulty in getting them away.

Immediately above the ground floor you see a range of low windows. These belong to that intermediate story, called the entresol, that I have already described. Many people who go to Paris to spend a little time like to have rooms in the entresol facing the street. There are two advantages in this: first, you do not have many stairs to climb in order to get to your rooms; and, secondly, not being very high up, you can see what is going on in the street much more conveniently than if you were in the upper stories.

People who have lived for some time in Paris, however, and who are no longer amused with what is going on in the street, usually prefer the more inner rooms of the house, namely, those that look upon the courts, as they are more quiet and retired. They also prefer rooms in the story above the entresol, for those rooms are much more lofty, and are usually better furnished than the rooms of the entresol. The story immediately above the entresol is called the first story. In America it would be very likely to be called the third.

You can see the range of windows of the first story immediately above the entresol in the engraving. Do you observe how lofty they are? They are nearly twice as high as the windows of the entresol. These rooms are just enough above the street to be in some measure free from the noise and the dust, and to receive the light well at the windows. They are also usually more handsomely furnished than the rooms above or below, and are con-

The third story balcony.

Attic rooms.

The locality of the engraving.

sequently the most expensive and desirable apartments in the house.

Above the first story you see in the engraving the windows of the second story, and above them those of the third. The third story, as it is called—it is really the fifth, counting from the ground—often has a balcony, where people who live on that floor can come out and take the air. This balcony is to save them the trouble of coming down so far to the ground. They can also, from the balcony, look down and see what is passing in the street. You see such a balcony in the second house in the engraving.

Above the third story in this house are the attics. The rooms in the attics, like those in the lower stories, are let to lodgers. Of course, these rooms are the cheapest of all. They are generally occupied by students, or seamstresses, or young clerks with small salaries, or other persons who are willing to go up high for the sake of living cheap.

The iron fence which you see in the background of the picture is the inclosure of the garden of the Tuileries, and the trees beyond it are a part of the trees of the garden. The street which passes along there is the celebrated Rue de Rivoli. There is a colonnade on one side of it, extending out to the edge of the sidewalk, where you can walk under cover for a long distance. You can see the arch where you enter under this colonnade at the end of the block of buildings in the engraving, where the lady and gentleman are coming, at the corner.

Of course, it is only a small part of these Parisian houses that is seen from the street. The main body of the house is always

The streets in Paris.

Difference between French and American houses.

back, and looks upon the courts within, which I have already described. The streets in Paris are very much farther apart than they are in American cities, and of course the spaces inclosed between them are much more extensive, and that is one reason why the houses are made so large, and extend so much farther in the rear.

The arrangement of these houses, as I have described them to you, is quite different from that which we are accustomed to see in New York. Here, the first floor, or that which is next above the basement, is considered the most genteel and desirable part of the house. Instead of an open space-way leading into an inner court, we see closely-shut front doors, and flights of stone steps, with balustrades, leading up to them. When the houses have balconies, moreover, they are usually built on the second story. In fact, on first visiting Paris, one is quite surprised at the difference he finds between French and American houses in these respects.

But now I must go back to the story, and relate how Pierre and his children got settled in their lodgings in "the City."

But for this it will be necessary to begin a new chapter.

The street of the Three Little Mugs.Farther search for lodgings.

CHAPTER II.

GETTING SETTLED.

THE street where Pierre and the children were walking when Viola and Arno began to look out for signs was an extremely narrow one—a mere crevice, as it were, running irregularly through a mass of lofty houses. It was called the street of the “Three Little Mugs.” The names of the streets in Paris are some of them very queer. There is the street of the Dead Tree, the street of the Good Well, the street of the Scissors, and many others. This was the street of the Three Little Mugs.

“Now, Viola,” said Pierre, “as you walk along, look into all the open doors, and when you see a hall that has a neat and pleasant appearance, we will go in.”

“That is, father,” said Viola, “provided that there is a sign up of apartments to let.”

“Yes,” said Pierre; “unless there is a sign up of an apartment to let, it is of no use to inquire.”

So Viola and Arno kept a good look-out, and presently they found a house which they thought would do.

“Lead me in, then,” said Pierre, “till you come to the porter’s lodge.”

So Viola led her father in. The floor of the hall was of stone. At the back part of it, on one side, was a door with a sash in the upper part of it. The sash part of the door was open, and through

First trial.

A talk with the porter.

Ill success.

it Viola and Arno could see an old man sitting on a small tailor's bench mending a coat. The room was very small, being not much bigger than a closet.

"Well, my good friend," said the old man, "what is it that you desire?"

"I desire a lodging," replied Pierre.

"Good!" said the porter; "but can you pay for a lodging if you get one?"

"I always pay in advance," said Pierre.

"Good!" said the porter; "that will do. And what sort of a lodging do you want?"

"I want one small room for myself and my boy, and a little closet where there can be a bed for Viola. I want it in the attic. We can all climb."

"No," said the porter, shaking his head, "I have nothing in the attic."

"And on the fourth?" asked Pierre.

"No, I have nothing on the fourth," replied the porter, "except an apartment of three rooms."

"That is too much room for us," said Pierre, "and will cost too much money."

"I am very sorry that I have nothing which will answer for you. Would you like to come into my lodge and rest yourself and the children a little before you go on?"

"No, I thank you," said Pierre. "We shall soon find a lodging, and then we shall be at home."

So they bade the porter good-by and went away.

The porter's politeness.

Second attempt.

The lady of the porter's lodge.

“He was very polite to us,” said Viola to her father, as they went out into the street again.

“Yes,” replied her father, “in Paris they are almost always polite. It is not necessary here that a person should appear to be rich in order to be treated with kindness and civility.”

At the next house which Viola selected, the hall, instead of being paved with stone like a street, was floored, and it looked much more than the other like the entrance to a dwelling in an American town. There was a little wooden gate across the doorway on the street. Viola opened this gateway, and they all went in.

“Do you see where the porter's lodge is?” asked Pierre.

“No, father,” replied Arno; “I don't believe there is any porter's lodge here.”

There was a staircase at the back side of the hall, and Viola soon spied a sign over this staircase, saying, “The porter's lodge is in the entresol.”

“Then we must go up stairs,” said Pierre.

So the children led their father up the stairs, and at the first landing they found the lodge. The lodge, in this case, was quite a little room. There was a window in it looking out upon the court. At a table which stood before this window was seated a woman who was employed in sewing. A small child was playing upon the floor.

As soon as the woman saw Pierre and his children coming up the stairs, she rose and went to the door to meet them. She invited them to come in. Pierre, however, before accepting this invitation, asked her about her rooms, and she said that she had a

An unfortunate circumstance.

Viola becomes discouraged.

Pierre's rule of action.

chamber in the attic, with a little bedroom adjoining, that would do for them exactly.

“Only,” she added, shrugging her shoulders a little, “it is occupied now; but it will be free to-morrow, if you could only wait till to-morrow.”

“Ah! that is unlucky for us,” replied Pierre. “We have no place to go to until we find a lodging, so we must find one to-day.”

The woman said that she was very sorry, but that she could do nothing better for them than that; so Pierre and the children went away.

Viola now began to be discouraged. “I am afraid, father,” she said, “that you will not find any place at all.”

“Are you very tired?” asked Pierre.

“Oh no, father,” said Viola, “I am not tired at all. I am only afraid that night will come and we shall not have any place to go to.”

“Does not it amuse you to go into all these houses, and see the little porters' lodges and the different porters in them?” asked Pierre.

“Why yes, father,” replied Viola, “it would amuse me very much if I were only sure that we should find a place to go to in the end.”

“Then,” rejoined Pierre, “let us have a good time now, and enjoy what we are seeing, and not look forward to to-night for the sake of finding trouble. We must never spoil a good time that we might have now by looking forward to find trouble.”

The best thing to be done.

Third trial.

A gruff porter.

“Or back either,” said Arno.

“Right,” said Pierre; “we must not look back either. Let all past troubles be forgotten, and never think of any future ones that may come upon us, any further than to do what we can to keep clear of them.”

“But, father,” said Viola, “we might not find any lodging at all.”

“Very well,” replied Pierre; “we are doing all that we can to find one, and worrying about it won’t help us to do any more; so have a good time, and amuse yourselves as much as you can with what you see.”

“Well, father,” said Viola, “I will.”

Whatever of anxiety remained on Viola’s mind after this conversation was soon dispelled, for at the very next house where Pierre applied they found a lodging. The porter, however, was by no means as kind and polite to them as the other porters had been. He seemed to be a shoemaker by trade; for, at the time when Pierre and the children appeared at the window of his lodge, he was employed in mending shoes. He was an old man, with a pair of big, round-eyed spectacles upon his nose. He seemed to pay very little attention to Pierre and the children at first. He looked at them over the tops of his spectacles a moment, and then went on with his work, asking Pierre, however, at the same time, what he desired.

“I want a lodging,” said Pierre.

“No,” said the porter, “I have not got any.”

“Perhaps you think,” said Pierre, “that I am not able to pay

A statement of the case.

Stipulations.

The porter's surmises.

for a lodging; but I have got plenty of money, and will pay in advance."

The porter stopped his work, and looked at Pierre a moment over the tops of his spectacles with a curious and inquisitive expression of countenance, and then said,

"Are you blind?"

"I've lost one pair of eyes," said Pierre, "but I have got two other pair left, and with those I can find my way about the world as well as most people."

So saying, he put his arms about his children and drew them closer to him, thus indicating that by the two pair of eyes that he had left he referred to those of Viola and Arno.

"Well, friend," said the porter, "if you are really able to pay for an apartment, and are willing to pay for it in advance, I'll tell you what I can do. I have got a chamber up under the roof, with a little closet, where there is a bed, adjoining it. You can have it for a fortnight. It is engaged after that time. But you must pay the whole fortnight in advance."

It was not true that this apartment, as the porter called it, was engaged. He only said so in order to have an excuse for sending Pierre and his children away at the end of the time for which the advance payment was to be made, in case he found that Pierre was not likely to pay punctually thereafter, or if for any other reason he found it inconvenient to have him remain.

"They are beggars," said he to himself, "I have no doubt, and somebody has given them a little money to start them in a decent lodging, but they will soon come to poverty again."

Description of the attic room.Conveniences of various kinds.

Pierre acceded to the terms which the porter made, and so they all went together up into the apartment. They were obliged to ascend four flights of stairs, besides the one which they had already come up, before they reached it.

“Well, Viola,” said Pierre, as soon as they had entered the room, “what sort of a place is it?”

“It is a very nice place indeed,” replied Viola. “There is a bed, and a table, and two chairs; and there is a settee with a cushion on it on one side of the room.”

“Yes,” said Arno; “and this settee will be just the thing for me to sleep on.”

“Where is the bed?” said Pierre. “Show it to me.”

So Arno, jumping off the settee, led his father to the bed. Pierre examined it carefully by feeling of it in every part.

“There is a kitchen fireplace,” said the porter.

“Where?” asked Pierre. “Let me see.”

“I’ll show you, father,” said Viola; so she led him to the place.

What the porter meant by a kitchen fireplace was a fireplace with conveniences for cooking connected with it. The fireplace itself was very small, but on one side of it there was a sort of table, formed of masonry, and in this table were set two or three little round grates for charcoal, with ash-pans below. There were also several stew-pans and kettles hanging up near, which were obviously intended to be used in cooking over these little grates. The porter opened a closet door, too, near by, and showed upon the shelves there a supply of plates, knives and forks, spoons, bowls,

Pierre examines them.

The closet bed-room.

Only two at a time.

cups and saucers, and other such articles necessary for house-keeping.

Pierre felt of these things with his hands, so far as he conveniently could, and Viola and Arno enumerated and described such things as he could not conveniently reach. When at length Pierre had thus made himself acquainted with what the closet contained, he seemed quite well satisfied.

“Good!” said he, “good! very good! And now for the room where little duckey is to sleep.”

“Ah! yes,” said the porter; “here it is.”

So saying, the porter opened a door in the back side of the room, and admitted Viola and Arno into a sort of closet, scarcely big enough for them to turn round in. There was a little window in the front side of the room, and a bed across the end at the back side. Before the window was a table, and by the table a chair, and on the side of the room a small looking-glass hanging against the wall, with a shelf under it. There was barely room for Viola and Arno to walk in between the table and the bed.

“What a cunning little place!” said Arno.

“Let me see,” said Pierre, who was at the door trying to feel his way in.

“Wait, father,” replied Arno. “You must wait a minute till Viola and I come out, and that will make room for you to come in.”

So Viola and Arno came out of the room and let their father go in. Pierre examined every thing carefully by feeling—the table, the chair, the looking-glass, the window, and particularly the bed.

Satisfaction with the arrangements.

Paying in advance.

Chimney-tops.

Strange as it may seem, he could tell very well by feeling whether a bed was nice and clean or not.

“Yes,” said he, “this will do very well—that is, if you like it, Viola.”

“I do like it, father,” said Viola. “I like it very much indeed.”

Pierre then asked the porter what the price of the room was, and the porter told him. The price was very low, on account of the room being so high.

“It is low because it is so high,” said Pierre to the porter.

“Yes,” replied the porter, laughing at Pierre’s play upon the words; “such an apartment as this would be quite high if it was low.”

So Pierre paid the price of the room for one fortnight in advance, as had been agreed upon, and then the porter went away down stairs, and left him and the children in possession.

“Let us go and look out at our windows,” said Pierre, “and see what we can see.”

So they all went back into the principal room. There were two windows. Viola and her father went to one, and Arno to the other.

“What do you see?” asked Pierre.

“Nothing but a great multitude of chimney-tops,” replied Viola.

“Is that all?” asked Pierre.

“Yes, father,” replied Viola — “chimney-tops and roofs of houses.”

The view from the window.

Watering flowers.

The cat on the roof.

“I can see some windows in the houses, a little lower down, with balconies to them,” said Arno.

“Yes,” added Viola, “there is one over *that* way,” pointing as she spoke, “with two children out upon the balcony.”

“They have got a piece of paper,” said Arno; “it is tied to a long string, and they are letting it down.”

“Yes, father,” said Viola, “they are letting it down very far. I suppose they are playing that it is their kite.”

“Only,” said Pierre, “it flies down instead of up.”

“I see a window,” said Viola, “where there is a row of flower-pots, with flowers growing in them, on a shelf outside. Now a girl has just come to the window. She is putting back the curtains. Now she is doing something to her flowers. Now she is watering them out of a watering-pot.”

“Ah! I see that we have got a fine prospect from our windows,” said Pierre. “You’ll see a great many things to amuse you in looking out.”

“I see a cat walking on a roof, father,” said Arno, eagerly. “Look! look!”

“Now watch her,” said Pierre, “and see if pretty soon she does not go behind a chimney.”

“No, father,” replied Arno, “she has gone in at a window—an open garret window.”

“I think our rooms are very pleasant indeed,” said Viola.

“So do I,” said Arno.

The first thing in order.

The plan about dinner.

Setting the table.

CHAPTER III.

DINNER.

“Now, children,” said Pierre, after they had opened their bundles, and had put away their things in a closet, and in a bureau which stood in a corner of the room, “the next thing is dinner. We are all hungry.”

“Then,” said Viola, “we must have a fire. The first thing in getting a dinner is to have a fire.”

“No,” said Pierre, “we will not cook our dinner to-day. We will buy it ready cooked; because, you see, we have not any charcoal yet to make a fire with. All that you will have to do, Viola, is to set the table. Arno and I will go out and buy the dinner, and bring it home.”

But Viola did not like the idea of being left at home alone. She wished to go out with her father and Arno, and see them buy the dinner.

“Besides, father,” said Viola, “if I go with you, I can help you bring the dinner home.”

“Very well,” said Pierre; “then we will wait. You may set the table first, and then we will all go out together.”

So Viola moved the table up to a pleasant place near the window, and then set the cups and saucers, and the plates, and the knives and forks, and spoons upon it. She found all these things in the closet, and she arranged them all very neatly on the table.

All ready but the dinner.

Going a marketing.

The porter's lodge again.

When this work was done, Viola told her father that the table was ready, and then they all went out together to buy the dinner. Arno, by his father's direction, took a little tin can in his hand, one which Viola had found in the closet. Viola took a basket, and also a coffee-pot.

"Now, Arno," said Pierre, as they went together out of the room, "we must lock the door, and leave the key at the porter's lodge as we go out."

"Is that the way they do?" asked Arno.

"Yes," replied his father, "that is the way they always do."

So Arno locked the door after his father and his sister had come out, and then they all together went down stairs. When they reached the porter's lodge, Pierre gave the porter his key. Near the door of the lodge, and opposite to the place where the porter sat, there was a set of shelves against the wall, each shelf being divided into compartments, which formed a number of little boxes, as it were, on the wall. In the centre of each of these compartments was a hook to hang a key upon, and over the hook a number. These numbers corresponded with the numbers of the rooms. There was a little brass label on the key too, which was stamped with a number. This was, of course, the number of Pierre's room.

"Here is the key," said Pierre to the porter, as he gave it to him.

"Very well," said the porter; and, so saying, he took the key and hung it up in the compartment where it belonged.

"Did you see the little place, Viola," said Pierre, as they went away, "where he hung up our key?"

Enjoy the present while it is pleasant.

Looking out for a creamery.

“Yes, father,” replied Viola. “It is in a little compartment of boxes fastened against the wall.”

“Yes,” said Pierre; “and now, if any thing should come for us while we are away, the porter will put it in our compartment, and then it will be ready for us when we come home.”

“I don’t think that any thing will come for us,” said Arno.

“Not to-day,” replied Pierre; “but something may come for us some day or other while we are here.”

“What shall you do, father, when the fortnight is out?” asked Viola; “for the man says that, after a fortnight, our rooms are engaged.”

“Oh, then we shall go and find another apartment,” replied Pierre.

“I am afraid that we shall not like it as well as we do this,” said Viola.

“It is very likely that we shall like it better,” replied Pierre. “There are plenty of rooms to let every where about Paris, so that we can have a good choice. We have got a pleasant room now, and we will have a good time in it; and whenever we look forward, and think of the next room that we shall have, we will imagine it to be a still better one than this is.”

“So we will,” replied Viola.

“And now,” continued Pierre, “keep a good look-out, and when you see a creamery,* tell me.”

“What is a creamery, father?” asked Arno.

“It is a little shop,” replied Pierre, “where they sell milk, and

* In French, *crèmerie*.

What a creamery is.

Different kinds of them.

A good breakfast place.

cream, and butter, and eggs, and cheese, and such kind of things that naturally belong with milk. There are a great many of them in Paris."

"How shall we know them when we see them?" asked Arno.

"Sometimes you will see a sign over the door," said Pierre; "and often in the window you will see a pan of milk, or some different kinds of cheese. There are generally white muslin curtains to the windows, and little signs upon the glass to show that people can have coffee, and eggs, and omelets in there."

"What do they have curtains at the windows for?" asked Viola. "Don't they wish us to look in?"

"Why, you see, they have tables inside, and benches, for people to sit at and drink the coffee or the milk that they buy, and to eat the eggs and the omelets. And people do not like, when they are eating at a table, to have the persons that are going along the street look in and see them."

"I should not like it, I am sure," said Viola.

"There is a back room in the creameries," said Pierre, "where they make the coffee, and boil the milk, and cook the omelets. Some of the creameries are very small, and have no tables, and no arrangements for cooking, but are only little shops for selling milk, and cream, and butter, and cheese. In these creameries they do not generally have any curtains to the windows, for in these they do not care how much you look in. Other creameries are very large. Some of them have twenty or thirty tables, and a great many people go into them in the mornings to get their breakfast."

Roast chicken for dinner.

The roast-shop.

Its appearance.

“I should like to go,” said Arno.

“We will go some time,” replied Pierre. “We will go tomorrow morning.”

“Ah!” said Viola, “I am glad of that.”

“Indeed,” added Pierre, “we shall have to go into one of them now, for I want to buy some coffee. But have not we come almost to the corner?”

“Yes, father,” said Arno, “the corner is close by.”

“Because, right round this corner,” said Pierre, “there is a roast-shop, where we are going to buy some roast chicken.”

Immediately after turning the corner the party came to what Pierre called the roast-shop. There was a door, and by the side of it a large open window. The window was so large that, together with the door, it occupied the whole front of the shop. Just inside of the window was a broad shelf or counter sloping a little toward the street, and on this counter were a number of dishes containing roast geese, roast turkeys, roast chickens, some whole, and some cut into parts. In the back part of the shop there was a monstrous fire, or rather series of fires, made of charcoal placed in grates, one above another, and before these fires were revolving a great many long spits, each one loaded with geese, chickens, and turkeys, which were roasting at the fire.

Pierre and the children advanced to this window in order to buy some chicken for their dinner. A very nice-looking girl advanced to meet them.

“Is there a plate here with a chicken cut up upon it?” asked Pierre.

They conclude to have turkey for dinner instead of chicken.



THE ROAST-SHOP.

“Yes, father,” said Arno, “there is, and one with a turkey on it too.”

“Shall we have chicken or turkey?” asked Pierre.

“Turkey,” said Arno.

“Very well,” said Pierre, “we will have turkey to-day, to celebrate our arrival. We will call it a holiday. Choose out a piece,

How much to buy.

Fried potatoes.

The potato stand at the corner.

Arno, about three times as big as you can eat. If it is three times as much as you can eat, it will be enough, I think."

So Arno chose a piece of turkey, taking care to select a portion which contained a large share of the breast, and plenty of stuffing. Pierre bought the piece, and paid for it, and then the young woman wrapped it up in a paper and gave it to Arno to carry home. Although the paper was very thick that the turkey was wrapped in, and was put round in many folds, the parcel soon began to feel quite warm in Arno's hand. The truth was, the turkey from which the part which they had bought was cut had but just come off the fire.

Very soon Arno put the parcel into Viola's basket, and so Viola carried it the rest of the way home.

"Now," said Pierre, "we want some fried potatoes. I will take you to a place where there used to be a woman who had a stand for frying potatoes at a corner of the street. If she has not gone away, we shall find her there now."

"I hope she has not gone away," said Arno.

Pierre led the way to the corner, and there the woman was still employed at her old vocation of frying potatoes at the corner of the street. She had a sort of stand containing a small fire of charcoal, and over it a pan which was full of sliced potatoes, which were frying, like so many doughnuts, in lard or fat of some kind. As fast as they were done, the woman took them out with a sort of skimmer, and sold them to the people that came from the neighboring houses and shops to buy them. Some brought plates to carry the potatoes home in, some bowls, and some little tin cans.

Four sous' worth of potatoes.

Four sous' worth of coffee and milk.

“How many shall we buy?” asked Viola.

“Buy four sous' worth first,” said Pierre, “and have them put into your can, and then you can see if you think there will be enough.”

So the woman put in four sous' worth of the fried potatoes into the little tin pail or can which Arno had brought, and as both the children thought, on seeing how many there were, that there would be a plenty for their dinner, Pierre did not buy any more.

After this the children found a creamery, and Arno opened the door, and they all went in.

“Ask for four sous' worth of coffee and milk,” said Pierre, as soon as they had got in.

Viola did as her father directed, but the girl to whom she spoke, being busy attending upon the tables, where a number of persons were drinking coffee, and eating bread and butter, pointed to a door at the back side of the room, and said,

“Out there.”

So Viola, carrying her coffee-pot in her hand, went out through the door which the girl had indicated.

“I mean to go too, father,” said Arno. “You can stay here and wait for us. I want to see.”

“Very well,” said Pierre.

So Arno followed Viola into the back room. There they found a long cooking range, with many little charcoal fires in it, and various kettles and pans upon it, some filled with boiled milk, some with chocolate, some with coffee, and some with eggs, which the cooks were making into omelets. The cooks had white aprons

Sugaring the coffee.

More purchases.

Butter and bread.

on, and queer-looking paper caps upon their heads. Viola approached one of them, and said that she wanted four sous' worth of coffee and milk; or, as she expressed it in the French form, "Coffee and milk for four sous."

"Sugared?" asked the cook.

"Yes," said Arno, whispering to Viola. "Yes. Tell him yes."

So Viola said yes, and then the cook, after putting four lumps of loaf sugar into the coffee-pot which Viola had brought, dipped up several ladles full of rich-looking milk from one of the kettles, and poured them into the coffee-pot. He then poured very strong coffee from a large coffee-pot which stood upon the range into the milk, until the coffee-pot was almost full.

"There!" said he, at length, handing Viola the coffee-pot.

Viola paid the four sous, and then she and Arno went back to her father.

After this they bought several other things which they required for their dinner. Among others, there was three sous' worth of butter. This a woman cut off from a big lump, on a low shelf, by means of a wire. Pierre also, on a suggestion from Arno, bought two apples and three pears.

On their way home the children passed a place where a woman was frying some little fishes, and selling them very fast to the people that came for them, and also to another place where one was baking some very nice-looking griddle-cakes, all in the open air. Arno was somewhat inclined to have his father stop and buy some of both these articles, but his father said that they had got enough for one dinner, and so they went home; only they

Why four rolls were bought.

stopped at a baker's on the way, and bought four small rolls of nice fresh bread.

“Why do you want four, father?” asked Viola. “Will not one apiece be enough.”

“One apiece would be enough for us,” said Pierre, “but I want one to give to the concierge.* It makes him feel good-natured if we give him a little present now and then sometimes, when we go by his lodge, and stop to get the key.”

They then walked on more rapidly, for they were all quite hungry by this time; only Arno and Viola would delay a little as they passed the shop windows, to look in and see the articles exposed for sale. Soon, however, they reached the house.

They stopped at the lodge to get the key of their apartment, and gave the concierge his roll of bread, which seemed to please him very much. Then they all went up stairs and ate their dinner.

* The French name for the porters who guard the entrance to the houses is concierge. Sometimes the person is a man and sometimes it is a woman; but, whichever it is, the name which they take is concierge.

One of the queerest streets in Paris.No carriages ever pass through it.

CHAPTER IV.

GETTING INTO BUSINESS.

THE street of the Three Little Mugs is one of the narrowest, crookedest, and, altogether, one of the funniest streets in Paris. Were it not for the size and height of the houses on each side of it, we should call it a mere alley, it is so very narrow. In some places, when standing in the middle of the street, you can touch the houses on both sides at the same time; and when you look up, the space seems so confined, and the strip of sky that you see is so small, that you feel as if you were in the bottom of a deep chasm among the rocks, with ranges of lofty cliffs on both sides.

There were two or three reasons which led Pierre to choose a lodging in this street. One was, that he had lodged in it already some years before, and he knew several of the people that lived there. Another reason was, that, the street being too narrow to allow carriages to pass through, he could walk back and forth in it alone with more safety than in any of the great thoroughfares.

There was another reason, which was quite a curious one. It was this: the street was too narrow to allow of sidewalks, and of gutters on each side next to them, and so, as is usual in such streets in European cities, it was paved sloping in toward the middle, so as to form a water-course along the centre for the water to run in in time of rain. In good weather, of course, it was all dry, and so Pierre could find his way then along the street very easily.

Why Pierre liked it.

The family at home.

The bill of exchange.

by always keeping in the lowest part of the pavement, which, of course, he knew must be the middle of the street.

Pierre, and also the children, liked their apartment very much, and in a very short time they began to feel entirely at home in it. Viola was particularly pleased with her little room. Her father, after a day or two, bought her a small chest to keep her clothes and other things in. The chest was very pretty. It was painted blue, and it had a lock and key.

“And now,” said Pierre, when the chest was brought home, and Viola had finished arranging her things in it, “there is only one thing that I shall want you to keep for me in the chest, and that is my money.”

So he took out a small leather wallet from his pocket, and gave it to Viola to put in her chest.

“There is not much money in my wallet now,” said he. “We must go pretty soon to the banker’s and get some more. But the wallet is just as precious as if there was ever so much money in it, for my bill of exchange is there.”

Viola said that she would put the wallet in her chest and keep it very safe.

“Yes,” said her father, “you must always lock your trunk when you leave it, and put the key in your pocket.”

“Yes, I will, father,” said Viola.

“And you must take care that your pocket has not got any holes in it,” added Pierre.

“I’ll make a new pocket,” said Viola. “I’ll make it out of the strongest cloth that I can get.”

Pierre's philosophy.

Probabilities discussed.

The best policy.

“That will be a good plan,” said Pierre; “though still, after all, if you should chance to lose the key, it would be no very great calamity.”

“Why, father,” exclaimed Arno, “then how could you open the chest?”

“Oh, I could get a locksmith to come and open it, and then make a new key,” replied Pierre.

“But, father, that would make a great deal of trouble,” said Arno.

“I did not say that it would not make any trouble,” rejoined Pierre. “I said it would be no very great calamity.”

“But, father,” said Arno, “perhaps somebody would find the key, and then come here to the house while we were gone away, and open the chest and steal your money.”

“It is very probable that somebody would find the key,” said Pierre, “if Viola were to lose it in the street; but the chance that, among all the thousands and thousands of rooms in Paris, they would hit upon ours in trying to find the chest that it belonged to, is too small to be taken into the account.”

“But, father,” said Arno, “they might happen to see Viola when she dropped it, and then they might watch us to see where we should go.”

“That’s very true,” said Pierre; “you have got a longer head than I have. There would be a chance of that. And so I think, on the whole, that Viola had better be careful and not lose the key.”

Before Pierre had been a week in Paris, he had established him-

Pierre becomes established in business.

His newspaper-stall.

self quite comfortably in business. The business was selling newspapers from a little stall on the corner of the sidewalk near one of the bridges. These stalls, from which they sell newspapers in the streets of Paris, are very curious things. They are made of wood, and are just about as large as a sentry-box—that is, only large enough to hold one person at a time. A single grown person sitting in one of them fills it up entirely.

On the opposite page you see a picture of the little newspaper stall, with Viola sitting inside of it, selling the papers. There is a door in the side to go in at. The door is now shut. The front is partly open. It opens by means of two small doors. Below this opening there is a sort of shelf or counter to put the newspapers upon.

When the time came for Pierre to leave his stall at night, he would first take the papers off the shelf—that is, if he had any papers left over that day, and put them on the seat. Then he would shut the two front doors, which, coming together in the centre, would close up the front of the stall entirely. Pierre would fasten them both inside the stall by a hasp. Then he would lock the door, and he and the children would go home.

At first it was Pierre himself that shut up the stall at night. He did it by feeling. After a little time, however, Viola learned to do it. She could do it more easily, because she could see.

In keeping the stall, Viola was usually the one to sit in it and sell the papers. There was only room for one person to sit there comfortably. Yet sometimes Arno would go in too. Viola, by sitting close, could just make room for him on the seat.



THE PLACE OF BUSINESS.

Another occupation.

Playing the flageolet.

French coins.

Pierre had his seat outside on a bench. He used to play upon his flageolet as he sat there, to amuse the people that passed by. It was very pleasant to hear his flageolet playing little tunes, sometimes merry and sometimes sad, as you walked along.

Pierre had a small wooden bowl by his side on his bench for people to put their money in, if any of them chose to pay him for his music. It is true, that for a very large portion of the people that went by, his music was of no use. They were people going along rapidly to or from their work, and they had no time to stop to listen to a tune, nor would they have taken any pleasure in hearing it, perhaps, even if they had had time. But, although twenty persons might go by without paying any attention to the music, the twenty-first would perhaps stop and listen to it a moment, and then put a sous or a centime into the bowl. And even if one in twenty paid, it made, in the course of the day, a good deal of money; for the number of people that passed that way were thousands upon thousands.

Sometimes a charitable person would come along, and, though he could not stop to listen to the music himself, he would still put a sou into the bowl.

“Poor old blind man!” he would say. “He can not work himself, and he is trying to do all the good that he can in the world by making music to cheer the people who *can* work, as they go to and from their places of labor, so I’ll give him a sou.”

A sou is a copper coin about as big as a cent, and it is of about the value of a cent. There is another smaller copper coin that circulates in France, called a *centime*. The centime is about

Contributions to Pierre's bowl.How he became installed in business.

as large as an American five cent piece, and is worth less than a quarter of a cent. Indeed, it takes five centimes to make a sou.

Sometimes people put centimes, and sometimes sous into Pierre's bowl; but, whatever the coins were, he was always glad to hear them jingling in. He could generally tell whether they were sous or centimes by the sound; though one day he was greatly deceived, for a coin which he thought, by the sound of it when it dropped into the bowl, must be a centime, was really a silver coin worth ten sous, so that that time he got quite a prize.

Pierre very often got sous in his bowl from people who stopped to buy a newspaper at the stall. The price of the newspapers was generally three sous. And as Pierre was playing to them while they were buying the paper, and getting back their change from Viola, they would sometimes take one of the sous that came in the change, and put it into Pierre's bowl as they went away.

Sometimes a little party of children passing by would stop and listen to Pierre's music. They seemed to enjoy the music more than any body else, but, unfortunately, they seldom paid anything. They would have been glad to pay, I have no doubt; but the fact was that very few of them ever had any money.

The way in which Pierre obtained this stand for his business was, he purchased it of a woman who owned it before, and had sold papers there for some time. This woman was beginning to be old and infirm, and as she had a son who had now grown up and was able to take care of her at his own home, she was very willing to sell her stand, especially as Pierre offered her a good

Midday amusement.

Arno's business.

A walk on the bridge.

price for it. He had had to inquire of a good many of the owners of such stands before he found any one who was willing to sell to him.

The business of the stand did not require Pierre and the children to confine themselves to the place all the day. The time for selling newspapers was in the morning and in the evening. In the middle of the day there was nothing to do there, and then Pierre and the children used to go home. Or sometimes, when it was a pleasant day, they would go together and take a walk along the quays, or in any other part of the town where Pierre could play his flageolet to amuse the children.

As I have said before, it was Viola usually that sat in the stall to sell the papers. Sometimes Arno sat there with her, but often he was sent away to do errands. He used to go to the newspaper offices to buy the papers, and it was very convenient to have him always at home to go and get more papers, when at any time Viola found that the market was brisk, and that she was likely to sell an unusual number.

When Arno had nothing else to do, he used to walk along the bridge and see if he could help the other people that had things to sell there; for there were a great many little trades practiced on the bridge. There were women seated under big umbrellas, with apples before them for sale. There were men who kept roasted chestnuts, roasting them in a pan which they had there, with a little fire under it, on the bridge. There were other men whose business it was to brush shoes. They each had a little box before them, with brushes and blacking in it, and a place on

What was done on the bridge.

An investigation.

Striking the balance.

the top of it where any passenger going by could put his foot up and have his boots brushed, first one and then the other, without taking them off. Then there were women whose business was to shear and trim small dogs, and to take care of them and cure them when they were sick. Indeed, the bridge, like most of the other bridges of Paris, was quite a lively place with the various little trades that were carried on upon it.

Arno gradually became acquainted with all these people, and sometimes, when he was at leisure, he used to stay and keep their stands when they wished to go away for a short time for any reason.

In paying for his room for a fortnight in advance, and in buying his newspaper stand, Pierre expended pretty nearly all the money that he had brought with him on his journey, and after he had been about ten days in his new home, he told Viola and Arno that if it had not been for the money that they had made in their business, it would be necessary for him to go to the banker's and get some cash.

"As it is," said he, "perhaps I ought to go and give him some money to put on interest. When we go home to-night, we will count up and see. If we have got more than we want, we will pay some of it to the banker. If we have got less than we want, then we will ask him to pay *us* some."

Accordingly, that night Pierre counted over his money, and upon estimating their probable expenses, he found that he had more than they were likely to want.

"And then, besides," said he, "we are earning now, every day,

The favorable result.

A contingency.

Giving receipts.

more than we spend, so that even if we give all that we have now to the banker, we shall very soon have some more."

"Then, at that rate," said Arno, "I don't see that we shall ever want the banker to pay us back any of it."

"Ah! we may be sick some day," replied Pierre, "or some other misfortune may happen to us."

"That would be bad," said Arno.

"Yes," said Pierre, "it would be rather bad on some accounts; but yet, suppose that I should be sick, think what a good time you and Viola would have taking care of me."

"But we will go to the banker's to-morrow," continued Pierre. "I want you and Viola to know the way, and also to know how to do the business."

"How shall we do the business?" asked Viola.

"Why, you see," said Pierre, "when the banker pays us any money, he will wish to have a receipt to prove that he paid it. In all money transactions receipts ought to be given. If the banker were to pay money without taking a receipt, then the person that he paid it to might forget, and think that it had not been paid to him."

"I don't see how any body could possibly forget such a thing as that," said Viola.

"If it was only one sum of money that was paid," replied Pierre, "perhaps he would not; but if there were a great many sums paid at different times, the man would not remember them all; or, at least, he might not, and then when the banker came to add them all up, and say how much he had paid, the man might

Viola must sign them.Their visit to the banker's office.

perhaps think that the banker was not honest, and had not really paid him as much as he pretended.

“So you see,” continued Pierre, “every time we get any money at the banker’s, he will write how much it is on a paper, and you, Viola, must sign it. Sometimes I shall send you and Arno alone. Then the banker will write a paper, and you will sign it, and then he will give you the money.”

“I’d rather that you would go with us,” said Viola.

“Yes,” replied her father, “I shall always go with you when I can; but I may be sick, or some accident may happen, and then I shall have to send you alone.”

Pierre and the children accordingly went to the banker’s the next day, as soon as they had done selling the newspapers in the morning. They had no difficulty in finding the place, for Pierre was familiar with the way. When they first went into the banker’s office, they entered a room where a number of clerks were engaged writing at desks. At first the clerks thought that Pierre was a beggar. Some of them were going to send him away; but one of them, who was more charitable and considerate than the rest, looked at Pierre and the children, and, being pleased with their appearance, concluded that he would give them something. So he put his hand into his pocket and took out a double sou. He handed this to Viola.

“Here, my child,” said he, “take this and go.”

“What is it?” asked Pierre.

“A double sou,” said Viola.

“Ah!” said Pierre, in a very good-natured tone, and as if he

An unexpected rejoinder.

Amusement of the clerks.

A talk with the banker.

were not at all abashed, "I am *very* much obliged to you, but I want more than that."

This reply, so extraordinary in one who seemed to be a beggar, attracted the attention of all the clerks. Some of them laughed outright. Pierre laughed too.

"I'm *very* much obliged to you for the double sou," said he, "and I'll keep it if you please, though I did not come to beg, as you may have supposed. I came to *draw*."

"To draw!" exclaimed some of the clerks, and they laughed more than ever; but they did not laugh loud, for the banker himself was in the next room, and he required the clerks to attend at all times strictly to their duties.

"Yes," said Pierre, "I came to draw. My name is Pierre Jouffroy. Just look into your books and see if I have a credit here."

This statement and question sobered the clerks at once. The one who had given Pierre the double sou immediately offered him and the children seats, and then went into the other office to tell the banker. The banker sent word for Pierre and the children to come in and see him in the inner office, and he held quite a long conversation with them there in respect to their journey to Paris, and their condition and prospects in the town. After having finished their conversation, the banker said,

"And now you wish to draw some money, the clerk tells me."

"No, sir," said Pierre. "The clerks began jesting with me a little, and I said that by way of parrying their jokes. I really wish to deposit."

Making a deposit.

The business concluded.

A remarkable difference.

So he took the money which he had brought with him and delivered it to the banker. The banker entered the amount in his books to Pierre's credit, and said that Pierre could draw for it at any time he chose.

"The signature which they sent me," said the banker, "was Viola Jouffroy."

"Yes, sir," said Pierre, "my daughter," and he pointed to Viola. "When I come to draw, she will come with me to sign the receipt. Sometimes I may send her alone. In any case, you can pay to her just as you would to me."

The business being thus arranged, Pierre bid the banker good-by, and with the children went away. The clerks bowed to them very civilly as they passed through the outer office.

It makes a great difference when you go to a banker's whether you go to beg money or to deposit it.

Domestic arrangements.The kitten on the roof.

CHAPTER V.

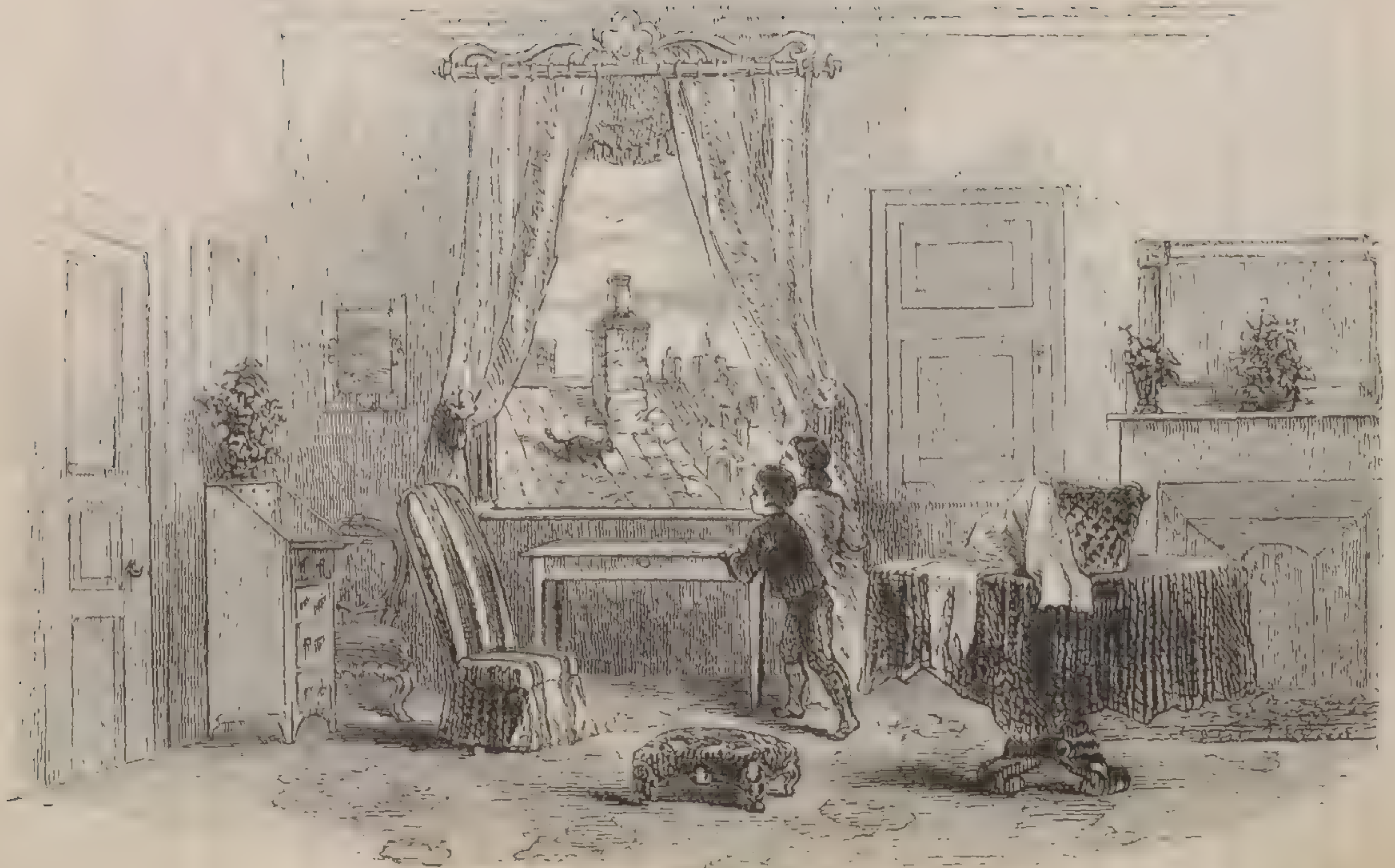
WHISKER.

VIOLA liked her little room very much indeed, and the larger room too, which served at once as sitting-room, bed-room, and kitchen for the family. Sometimes they brought home food with them, which Viola cooked at the little cooking fireplace. At other times they bought their food ready cooked at various little stands and shops in their neighborhood. Whichever plan they adopted, they always had an excellent time eating their supper, after their day's work was done. After supper, Viola and Arno used to read to their father from story-books which they bought at the stalls along the bridges and quays coming home.

They often spent a good deal of time at home in the middle of the day. One day, just after dinner, Arno was looking out at the window to see what he could see going on among the roofs, when suddenly he called to Viola, who was then in another part of the room.

“Viola!” said he, “Viola! come here quick, and see this pretty little pussy.”

Viola ran to the window, and, looking out, she saw upon the roof close by a very pretty mottled gray kitten. She had a very broad, bushy tail, almost like that of a gray squirrel. When Viola first saw her, she was coming down the slope of a roof, and as soon as Viola came to the window, she stopped to look at her and



THE FIRST APPEARANCE OF WHISKIE.

Making advances.

Pussy in trepidation.

An inducement.

Arno. She gazed at them a moment wildly, and then turned to run away, but, after going a few steps, stopped and looked back.

“Pussy! Pussy!” said Viola, holding out her hand.

The sound of Viola’s voice seemed to alarm the kitten more than ever, for she now ran up the roof until she reached the side of a chimney, and then she stopped and turned round again. She acted as if she imagined that the chimney would afford her some protection.

“Get a piece of meat for her, Viola,” said Arno. “Go and get it, quick. If we could only catch her and tame her, what a beautiful kitty she will make for us!”

Viola hurried away, and in a few moments came back, bringing with her a plate with some small scraps of meat upon it.

“What a pretty kitten she would be for us,” said Arno, eagerly, “if we could only catch her!”

“But perhaps she belongs to some one already,” said Viola.

“No,” said Arno, “don’t you see how wild she is. She lives on the roofs, you may depend. She does not belong to any body.”

So saying, Arno took up one of the pieces of meat and tossed it out upon the roof toward the place where the kitten was. The kitten seemed frightened, as if she thought that the piece of meat was a stone, or some other dangerous missile, and ran at once out of sight behind the chimney.

The children watched the place where the kitten had disappeared, and after a few minutes they saw the end of her nose just coming into view again. Finally her whole face was to be seen, though her body was still concealed behind the chimney.

Lying in ambush for the kitten.

Waiting.

Story-reading.

“She’s peeping,” said Arno, “she’s actually peeping, the cunning little monkey! but you and I, let us peep too. We’ll show her that we can be as cunning as she is.”

So saying, Arno drew back Viola from the window, and put down the curtain on one side. Then he opened a small crack between the edge of the curtain and the side of the window, where he and Viola could peep through and see the kitten without being seen themselves, as they supposed; but, as a matter of fact, they were seen. The kitten observed the movement of the edge of the curtain, and she watched it very closely, suspecting that it denoted treachery or mischief of some sort.

The children remained at their post for some time, until, at length, Viola began to be tired, for the kitten remained as motionless as they. At last Viola said that she must go to her work.

“You must watch her, Arno,” said Viola, “and when she comes any nearer you may tell me.”

“Yes,” said Pierre; “and, in the mean time, you can be reading Viola and me a story.”

This proposal seemed satisfactory to all concerned. So Viola brought Arno a book, and he took his seat in a chair near the window, in such a position that he could at any time, by just raising his eyes, see what the kitten was about. Viola took her sewing and sat down near the table. Pierre established himself in a very comfortable position in a large arm-chair, with his feet in another chair, and composed himself to listen or to go to sleep, according as the story might prove to be more or less interesting.

Arno began his reading as follows:

Beginning the story.

Herr Schneider.

A word about the kitten.

THE CAUTIOUS CONCIERGE.

Once upon a time there was a concierge who had the charge of a large and handsome house in one of the best quarters of Paris. One of the special duties of a concierge is to protect the house that he has the charge of, and all the lodgers that live in it, from thieves.

“She sees the meat, Viola,” said Arno, interrupting himself here in his reading. “She sees the meat, I verily believe.”

“I am glad of it,” said Viola, “if she really does. Look up again pretty soon, and tell me if you see her going toward it.”

So Arno went on with his story as follows :

Among the other lodgers who lived in this house was a German gentleman named Schneider. They generally called him Herr Schneider, *Herr* being the German word for Mr.

Now there was a certain thief, named Traineau, who found out, in some way or other, that Herr Schneider lived in this house, and he determined to avail himself of this knowledge to commit a robbery.

“Yes, Viola, she is creeping down toward it,” said Arno. “Don’t say a word ; she is creeping along toward the meat.”

“Keep perfectly still, then,” said Viola. “Don’t move the curtain the least bit. Watch her, and see what she will do.”

“Now she has stopped,” said Arno, “and is looking this way.”

The rogue Traineau.Another interruption from the kitten.

“Then you had better go on with your reading,” said Viola, “and pretend that you are not paying any attention to her.”

Traineau watched near the house for some days, until he found out at what time of the day Herr Schneider was out. He found that he was always out from one o'clock till five.

Traineau was a well-dressed man, and as he was very artful and cunning, he could assume the appearance and manners of a gentleman, and act the part very well. So he went into a large and fashionable store—

“She's eating it, Viola,” said Arno, here suddenly interrupting himself again. “She's eating the meat. Now she is eating it all up. I mean to throw out another piece.”

So Arno laid down his book, and taking another small piece of meat from the plate, he went softly to the open window—that is, to the side where the curtain had not been drawn, and prepared to throw it out upon the roof toward the kitten; but the kitten, as soon as she saw him, ran back and hid behind the chimney again.

“She has run away again,” said Arno.

“Never mind,” said Viola, “go on with your story, and she will come back.”

So Arno took up his book again, and after finding the place he went on as follows:

He went into a large and fashionable store, and inquired for

Traineau buys a shawl.Pussy gets the meat.

shawls. He wished to buy a shawl for a friend of his in Germany, who had sent to him to request him to make the purchase for her. He said that he wanted one worth about five hundred francs.*

The shop-keeper showed him some shawls, and he finally selected one which, he said, he thought would please the lady exactly; so he decided to take it, and he directed the shop-keeper to put it up for him.

“I have not the money with me to pay for it,” said he, “but you may send it to my lodgings, and I will leave the money with the concierge in case I find that I shall not be at home at the time. I want it sent precisely at three o’clock.

“It is barely possible,” added Traineau, “that I may be detained at the bank so as not to get home before that time. If so, your messenger can leave the parcel with the concierge, only telling him not to deliver it to me until I give him the money, so as to have it ready for you when you send again. You do not know me, I am well aware, but you can trust to the concierge if he says he knows me, and will be responsible for the package until he gets the money for it.”

“She’s coming again!” said Arno, looking off from his book, and peeping through the curtain. “She’s coming again! Now she has got the second piece of meat, and is running off with it behind the chimney.”

“I am glad she has got it,” said Viola.

* Five hundred francs is equal to about one hundred dollars.

Father Pierre asleep.

More about Traineau.

Baiting the kitten.

“Would you give her another piece, Viola?” said Arno. “She seems to be very hungry.”

“Let’s ask father,” said Viola. “Father, may we give this poor kitten one more piece of meat?”

But Pierre gave no answer to this question. The truth was that he had fallen fast asleep.

Viola and Arno concluded, however, that their father would not have any objection to their giving the kitten some more pieces of meat, and so they determined to do it. Indeed, the pieces that were left in the plate were only fragments of very little value.

So Arno threw out another piece, and then resumed his reading.

The shopman thought that this was a very fair proposal. Indeed, Traineau appeared so fair and plausible in his person and manners that he had no suspicion of his true character. So he put up the shawl in a snug parcel, marked it with Herr Schneider’s name, and said that he would send it at three o’clock.

“I’ll tell you what I mean to do,” said Arno, interrupting himself again—“that is, provided you will give me a long piece of black thread.”

“Well, what?” asked Viola.

“I’ll tie a piece of meat to one end of the thread,” replied Arno, “and keep the other end in my hand. Then, when I throw the piece of meat out, and the kitten begins to come along to get it, I’ll pull it in slowly toward me. You see, that will make the kitten think that it is a mouse, or, at least, something alive like a

Gradual progress toward acquaintance.More of the story.

mouse, and she will follow it along and try to catch it; so perhaps, in that way, I can bring her at last up close to the window, and so catch her."

"That's a very nice plan," said Viola, "but I don't know as it would be right to waste so much thread."

"Ah! yes," rejoined Arno, "that is no matter. Besides, it won't waste the thread. The thread will not be hurt at all, and, as soon as I have caught the kitten, I will give it all back to you."

So Viola gave Arno a spool of black thread. Arno tied one end of the thread to a piece of meat, and then, after unwinding the spool and making a coil, he threw the piece of meat. The kitten ran back a little way at first, but she was now getting somewhat more accustomed to the sight of the children. Besides, she had found that what they threw out to her consisted, not of stones to hurt her, but of pieces of meat that were exceedingly good to eat. This last consideration had, moreover, a still more powerful influence upon her mind, from the fact that she was very hungry. She did not belong to any house, but lived upon the roofs, as Arno had surmised, and she had had nothing to eat for a long time.

As soon as Arno had thrown out his baited line, he resumed his reading as follows:

The shopman sent the parcel to the house where Herr Schneider lived at three o'clock precisely, as he had promised. The messenger, when he gave it to the concierge, asked for the money.

"The gentleman said that he would leave the money here with you, so as to have it ready when I called," said the messenger.

The package left for Herr Schneider.

Traineau calls for it.

“He has not left any money with me,” said the concierge. “However, that makes no difference. He’ll pay. Herr Schneider always pays for whatever he buys.”

“Then I leave the package with you, but you must not deliver it until you get the money. We shall hold you responsible either to give me back the package when I come again, or else to pay me the money.”

“Very well,” said the concierge, “I’ll be responsible.”

So the messenger went away.

In about half an hour afterward, and before Herr Schneider had come home, Traineau appeared at the lodge of the concierge, dressed as a messenger from a shop, and with a bundle under his arm about as large as the one that contained the shawl.

“She’s coming!” said Arno, suddenly. “She’s beginning to creep down toward the mouse! Don’t speak a word.”

“No,” said Viola; “but go on with the story. I want to hear what Traineau did with his bundle.”

Traineau, when he came in, asked the concierge if there had not been a parcel sent there for Herr Schneider from such a shop, naming the shop that the shawl had been sent from.

“Yes,” said the concierge.

“Because there has been a mistake,” said Traineau. “The clerk wrote Herr Schneider’s name on the wrong parcel. This is the parcel that is for him. That is a shawl, and is for a lady in the next street. You can peep in at the end and see.”

The concierge has his suspicions aroused.

He follows Traineau.

The concierge opened the end of the parcel a little way, and saw that it contained really a shawl, and so at first he supposed that all was right.

“She has come down almost to the mouse,” said Arno. “Now I mean to pull it along a little. There! it frightened her. She has run back.”

“No matter,” said Viola, “she will come again. Go on with the story.”

The next moment, however, the concierge, who was accustomed to watch against roguery of all kinds, began to suspect something wrong—

“She’s coming again, Viola.”

—to suspect something wrong. Still he pretended not to suspect, but exchanged the bundles at once, apparently without paying much attention to the circumstance. He, however, told his wife, who was sitting with him in the lodge, that he was going out to the grocer’s round the corner, and so, taking his hat, he followed Traineau out to the street, talking with him in an unconcerned way as they went along the passage.

“Which way are you going,” said the concierge.

“She has got almost to the mouse, Viola,” said Arno. “Now I am going to pull a little. There! she has run back a little,

They meet a policeman.

End of Traineau's scheme.

Pussy again.

but not very far. Now she has stopped and is looking at the mouse."

"Read on," said Viola; "she will come presently."

"Which way are you going?" asked the concierge.

"I am going this way," said Traineau.

"That is just the way that I am going," said the concierge.

So they walked along together. Presently they saw a policeman on the walk, a short distance before them.

"Ah!" said the concierge, "there is a policeman. He is just the man I want to see."

Now it is an excellent test of the roguery or honesty of any stranger that you encounter in a great city to observe what effect is produced upon him when you propose in any way to go near a policeman. A thief is very apt to be thrown into a panic by the sound of the word, whereas, upon an honest man, the idea of meeting a policeman, and of going to speak to him, produces no effect whatever.

The concierge knew this very well, and, in saying that he had some business with the policeman, his object was to see how Traineau would take it.

Traineau started at the word. He then instantly threw down his bundle and ran.

"She's following it along, Viola!" said Arno; "she's following it along!"

"I'm glad of it," said Viola; "but go on and finish the story."

The story concluded.The kitten close by the window.

“Well,” said Arno; “there are only two or three lines more.”

The concierge raised a hue and cry; the people stopped the thief; the policeman came and arrested him; and then, on looking into the bundles, the whole trick was found out, and Traineau was sent to prison.

The shopman made the concierge a handsome present as a reward for his adroitness in detecting the roguery.

“There!” said Arno, shutting up the book, “that’s the end of the story, and I am glad of it. Now I’ve nothing to do but to try to catch this kitten.”

Arno accordingly took his place at the window openly, for the kitten seemed now no longer afraid of him while he was at such a distance from her. Indeed, she was beginning to be quite interested in watching the moving piece of meat. Arno drew it along gently toward him, a very little at a time. The kitten watched it, crouching down from time to time, and appearing sometimes just ready for a spring. In this way Arno at length succeeded in toling her up close to his window.

Here he fed her more with other pieces of meat, and at last he called Viola to come and see how near he had brought her; so Viola put down her work and came.

She began to call to the kitten in kind and soothing tones of voice. The kitten purred, and walked back and forth, rubbing her two sides alternately against the corner of a small chimney that was near, but she would not come to Viola.

An irresistible inducement.The kitten finally caught.

“Let us get her some milk,” said Viola. “Very likely she wants something to drink.”

Arno fully approved of this proposal, and so Viola went and brought a little milk in a saucer. She put this milk out carefully upon the roof. The kitten looked at it very wistfully for a few minutes, and at last began to creep up nearer to it. At length she put her head over the margin of the saucer, and began to lap up some of the milk, looking up, however, continually, with a frightened air, to keep watch of Arno and Viola. She, however, gradually seemed to feel more and more at her ease, and finally allowed Viola to stroke her back gently with the tips of her fingers. At last Viola took her up and lifted her in at the window.

“There!” said Arno, “we have caught her at last.”

“Yes,” said Viola; “and what a pretty kitten she is! Look at her whiskers, and her great bushy tail! It was I that caught her, so she is my kitten.”

“Oh no,” said Arno, “that is not fair. I did a great deal more toward catching her than you.”

“So you did,” said Viola; “that is very true, and she ought to belong to you as much, or more, than to me.”

“But, Viola,” said Arno, “what you did was scarcely any thing. I toled her all the way up to the window.”

“Yes,” said Viola; “but then it was my thread that you had to do it with. And then, besides, a kitten is more proper for a girl than for a boy. A dog is the right animal for a boy.”

“If I only *had* a dog,” said Arno, in a mournful tone.

“We may perhaps find one some day,” said Viola; “and if

Settlement of the question of ownership.They call her Whisker.

we do, I'll help you catch him, if you will only let me have this kitten."

After some further consultation, it was finally agreed between the children that they would own the kitten together until such time as they should get a dog, and that then Arno should own the dog, and the kitten should become wholly the property of Viola.

When at length Pierre woke up, and heard that the children had got the kitten, he was very much pleased.

"It is the prettiest kitten that ever you saw, father," said Arno.

So saying, he brought the kitten, and laid her in his father's lap.

"See, father," said he, "see what a pretty kitten it is!"

So Pierre examined the kitten by feeling of her in every part, and then pronounced her a very pretty kitten indeed. He particularly admired her soft and bushy tail.

The children named their kitten Whisker.

An apartment in France may consist of several rooms.

CHAPTER VI.

GREAT CHANGES.

YOU will recollect that Pierre, when he engaged his apartment in the street of the Three Little Mugs, took it for a fortnight only. The concierge was not willing to engage the rooms to him for any longer time than that, and so he pretended that they were promised to another man.

But when, in the course of the first week that Pierre lived in the house, the concierge found out what an industrious and thrifty man he was, he began to think that he would let him stay longer. So he told him one morning, when Pierre stopped to leave his key at the lodge, that perhaps that man would not come.

“He may not come,” said he, “and in that case I should like to have you keep the apartment longer, if you please.”

The whole set of rooms, be they more or less in number, which are connected together in a French house, and are meant to be occupied by one family, or one party, is called an apartment.

“Very well,” said Pierre; “we like the apartment, and if that man does not come, we will stay.”

This plan was, however, unexpectedly deranged by an accident which occurred to Pierre one day, and which threatened, for a time, to prove to be a great calamity for all the party.

The children were accustomed to walk with their father to and fro between their home and the little stall on the bridge where

Exercise for Arno and Viola.

Directions.

The street Licorne.

they sold their newspapers; but Pierre knew very well that this alone was not exercise enough for them. Of course, they were obliged to walk very slowly when they walked with him, for he could never go fast himself, even when he had some one to lead him.

So Pierre used to send them off on long rambles up and down the banks of the river, and over the bridges, whenever the weather was pleasant, at the time when the sales in the little stall were over.

“If you keep near the river all the time,” he used to say to them, “and especially if you keep the towers of Notre Dame in sight, there will be no danger that you will get lost. The towers will be a landmark for you.”

One morning, about eleven o'clock, when the sales of the newspapers were finished for that day, Pierre told the children that they might go and take one of their walks.

“Go with me,” said he, “as far as street Licorne, and then I can find the rest of my way home myself.”

The street Licorne was the street which came next to that of the Three Little Mugs.

So the children shut up the stall, and locked it, and then gave the key to Pierre to put in his pocket. Then they led their father as far as to the street Licorne, and there they bade him good-by, and set out on their walk. They had a long and very pleasant walk, and they got home just before the usual time for dinner.

As they were going up the stairs to go to their apartment, they heard the concierge calling after them.

On their return, the children can not find their father.

“Halloo! little crazy heads,” said he, “why don’t you stop and get the key?”

“Father is up there,” said Viola.

“No, he is not up there,” rejoined the concierge. “Come and get the key.”

So Arno ran back to get the key, and then they both went up stairs together, wondering what could have become of their father.

“No matter,” said Viola; “he will come in pretty soon, I am sure, for it is almost dinner-time.”

The children waited an hour, but their father did not come. Viola occupied herself with her sewing, while Arno beguiled the time by playing with Whisker. After the hour was expired Viola began to feel very uneasy. She was afraid that something had happened to her father.

“Arno,” said she, “I think you and I had better go out and see if we can not find where father is.”

Arno fully approved of this proposition, and so the two children went out. As they passed by the lodge, they told the concierge that their father had not got home, and they did not know what had become of him.

“Ah!” said the concierge. “Well, *I* don’t know what has become of him, I am very sure. I have not seen him since morning.”

As soon as the children had gone out, the concierge said to his wife that he was not at all surprised to hear that the blind man had disappeared.

“He has gone off somewhere,” said he, “and left these children

The suspicions of the concierge.They are totally unfounded.

on my hands. I thought he would turn out to be a vagabond. His paying a fortnight in advance was only an artful device."

The concierge was wholly wrong in his conjecture. Pierre had not gone off. He had been struck by the wheel of a cart which was forced up upon the sidewalk where he was walking by the bad behavior of the horse, and had been knocked down and made insensible. The people in the street ran to help him and to take him up, and very soon some policemen came to the place and caused him to be conveyed to a hospital; so that, while the children were looking for him all about the streets, he was lying on a bed, helpless and almost insensible, in an immense room in the hospital, which had four rows of beds in it, fifty in a row, and almost all occupied by sick and wounded.

Of course, the children could not find their father any where, and, after an hour's search, they came back to their lodging, tired, hungry, and very sorrowful. They sat down on the settee a few minutes after they got into the room, holding each other by the hand, but not saying a word.

At length Viola began to speak.

"We must not be down-hearted, Arno," said she. "Father said that we must never be down-hearted, and make ourselves unhappy about trouble that we are afraid may be coming upon us."

"But this is trouble that *has* come," said Arno. "Father is lost already."

"Oh no," replied Viola, "we do not know that he is lost. We don't know any thing about it yet. He will come back again before a great while, I have very little doubt; so we will keep up a

The children try to be hopeful.Plans for the future.

good heart. And now we will not wait any longer, but will have our dinner. We are hungry."

"Yes," rejoined Arno, "I am very hungry."

"We have got enough in our closet to make an excellent dinner," said Viola, "and we have got plenty of money to buy some more."

"Have you got plenty of money?" asked Arno.

"Yes," said Viola, "I have got a good deal in the purse in my chest; at least I have got some, and, when we want more, we can get it at the banker's."

"That's true," said Arno; "and that is very encouraging."

"Then, besides, what pleasant rooms we have got to live in!" said Viola.

"Yes," rejoined Arno; "but, if that *man* should come, then we should be obliged to move away. The fortnight is almost out."

"True," said Viola, "the fortnight is out day after to-morrow. I think that after dinner you or I had better go down to the lodge and ask the concierge whether that man is coming or not."

"I'll go down," said Arno.

While talking thus with Arno, Viola had been busy all the time in setting the table for dinner, and now both the children took their places at the table, to eat what Viola had provided. Arno had been so much comforted and encouraged by Viola's cheering words that he seemed soon almost entirely to forget the trouble they were in. His mind, too, was occupied and amused, while he was at the table, by Whisker's manœuvres to induce him to feed

Whisker domesticated.The children alone at night.

her from his plate. She would reach up her paw and touch him gently on his knee in order to make him look down to her, and then, when she saw him looking, she would get down again to the floor, and wait there patiently till Arno gave her a piece of meat.

After dinner, the children concluded not to say any thing to the concierge about their apartment, for Viola said that she had no doubt that their father would come home that night.

“Perhaps,” said she, “he has gone to dine with somebody else to-day, and that, after his dinner, he will go back to the stall, and so we shall find him there when we go to sell the evening papers.”

“Perhaps he has,” said Arno, his face brightening up at the idea. “I verily believe he has.”

Cheered by this idea, Viola and Arno, as soon as they had finished their dinner, set off immediately to go to the stall. They got there about half an hour before the usual time. They found the stall shut and locked, just as they had left it. They inquired of all the people that had stands in the neighborhood, but none of them had seen or heard any thing of their father.

They waited about the stall more than two hours, which made it an hour and a half later than the usual time for opening it, but their father did not come, and so at length they gave up expecting him, and went sorrowfully home.

That night they felt very lonesome. Viola did all that she could to amuse Arno and occupy his mind by letting him read stories to her while she sewed. At length, when he began to grow sleepy, she put him to bed, and heard him say his prayers.

No sign in the morning of Pierre.New lodgings to be found.

Soon after this she went to bed too. She took care to leave the door unlocked, so that, in case her father should come home in the night, he might not have any difficulty in getting in.

Viola woke up once or twice in the night, and every time that she waked she listened a few minutes to hear if her father was coming. Of course, he did not come. At last the morning appeared, and Viola and Arno got up and dressed themselves; but there was no sign of their father.

“And now,” said Viola, “when we go down after breakfast, we will ask the concierge if the man is coming to take our apartment.”

“And if he is coming, what shall we do?” asked Arno.

“Then we must go and try to find another,” said Viola.

Accordingly, Viola, when she stopped to leave the key at the lodge, as she and Arno went out after breakfast, asked the concierge if that man that had engaged their rooms was coming.

“Yes,” said the concierge, “he is coming to-morrow.”

“Then,” said Viola, “Arno and I will try to find some other place where we can live to-day.”

They left the key in the lodge as usual, and went out together. They directed their steps toward the stall. It seemed to them a matter of course that they were to go there first. Besides, they had a vague and undefined idea that they might find their father there, or, at least, hear some tidings of him.

“If we could only get our barrack* open,” said Viola, “we might go on selling newspapers every day just as usual.”

* The French name for such a stall as this is *baraque*.

A search for an apartment.They meet with little success at first.

“So we could,” said Arno. “I could go and buy the newspapers, and you could sit in the barrack and sell them.”

“I suppose,” continued Viola, “that we might get a locksmith to come, as father said about my chest, and open the door for us.”

“Why don’t we do that?” asked Arno.

“Because I am not sure that that would be best,” replied Viola. “I am not sure what father would think about it.”

“I think it would be a very good plan,” said Arno.

“We will wait a few days, at any rate,” said Viola, “and then, if father does not come, we will see.”

The children waited some time at the stall, and at last Viola, finding that her father did not come, told Arno that it was time for them to go and look for a new apartment.

“Well,” said Arno, “we will go ; and we will do just as father did when we first came.”

So they went back into the neighborhood of the house where they then lived, and began to look about for placards on the houses announcing apartments to let. For a time they met with no success. Sometimes the concierge of the house where they inquired, not supposing that they could pay for an apartment, would not pay any attention to them, except politely to say that he had none that would do for them. At other houses, the apartments that were to let were too large and too expensive ; and at others still there was only one room, and Viola said that one room would not do.

“We must have two rooms,” said she, “so that one may be ready for father when he comes home.”

They find, at last, just what they want.

A talk with the concierge.

At last they stopped before the great double door of a house where there was a placard saying "*A chamber and a closet to let on the fifth.*"

"That is just the thing," said Arno.

"Yes," said Viola. "Let us go in."

So they went in. The concierge, who was quite an old man, was sitting by the window of his lodge, smoking his pipe.

Viola accosted him by saying that they came to inquire about the chamber that was to let.

"What do you want it for?" asked the concierge, without taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"For ourselves," replied Viola.

"For yourselves?" repeated the concierge, in a tone of incredulity, as if he thought that the children were joking.

"Yes, sir," said Arno, "for ourselves and for father."

"Ah! you have got a father, then," said the concierge. "Where is he?"

"We don't know where he is now," said Viola, "but we expect he will come pretty soon."

"And, in the mean time, he sent you to inquire for an apartment for him. Has he got any money to pay the rent, if I let him the apartment?"

"Oh, I'll pay the rent," said Viola. "I've got the money."

"Let us see your money," said the concierge.

"I have not got it here," said Viola; "but I can get it."

"Very well," said the concierge; "you go and get the money, and let me see. You would have to pay in advance, you know,

The rent is fourteen francs.

A consultation.

unless you have got some furniture to put in. Has your father got any furniture?"

"No, sir," said Viola; "only my chest."

"Only your chest," repeated the concierge. "Then it will be better for you to pay in advance. If you will go and get your money and show it to me, or bring your father here, then I will let you have the apartment."

"How much will it be?" asked Viola.

"For a fortnight it will be fourteen francs," said the concierge. "It is a very pretty room, and a nice little closet with a bed and a window in it."

"That would be just right for *me*," said Viola.

"Yes," replied the concierge, "that would be exactly right for you. Go and get the money, or bring your father."

So the children went away.

"Now," said Viola, "we must go to the banker's."

"Do you think that the banker will give us any money if we go alone, without father?" asked Arno.

"Perhaps he will," said Viola. "At any rate, that is the best thing we can do."

"Have not you got some money in your chest at home?" asked Arno.

"Yes," replied Viola, "but I have not got enough."

"Then the best thing that we can do will be to go to the banker's, I am sure," said Arno. "But how much money are you going to get, Viola?"

"Fourteen francs," said Viola.

They conclude to draw on the banker.

The Bourse.

“I think you had better get more than that,” said Arno.

“Why, the man said fourteen francs,” replied Viola.

“Yes, for the rooms,” said Arno, “but we might want some money for something else. We shall want some money to buy our breakfast and dinner with.”

“True,” said Viola. “Then I’ll get more. I’ll get twenty francs.”

“I’d get more than that,” said Arno.

“Would you?” said Viola. “Then I’ll get twenty-five.”

The children talked together in this way as they walked on toward the banker’s. It was quite a long distance that they had to go, though the way was pretty straight. The banker’s office was in a part of the town where there was a very large public building standing in the middle of an open square. The building was very magnificent. It had rows of lofty stone columns on each of the four sides of it.

This building is called the Bourse. In English it would be called the Exchange. It is the place where the merchants, and brokers, and bankers are accustomed to meet every day to make bargains about their money, and do all their business with each other. They carry little note-books in their hands to note down the bargains that they make.

When Viola and Arno came near the Bourse, they saw long trains of men pouring into it through all the approaches. These men were the merchants and bankers. There were eight little gates outside, leading through what seemed to be toll-houses, built on the corners in front of the Bourse. Every one that went in

In the banker's office.Conversation with the clerk.

by these gates was obliged to pay a franc. There were men stationed at the gates to receive the money.

"Perhaps our banker is among these men going to the Bourse," said Arno.

"Perhaps he is," replied Viola.

"And if he is, then we can't get our money," said Arno.

"Oh, perhaps we can," said Viola. "We won't borrow any trouble about that. We will wait and see."

So they went on till they reached the banker's office, and then Viola led the way in. The clerks seemed to recollect them. One of them—one whose desk was nearest to the place where they entered—accosted them, saying,

"Ah! children, how do you do? You come without your father this time. Wait a minute, and I shall be at leisure to attend to you."

So the children waited. The clerk was busy writing and talking with a gentleman. Presently, when he seemed at leisure, Viola asked him if the banker who had her father's money was in the office.

"No," said the clerk, "he has gone to the Bourse. Why?—Do you want some money?"

"Yes, sir," said Viola.

"Very well," said the clerk, "I will attend to you in a moment."

Viola had intended to give the banker an account of the reason why she had come for money without her father. She was going to tell him about her father having disappeared, and about their

Viola's uncertainty.It is altogether unnecessary.

being obliged to move from their apartment and find another one, and the necessity of their paying for the new apartment in advance, as their father had done before. She now thought that, as the banker was out, it would be best for her to explain all these things to the clerk. She thought that he would be satisfied with these explanations, and would be willing to let her have the money, though she felt some solicitude about it, not knowing certainly how her account of the necessities of the case would be received. She was particularly uncertain in respect to what the clerk would think about allowing her to take the surplus over and above the fourteen francs, which Arno had advised her to ask for.

But all this anxiety was entirely unnecessary; for, when you deposit money with a banker, he has nothing to do with the reasons why you wish to draw it out again. Whether the reasons are bad or good, it is nothing to him. It is your money, and not his, that you deposit with him, and he is bound to pay it back to you whenever you ask for it.

It is true that this money belonged to Pierre, and not to Viola; but Pierre had given directions, when he was at the banker's before, that they were always to pay to Viola whatever she should call for, so that Viola's coming for the money was just the same, so far as the banker was concerned, as if Pierre came himself.

Undoubtedly, if the banker had been at home, and if Viola had explained to him the circumstances under which she was placed, and had asked his advice in respect to how much money it would be best for her to draw, and what it would be best for her to do, he would have advised her. But then, in giving her this counsel,

*Her application to the clerk.**It is promptly responded to.*

he would have acted in the capacity of a friend, and not of a banker. As a banker, he would have nothing to do whatever in the case but to pay the money whenever Viola called for it.

“How much money do you want?” asked the clerk, going on, however, all the time with his writing.

“Why, I thought we had better have about twenty-five francs,” said Viola. “You see we want—”

The clerk, without waiting for the rest of the sentence, here went away to the back side of the room, with some papers which he had just finished preparing. Presently he came back to his desk, and began to write again, saying at the same time,

“Twenty-five francs, you say?”

“Yes, sir,” replied Viola, “because—”

“In one moment,” said the clerk.

Viola, observing that the clerk was very busy writing, was silent, thinking that she would wait, before she finished her explanations, until the clerk was at leisure to attend to her.

There was a table in the office near the place where Viola and Arno were standing. After writing a moment, the clerk laid a paper down upon a corner of this table, and handed Viola a pen, saying,

“There, my young lady, sign your name there.”

Viola looked at the paper, and saw that it was a receipt for twenty-five francs.

After she had signed the receipt the clerk came and took it away, and then, in a few minutes, he came again, bringing five large silver coins, each about as large as a dollar. These were

Viola draws twenty-five francs.

They return to the concierge.

what are called five-franc pieces. Of course, as there were five of them, the value was twenty-five francs, exactly the amount which Viola had asked for.

Viola was quite surprised to find that the money came so easily, and without her having been obliged to give any explanations whatever in respect to the circumstances that led her to want it. So she told the clerk that she was very much obliged to him, and then she and Arno went away.

They returned immediately to the house where they had found the lodging. They went directly to the door of the porter's lodge.

"Well," said the porter, or the concierge, whichever you choose to call him, "have you brought the money?"

"Yes, sir," said Viola. "See!"

Viola had taken out three of her five-franc pieces, and had them ready in her hand. She held up her hand to show the money to the concierge.

"Ah! yes," said he, "that makes fifteen francs. That is one franc more than enough. Now that I know what I have got to depend upon, I will go up with you and show you the apartment."

So the children followed the concierge up stairs to the fifth story, and there he showed them the rooms. They were very pleasant little rooms indeed. Viola thought that they were pleasanter than the ones they had before. One of them was of pretty good size, but the other—the closet, as it was called—was very small. Still, it was large enough, Viola said, for her. It had a bed in it,

An examination of the apartment.They take it, and pay in advance.

and a window. There was a neat little table near the window, with a small looking-glass upon it. There was also a chair by the side of the table.

There were very pretty curtains to the bed, and at the end of the bed there were some pegs in the wall to hang clothes upon.

The other room was, of course, much larger than this, and it contained a fireplace. There was a bed too, though the bed was in a little recess, which could be shut by means of a double door. When these doors were shut, you would not know that there was any bed there.

There were some other doors about the room which looked as if they opened into closets, but Viola did not look into any of them while the concierge was there. She was satisfied with what she had already seen, so she said that she would take the apartment. She gave the concierge the three five-franc pieces, and he gave her back one franc for change. Thus the affair was settled.

Viola and Arno then went back to their former lodging to get their clothes and other things.

“And how are we going to get the chest moved?” said Viola, in talking with Arno about it on the way.

“We must get a commissioner to carry it for us,” said Arno.

A commissioner, in Paris, is a sort of street porter or general servant, who has a stand at the corner of a street, and is ready at all times to do any thing for any body that calls upon him. He has a sort of frame which he can strap upon his back, and, by means of it, can carry trunks, boxes, loads of wood, bags, bundles, or any thing else that his employer may want him to carry.

An arrangement for bringing their chest.

A conveyance for Whisker.

“We should have to pay the commissioner some money,” said Viola, “and I would rather save the money, if I can.”

“Then we must carry it ourselves,” said Arno.

“It is too heavy for us to carry when it is full of clothes,” said Viola; “but perhaps we could carry it if it was empty. We might take out all the clothes, and tie them up in bundles, and carry them first, and then afterward we might carry the chest.”

“Are there handles?” asked Arno.

“Yes,” said Viola, “there are very nice handles, one at each end.”

The children resolved to adopt this plan. So they went home and tied up their clothes, and books, and all their other things in bundles, and then carried the bundles to the new lodging. Afterward they came back for the chest. Being empty, it was now light, and they found that they could carry it very easily. They put Whisker inside.

They brought down the key of their room with them when they came down with the chest, and gave it to the concierge. He said that it was very well.

When they reached the house where their new lodging was, the concierge, seeing them come in with such a chest, said that he would carry it up stairs for them; so he did. He put it on his shoulder and took it right up. Of course, they took Whisker out first. Arno carried her up in his arms.

The concierge sat down a few minutes when he had put down the chest, and began to make inquiries of the children about their father.

Viola tells the concierge about her father.

His supposition of an accident, and advice.

“Where did you tell me your father was?” said he.

Viola then related to the concierge the story of her father’s disappearance. The concierge seemed to think it very mysterious what had become of him, until, at length, Viola accidentally mentioned that her father was blind.

“Ah! he is blind, is he?” asked the concierge.

“Yes,” said Viola; “he can not see at all.”

“Then,” said the concierge, “he may have met with some accident in the street. He may have got hurt.”

“And if he got hurt,” said Viola, “would not they bring him home?”

“No,” said the concierge, “they would probably take him to some hospital until he got well. But then he would send home to inquire about you, and to let you know where he was. Did you leave word at your old lodging where you were going to move to?”

“No, sir,” said Viola, “we did not think of that.”

“Then you had better do that forthwith,” said the concierge.

“We will,” said Viola. “We will do it the first thing to-morrow morning.”

“What are your names?” asked the concierge.

“My brother’s name is Arno,” said Viola, “and my name is Viola.”

“And where did you get this money?” asked the concierge, “since your father was not there to give it to you.”

“I got it at the banker’s,” said Viola.

Money matters should not be trusted in the hands of entire strangers.

“The banker’s?” repeated the concierge, a good deal surprised.
“What banker’s?”

The concierge, like others of his profession, sometimes felt a good deal of curiosity about the affairs of his lodgers, and in the case of Viola and Arno he felt even more than usual. But Viola was not much disposed to gratify his curiosity, especially as her father had often told her and Arno that the less they allowed strangers to know about their money affairs the better. So she simply replied to his question that it was the banker’s where her father kept his money.

“Has your father got much money at the banker’s?” asked the concierge.

“I don’t know how much,” said Viola.

“And can you get any more there?” asked the concierge.

“I don’t know,” replied Viola. “I don’t know whether he would give me any more or not.”

“Well,” said the concierge, after a pause, “I think, at any rate, you had better go, the first thing to-morrow morning, and leave word at the other house where you are.”

“Perhaps we had better do it to-night,” said Viola.

“Yes,” said the concierge, “that will be better. The sooner you do it the better, so as to be in season.”

Viola determined to go back and leave word with the other concierge where she and Arno were, as soon as she had put her clothes in her chest, and arranged things a little in her rooms. So she began to open her bundles, and Arno assisted her to put the things away.

The closets in their apartment.

The hang-up closet.

The kitchen closet.

“Here are some doors about the room,” said Arno. “Let us look into them and see where they lead.”

“Very well,” said Viola. “You may open them while I am arranging the things in my chest, and tell me what you see.”

So Arno began to open the closet doors, and to describe to Viola what he found, while she was busy in her little room arranging her chest.

“There’s a closet,” said Arno, “that has nothing in it.”

“Is it a shelf closet or a hang-up closet?” asked Viola.

“It is a hang-up closet,” said Arno.

“I am glad of that,” said Viola. “Father can hang up his hat and coat there.”

“And now here is a closet full of plates, and cups, and saucers,” continued Arno.

“Ah!” exclaimed Viola, “that is just what we want. I’ll come and see them presently.”

“And now, here—oh, Viola!” continued Arno, “here is the cunningest closet you ever saw. It is a little kitchen all by itself.”

Viola immediately came out of her room to see what Arno had discovered. It was indeed a kitchen in a closet, as you will see by the engraving.

The closet was by the side of the fire. On opening the door of it, a sort of range was seen forming a kind of shelf, about as high as an ordinary table. The range was made of masonry. You can see it in the engraving. In it there were set two small circular grates, like the grates of a portable furnace. These little



KITCHEN IN A CLOSET.

Description of the kitchen closet.A visit to their former lodging.

grates were to contain charcoal fires, and the vessels for cooking were to be placed over them.

Below were cavities for the ashes to fall through, with little sliding sheet iron doors in front, to take out the ashes by. Above was a sort of funnel chimney, which communicated with a flue in the wall, to carry off the fumes and the steam.

Viola went to look at this little closet kitchen, and she was very much pleased with it indeed. There was a tea-kettle over one of the grates, and a saucepan over the other. There were two or three other cooking utensils hanging up behind.

“What a nice little kitchen!” said Viola. “I like it very much indeed. I can boil the tea-kettle, and make tea, and bake apples, and fry cakes, and do any thing else I please. See, I can broil a beef-steak, for there is a gridiron.”

Viola, as she said this, pointed to a gridiron which was hanging up in the back part of the opening.

After thus spending some time in admiring the various accommodations which the apartment afforded, and in arranging their clothes, books, and other property in it, Viola told Arno that it was time for them to go to their former lodging, in order to leave word with the concierge where they were, in case their father should send there to inquire for them.

“It is almost six o’clock,” said she, “and it will be dark before we get back, if we do not go now.”

“Very well,” said Arno; “we will go now.”

In the mean time, Pierre lay still a sufferer on his bed in the

Pierre at the hospital.He desires that word be sent to his children.

hospital, where he had been carried when he met with the accident. The first thing which he did when he came to his senses, and found where he was, and what had happened to him, was to ask the attendant in the room to send a messenger to tell his children where he was.

“My poor children are all alone,” said he, “and they will not know what has become of me, nor what they are to do. Send a messenger to tell them that I have got hurt a little, but that I shall soon be well, and then I shall come home again.”

“Yes,” said the attendant, “I will.”

“And ask them to come here and see me,” continued Pierre, “and I will tell them what they are to do.”

“Yes,” said the attendant again, “I will.”

Pierre ought to have given the attendant a little money to pay the messenger for going; but, being in pain at the time, he did not think of that, and so the attendant paid very little regard to the commission which Pierre had given him, and in a short time forgot all about it.

After a while Pierre began to feel more easy, and at length he fell asleep. He did not wake up until late in the evening. The first thing that he thought of when he woke was the children.

“Have my children been here?” he asked, eagerly.

“Not yet,” said the attendant.

“Did you send a messenger to them?” asked Pierre.

“Yes,” said the attendant. “They’ll come by-and-by. Shut up your eyes and go to sleep again.”

It was not true that the attendant had sent for the children;

He hears nothing from them.The facts in the case.

but there are many people who seem to think it is right to say any thing to sick people, whether it is true or false, that tends for the moment to quiet their minds ; but it seems to me that this is very wrong.

Pierre was very uneasy all night about his children. He was not fully conscious of the circumstances of the case, for he lay most of the night in a state of half sleep and half stupor, which prevented his thinking of any thing very distinctly. Still, there was all the time a vague and undefined sense of anxiety on his mind, though, of course, there was nothing that he could now do until the morning. In the morning he was better, and again the first thing that he thought of when he came to himself was the children.

It was near the middle of the day, however, before he could really get the attendant to send the messenger off. Pierre did not believe that any body had been sent the day before, but he had too much good sense to say so ; so he simply asked the attendant to send another messenger.

“There must have been some mistake about the messenger that you sent yesterday,” said he, “so I want you to send another. I will pay him well, and you too. I have got plenty of money.”

“Ah ! well,” said the attendant, “I’ll send one forthwith.”

“Bring him here first,” said Pierre, “and let me give him his message.”

So the attendant brought a sort of commissioner in to Pierre’s bed-side. Pierre gave him the message in a very precise and par-

A commissioner at last is sent to the street of the Three Little Mugs.

ticular manner. He gave him the number in the street of the Three Little Mugs where the house was, and told him also in what part of the house the apartment was situated.

“But then,” said he, “of course you will stop and inquire of the concierge. But don’t leave the message with him. Go up stairs to my apartment, and find the children, and tell them how it is. But don’t tell them I am much hurt. Tell them I am only a little hurt, for that is true. Tell them that I shall soon be well. And bring them here with you to see me.”

The commissioner promised to do the business faithfully, according to the directions which Pierre had given him. He went to the house where Pierre had lodged, but, unfortunately, he did not get there until about half an hour after Viola and Arno had carried away the last of their things, and had given up the key of the apartment to the concierge, without, however, telling him where the new lodging was which they had taken.

Accordingly, when the commissioner arrived at the house and inquired for the children, the concierge told him that they had gone away.

“Gone away!” exclaimed the commissioner.

“Yes,” said the concierge; “their time was up, and they have gone away.”

“Where have they gone to?” asked the commissioner.

“I don’t know any thing about it,” replied the concierge. “They did not tell. They told me that they had got a new lodging, and they carried off all their goods and chattels, and that is all I know about it.”

The commissioner goes back.Disappointment felt by Viola and Arno.

The commissioner, who was an honest and a kind-hearted man, was very sorry to hear this, but he did not see what more he could do; so he went back to the hospital, and reported to Pierre the answer which the concierge had given him.

It was only about half an hour after he had gone when Viola and Arno arrived at the house, in pursuance of their plan of leaving their new address with the concierge of their former apartment. As soon as the concierge saw them coming, he exclaimed,

“Ah! children, here you are! There has been somebody here for you—somebody from your father.”

“Somebody from father?” cried out Viola. “Where is father?”

“He is safe,” said the concierge.

“Where is he?” asked Viola and Arno, eagerly, in the same breath.

“Oh, he is safe,” replied the concierge. “He is in a hospital. You see, he got hurt a little, and they carried him to a hospital. But he is getting well. He will be well in a few days.”

“But where is he?” asked Viola. “Where is the hospital that he is in?”

“I don’t know,” replied the concierge. “The man that came did not tell me. He wanted to know where you were, but I could not tell him; I did not know.”

“We came to tell you now where we were,” said Viola.

“It is a pity you did not come an hour ago,” said the concierge.

They resolve to wait quietly.Pierre's reflections in the hospital.

The children were very sorry that they had thus missed learning where their father was, but, of course, they were greatly rejoiced to know that he was safe, and that he would be well in a few days.

“We can get along very well for a few days,” said Viola to Arno.

“Yes,” said Arno, “very well indeed.”

So they told the concierge where they were now lodging, naming both the street and the number in a very distinct and emphatic manner. Viola asked the concierge, too, to be particular not to forget it. He assured them that he would not, and he promised to tell the messenger where it was exactly, in case Pierre should send again.

It would have been much better, however, to have left the address in writing.

When the commissioner carried back word to the hospital of the failure of his attempt to find the children or to communicate with them, at first Pierre was greatly troubled.

“My poor children!” he exclaimed, “what will become of them? They will starve in the streets.”

On reflection, however, he was satisfied that the lives of the children could not, after all, be in much danger. Children are not left to starve in the streets in a city so well regulated as Paris. Long before they come to such an extremity as that, they are sure to be taken by the police to some hospital or place of refuge where their wants can be supplied.

He resolves to keep a quiet mind.

“I am sure that they will not starve,” said Pierre to himself, “and I don’t believe that any other great evil can befall them. They can take pretty good care of themselves, I think, and if they can not they will find somebody to take care of them, or, at least, to tell them what to do ; and, at any rate,” continued Pierre, “if I lie here, and fret and worry myself about them, it will only prevent my getting well, without doing them the least good. So I will leave them quietly in God’s hands. He takes care of the sparrows, and I am sure he will take care of them.”

After saying this, Pierre whispered a prayer to Almighty God, supplicating him to watch over and protect the children until he himself should be well enough to go and find them, and then shut up his eyes and went to sleep.

Viola and Arno think of opening the stall again.

CHAPTER VII.

SEARCHING THE HOSPITALS.

THE children waited a few days, and then Viola began to think that it would be best for them to get a locksmith to come and open their stall.

“As it is now,” she said to Arno one morning, as they were taking their breakfast together at a creamery, “we are spending father’s money very fast, and we are not doing any thing to earn any more.”

“So we are,” said Arno.

“But, if we had our stall open,” continued Viola, “we could sell papers again, and so earn money. You could go to the offices and buy the papers, and I could sell them.”

“Yes,” said Arno, “I could go and buy them just as well as not, if you would only tell me every time how many to buy.”

“I *would* tell you how many to buy,” said Viola. “Then, perhaps, we could sell papers enough to earn all the money that we shall want to spend, and so save all of father’s money for him when he comes out of the hospital.”

“Yes,” said Arno, “I verily believe we can.”

“There’s another reason,” said Viola, “why I think we had better open the stall. See if you can guess what it is.”

“To prevent somebody else from getting into it,” suggested Arno.

A good reason for it.

The locksmith.

Their success in selling papers.

“No,” said Viola, “I did not think of that; but I’ll tell you what the reason is. When father comes out of the hospital, and finds that we have left our old apartment, the first place that he will come to is the stall, and so the best way for us to find him will be to be there. Don’t you think that this is a good reason?”

Arno did think that this was an excellent reason, and so that very morning they went to a locksmith’s. They told the locksmith that they wanted a lock opened, and he sent his boy to open it for them. The boy took with him a number of curious instruments. Viola and Arno showed him the way to the stall, and he opened the lock without any difficulty. Viola was delighted to get into the stall again, and to take her seat on the little bench on the back side of it, as she had so often done before. The locksmith also fitted in a new key.

After this the children spent all their time at the stall, in the mornings and in the evenings, during the proper hours for selling the papers. The business, which they had lost in some measure by having the stall shut up so long, soon came back to them, and they made money pretty fast. After three days, Viola calculated that they were making as much as they wanted to spend, and perhaps a little more.

When they shut up the stall after the morning sales, they used to go away together and take walks about the town, always looking out carefully in every direction, wherever they went, to see if they could see their father. But they did not see him any where.

They wished very much to go into the hospitals, to see if they could not find their father in some of them, but they did not know

They begin to search for their father. The concierge of the hospital. The wrong day.

which of them to go into, nor did they know how to get in. There was one very large hospital near where they lived. It was, in fact, the one where their father was; but there was a great iron gate at the entrance, and an officer on guard there, in a little house like the toll-house of a bridge, and he looked as if he would not let any body go in.

“We might go and ask him if our father is in there, and if he would let us go in and see him,” suggested Arno.

“I am almost afraid to go and ask him,” said Viola.

“I am not afraid,” said Arno. “He can’t do any thing to me just for asking him a question.”

“No,” said Viola, “I am sure he could not.”

“Then I’ll go and ask him,” said Arno. “You wait here, and I’ll come back pretty soon and tell you what he says.”

“No,” replied Viola, “I’ll go with you. We will both go together.”

So they went together to the office where the concierge of the hospital kept guard of the gate. The concierge, being dressed in a uniform, and wearing, as he did, a very official air, looked quite formidable at a distance, but when Viola and Arno came up to the gate, he smiled upon them very kindly, and asked them what they desired.

“We want to know if our father is in this hospital,” said Viola.

“Ah!” said the concierge, “I can not tell. And this is not the day. There is a regular day for the friends of the patients in the hospital to come and visit them.”

They must come on Thursday.

The children go across the river.

“When shall we come?” asked Viola.

“On Thursday,” said the concierge. “Come on Thursday, and you can go in and see.”

The concierge was much interested in the appearance and manners of the children, and he would have questioned them more about their father, but just then some persons who were connected with the hospital came into his office, and began talking with him on business, and so Viola and Arno went away.

“After all,” said Viola, as they walked along, “it is not certain at all that father is in this hospital.”

“No,” replied Arno, “there are so many hospitals in Paris.”

“Let us go and see if we can find some other one,” said Viola.

“Yes,” said Arno. “We have got nothing to do until the time comes for selling the evening papers, and we may as well do that as any thing else.”

So the children took their way across a bridge which led from the island to the main land on the south side of the river. They walked along a quay which bordered the river, looking out for any building which might seem to be a hospital. On one side of the quay were ranges of buildings four and five stories high, but none that looked like a hospital. On the other side was a parapet, that separated the quay from the river.

The children walked along on the parapet side. They stopped occasionally to look over. They could see the water of the river flowing rapidly along, with boats of all kinds going to and fro. Some of these boats were filled with wood, and others with charcoal. The charcoal in the charcoal-boats was piled very high,

The boats passing in the river.

Boys fishing.

Arno would like to join them.

the sides of the pile sloping toward the centre line like the roof of a house.

These boats were very large. There were a great many other small boats on the water. The shores near the water's edge were paved like the street, so as to make a tow-path along the margin, and here and there there was a landing, with steps going down.

In one place Arno saw some boys sitting by the margin of the water.

"Ah! Viola," said Arno, "see those boys down there fishing. Wouldn't you like to be a fishing there with them?"

"I don't care much about it," said Viola.

"I should like to be there very much," said Arno; "that is, provided I had a fishing-line."

After going along a little farther, Arno saw, at a short distance before him, an opening through the parapet, and a flight of stone steps leading down toward the margin of the water. At the head of this flight of stairs there was a small shop where a man had fishing apparatus of all kinds for sale. There were lines, poles, nets, hooks, sinkers—every thing, in short, which a boy could require.

"Ah!" said Arno, "I might get a fishing-line here if you would only let me have some money."

"I wish I could," said Viola; "but I don't think it would be best. You must wait till father comes back, and then some day you must ask him."

"Well," said Arno, speaking in a somewhat mournful but yet resigned tone of voice, "I will wait. But I wish you would stop

Inquiries at the shop.

The Garden of Plants.

The hospital Salpêtrière.

for me a moment at the shop, and let me look at the hooks and lines. That will not cost any money."

"Yes," said Viola, "I will stop. And while you are looking at the hooks and lines, I will ask the man about the hospitals. He may know of some near here."

Accordingly, while Arno was looking at the fishing-gear, Viola asked the man if there was any hospital in that part of the town.

"Yes," said the man, "keep on about half a mile, and you'll come to one of the largest hospitals in Paris. It is just beyond the Garden of Plants."

"Where is the Garden of Plants?" asked Viola.

"Why, I thought every boy and girl in Paris knew where the Garden of Plants was," said the man. "Keep along on this street nearly half a mile, and you will come to a great double gate leading into a garden. You'll see a great many carriages standing in the streets near by, and a great many people going in and out at the gate."

"Can *we* go in?" asked Arno.

"Oh yes," said the man, "any body can go in; and you'll find it a very curious place to see, I can assure you. It is full of animals — lions, tigers, bears, leopards, and hyenas, all alive and growling."

"Let's go in, Viola, and see them," said Arno.

"Yes," said the man, "you had better go in. You can go *through* the garden, in fact, and out at a gate on the farther side. That will bring you out very near the entrance to the Salpêtrière."

They continue on their route.

The gates of the garden.

What was seen within.

“What is the Salpêtrière?” asked Viola.

“Why, that is the great hospital that I told you of,” replied the man.

So the children, thanking the man for his information, went on. After proceeding about half a mile they came to the gates of the garden. There were a great many carriages standing along the sides of the streets near the entrance, and a great many people passing in and out at the gateway. Within, the children could see beautiful groves of trees and shrubbery, and beds and borders of flowers. There was a soldier, with his gun in his hand, walking to and fro by the gate, but he did not prevent any one from going in.

Viola and Arno stopped a moment and looked at the gate.

“Yes,” said Viola, “we can go in.”

So they walked directly in. They found themselves in a very large garden, with winding walks leading off in every direction among groves of trees and beds of beautiful flowers. The quarters, that is, the spaces devoted to trees and flowers that lay between these walks and roads, were inclosed in palings, and within them all sorts of animals were feeding. In some places there were goats, and deer, and lamas, and antelopes, and elks, and other such animals as are quiet and gentle in character, and feed upon grass and herbage. In other places, there were ponds of water with wild geese and wild ducks, and all sorts of water-fowl swimming in them or walking on the banks. There were immense buildings, too, in some parts of the garden, used for museums, and there were fountains with aquatic plants growing in the

The wonders they meet with.

Dens of wild animals.

The house of monkeys.

basins, and little parks near them where elephants, and leopards, and other monsters were feeding.

The children rambled about in these gardens for more than an hour. As they rambled, they were continually coming upon something new and wonderful. At one place they came to a long stone building, one story high, the front of which, for the whole length of it, was formed of bars of iron, and the interior was divided into cages for wild beasts of the ferocious kind. There were lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, and other such fierce and savage monsters. Some were lying down quietly in the corners of their dens, while others were walking restlessly to and fro.

A little farther on there was a range of sunken pits, with low walls built around at the top to keep people from falling in. These pits were the dens of bears. There were white bears in them, and black bears, and brown bears. The people above would throw down pieces of bread to these bears. The bears would sit up and hold out their fore paws as if to catch the bread, though if they caught it at all it was always with their mouths, and not with their claws. Their claws, it seems, were made to climb, and not to catch.

Then there was a great building as high as a three story house, full of monkeys. This building, however, was a cage rather than a house; for it was made of iron bars, and was open on every side, so that you could look in and see the monkeys at play.

Arno would have liked to remain much longer in the garden, but Viola was anxious to go on, in order to see if they could not get into the hospital.



THE GARDEN OF PLANTS.

The children pass out of the garden.Description of the Salpêtrière.

“Why, Viola,” said Arno, “I don’t believe, even if we find the house, that they will let us in.”

“Perhaps they will,” said Viola. “At any rate, we will go and try. Only think, if we should get in, and should find father, how happy we should be.”

The garden was so large that the children became entirely lost in it in the course of their rambles, and so they were obliged to inquire in order to find their way out. They inquired for the gate which would lead them out nearest to the Salpêtrière.

When they came out, they found themselves in a very wide street, with rows of trees on each side, and many large buildings, and great gateways to be seen on each side of it. After walking on a little way in this street, and looking about in vain for the hospital, Viola said she thought it would be better to inquire.

“I thought,” said she, “that we should see it at once, as soon as we came into the street, if it is really as great a hospital as the man pretended.”

The Salpêtrière is, in fact, a very great hospital. It is even greater than the man pretended, for it is not only one of the greatest hospitals in Paris, it is one of the greatest in the world.

In fact, it is a complete town by itself. It contains five or six thousand inhabitants. It covers a great extent of ground, and has within its inclosure a great number of squares, streets, promenades, gardens, ranges of buildings of great extent, and in the centre a church, larger and more complete in its arrangements than the churches of many a country town. Indeed, the great extent and magnitude of the establishment is the cause why it

The avenue leading to the gates.

The children are accosted by an English lady.

does not make more show on the street. You see little from the street except the external walls.

Viola, after looking about for some time in vain, at last inquired of an infirm old woman who was sitting on a bench under some trees which was the way to the Salpêtrière.

“Turn to the left there, in the middle of that little grove,” said the woman, “and you will see an avenue that will take you right up to the gates.”

Viola and Arno followed the directions of the old woman, and soon came to the gates. On each side of the gates were small stone buildings that looked like porters' lodges. Beyond these a high wall extended each way. This wall seemed to be the inclosure of the grounds.

Through the gate the children could see streets, and courts, and rows of trees, and long ranges of lofty buildings. While they were hesitating whether to apply to the porter for permission to go in, a carriage drove up to the place.

The door of the carriage opened, and first a gentleman and then a lady stepped out. The gentleman stopped to pay the coachman his fare, while the lady stepped over to the little sidewalk where the children were standing.

“Well, children,” said she, “how do you do?”

She smiled kindly upon the children as she said this, but they observed that she did not speak very plain French. The truth was that she was an English lady, and so she spoke French with somewhat of a foreign accent.

“Are you going into the hospital?” said the lady.

Their conversation.

A passport necessary.

The lady's supposition.

“We should like to go in very much,” said Viola. “We want to see if our father is there.”

“Your father?” asked the lady.

“Yes, madam,” said Viola. “He has got hurt, and is in some hospital. We don’t know where, but we thought it was possible that he might be here.”

Just then the gentleman, having paid the coachman his fare, came up, and the lady said something to him in English. The children did not understand what she said, nor did they understand the gentleman’s reply.

“You can’t go into this hospital to-day,” said the lady, again addressing the children and speaking in French, “unless you have a passport. Have you got a passport?”

“No, madam,” replied Viola. “Father *had* a passport when he came to Paris, but I do not know where it is.”

“Because this is the day for foreigners only to visit the hospital,” added the lady, “and they must come with their passports. And besides—”

Here the lady interrupted herself, and turned to speak to the gentleman in English again. The children could not understand what she said, but it was this:

“I believe this is a hospital for aged and infirm women only, and if that is the case, the children will assuredly not find their father here.”

“I believe so too,” said the gentleman.

“Nevertheless, let us take them in with us. Our passport will be enough for all the party. I should like to have them go with

She thinks this hospital is for women only.

They all, however, go in.

us, they are such nice, pretty-looking children. Besides, it will be a good French lesson for me, talking with the girl."

The gentleman acceded to this proposal, and then the lady invited Viola and Arno to go into the hospital in their party.

"I don't think that you will find your father here," said the lady, speaking now in French again, "but it will do no harm for you to go in and see. I *believe* that they only have women in this hospital."

Viola said that she and Arno would be very glad to go in, and so they all went together into the office.

The porter conducted them in through one or two other rooms to an inner office, where there were several desks, and a great many books and papers. Here the gentleman presented his passport to an officer, and the officer entered the name of the gentleman in a book. Then he appointed an attendant to go the rounds with the party and show them the hospital.

There were a great many ranges of buildings, and courts beyond courts among them, in an endless complication. The party went through a number of these buildings. In some there were long rooms, with two or three rows of beds extending along the whole length of them, each bed having a poor sick woman in it. The beds looked very clean indeed, and they were hung with nice white curtains; but the poor women who were in them looked so sick and sorrowful that Viola pitied them with all her heart. As she passed along the room, walking with Arno behind the gentleman and lady, she looked upon the patients in the beds with a countenance full of anxious concern.

Visiting the apartments of the patients.

The kitchen and laundries.

“I suppose it is in some such a room as this,” said she, in a whisper, to Arno, “and in a bed like these, that father is now.”

“The beds look very nice and soft,” said Arno.

“Yes,” said Viola; “but see how sorrowful the poor women look that are in them.”

After this the party came to other rooms, where the people looked pretty well, though they were old and infirm. In these rooms the inmates were sitting up in little groups together between the beds or at the windows, and were employed, some in knitting, some in sewing, and some in mending the linen belonging to the establishment. The beds were made up here, and they looked very fresh and nice.

“Ah!” said Viola, when the party came into the first room of this kind, “I like this room a great deal better than the other.”

“So do I,” said Arno; “and, more than that, I believe that it is such a room as this that father is in.”

“What makes you think so?” asked Viola.

“Because I think he has got almost well of his hurt by this time.”

“Perhaps he has,” said Viola.

“I am pretty sure he has,” said Arno.

In farther rambling about the hospital, the party came at length to immense kitchens, where the cooking for the whole five thousand people contained in the establishment was carried on, and also to the laundries where the washing was done. There were vast caldrons where the clothes were steamed, and long ranges of square cisterns used as tubs, and, in the ironing-rooms, piles and

The lady's supposition is found to be correct.

In the street again.

piles of sheets, and towels, and pillow-cases, higher than a man's head. But Viola and Arno were very little interested in these things. They were only anxious to find their father.

At one time, while they were going across an open square like a mall, where there were a great many feeble-looking old women walking about upon crutches, or sitting on benches under the shade of the trees, the lady turned to Viola and said,

“You see that they seem to be all *women* in this hospital.”

“Are there not any men at all?” asked Viola.

“I believe not,” replied the lady. “I will ask our attendant.”

So the lady spoke to the attendant, who was walking at a short distance before them, and asked him if there were any men in that hospital.

“No,” said he, “it is only for women.”

Viola said that she was very sorry to hear that, for now she could not hope to find her father there.

“But never mind, Arno,” she said; “I am glad we came, at any rate, for now we know what good care they take of the sick people in the hospitals, and how comfortable they are.”

Not long after this the party finished their visit, and then they passed out through the office into the street again. The lady, in bidding the children good-by, said that she was going to leave town the next day, or she would do something to help them find their father.

“But as it is,” said she, “all I can do for you is to give you some money.”

“Oh no, madam,” said Viola, “that is not necessary. We

The gentleman and lady bid the children good-by.

The litter.

have got plenty of money. But we are very much obliged to you for letting us go with you into this hospital. It comforts us very much to see how nice the beds look, and what good care they take of all the sick people."

The gentleman and lady walked down the little avenue which led to the gates of the hospital until they came to the main street, and then, bidding the children good-by, and telling them to keep up a good heart, they got into a carriage, which the gentleman called from the stand, and rode away. The children began to walk back toward their home.

"That gentleman and lady were very kind to us," said Viola.

"Yes," said Arno, "they were indeed."

"Especially the lady," added Viola.

"I wish every body would be as kind to us as that," said Arno.

"Almost every body is," replied Viola.

Just at this time, Viola, looking before her along the street, saw two men coming with something which they were bringing on a sort of bearer. This bearer was what is called a litter, and the men were bringing a sick woman upon it. They were conveying her to the hospital.

"What is that?" asked Arno.

"I can not imagine," replied Viola.

"It is some pretty heavy load that they are carrying," said Arno; "but we can not see what it is, because it is so covered up with that white cloth."

"No," said Viola; "I mean to ask this woman."

Description of the litter.The poor old woman.

The litter had a sort of frame-work over it, which was covered with a white cloth, forming a sort of awning, which entirely concealed the figure of the sick person from view. It was very proper to have an awning like this over the litter; for it would be extremely trying to a sick woman, if she had any consciousness remaining, to be subjected to the gaze of all the passers-by, in the public streets, on her way to the hospital.

The woman whom Viola determined to ask was one who was sitting on a bench under the trees on the margin of the sidewalk. She was old and infirm, and she seemed to be sitting there to enjoy quiet and repose.

“What is it they are carrying there?” asked Viola, addressing the old woman, and pointing at the same time to the litter.

“Ah!” replied the woman, with a sigh, “it is another poor creature, sick and unhappy, going to the hospital.”

Viola paused a moment, following the litter with her eyes, and wearing a countenance of great concern, and at length asked,

“Is that the way they always carry people to the hospital?”

“I suppose so,” replied the woman; “that is the way they carried me.”

“Then, Arno,” said Viola, speaking to Arno in a low and solemn tone, “that must have been the way they carried father.”

The children watched the litter until it turned in toward the hospital and disappeared from view, and then they began to walk slowly and thoughtfully along.

“We ought to go home now,” said Viola.

“Yes,” replied Arno, “I suppose we ought.”

The children comfort themselves as well as they can.

“It will be time to open our stall,” said Viola, “by the time that we get there.”

“Yes,” said Arno, “so it will.”

“We *may* find father there,” said Viola.

“Yes,” said Arno; “he said he should be out in a few days, and it is a few days now.”

“So it is,” said Viola. “We may see him now any day.”

“He would go first to our old place,” said Arno, “and there the concierge would tell him where we live now.”

“Unless the concierge has forgotten,” said Viola.

“Yes,” rejoined Arno; “but I hope he has not forgotten. It would be just like him to forget,” he added. “He never seemed to care any thing about us.”

“At any rate,” said Viola, “whenever father comes out, he will find us either at our room or at our stall; and, besides, we will keep a good look-out for him in the streets wherever we go.”

“So we will,” said Arno.

Arno was right in his surmise about the possibility that the concierge might have forgotten their new address. He had taken no pains to remember it, and he had long since forgotten it entirely.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PALACE GARDENS.

AT one time during the period while the children were looking about Paris for their father, they rambled into the quarter of the town where the royal and imperial palaces are situated. These palaces consist of many long ranges of buildings, built in and around gardens and great public squares. The gardens are not, as you might perhaps suppose, kept shut up and reserved exclusively for the emperor and empress, and the people of the court, but they are open to the public. Any body who is neatly dressed can go into them and walk about as much as he pleases.

The walks are very broad indeed, and in several places immense numbers of chairs are kept, which people can sit in if they choose. These chairs are kept by women, and you have to pay two or three cents for the privilege of sitting in them. After you have once paid your two or three cents, you can sit in your chair as long as you please.

There are a great many squares and borders filled with beautiful flowers. These flowers are so selected and arranged that there is a succession of them coming forward all the time. And thus, in every part of the year, excepting for a very short time in the middle of the winter, the garden seems to be in full bloom.

There are several large basins of water in the gardens, with fountains spouting up in the centre of them. There are almost

The garden of the Tuileries.

The clock pavilion.

The pavilion of Flora.

always boys at these basins, sailing their boats and vessels. They are the prettiest little boats and vessels that you ever saw.

On the next page you see a picture of one of these gardens. It is one called the garden of the Tuileries. That is the palace of the Tuileries that you see on the farther side. Observe what a long and beautiful range of buildings it is! It is in this palace that the emperor resides when he is in Paris, and it is in the range of rooms on the right-hand side, where the high windows are, that he gives those magnificent receptions, parties, and balls that all the world like so much to go and see.

You will observe that some of the buildings of the palace have high and almost pointed roofs. Those parts are called pavilions. There is one of these in the middle, and one at each end. The middle one is called the clock pavilion, because there is a clock in the front of it, so that all the people in the garden may see what o'clock it is. This is very important, for there are always a great many children in the gardens, and nurses with babies in their arms, who have been allowed to go there for a certain time; and were it not for this clock on the centre pavilion of the palace, they would not know when it was time for them to go home.

The pavilion on the right-hand side, near the edge of the picture, is called the pavilion of Flora. It is in this part of the palace that the private apartments of the royal or imperial family are situated.

Besides the three high pavilions, there are two low pavilions, one in each wing. The main entrances to the palace are round upon the other side, where there is a large open court or area, in

View of the gardens of the Tuileries.Immense number of carriages.



GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES.

which hundreds of carriages can stand at a time. There are sometimes five thousand people at one of the emperor's balls, and you can well imagine that for five thousand people to come in carriages in the course of one or two hours, a great space would be required for the carriages to come and go.

Although the gardens of the Tuileries are *open* to the public,

Police arrangements in the gardens.How the gardens are cleared at night.

as I have already said, they are not *abandoned* to the public, but are very carefully watched and guarded. Soldiers stand sentry at all the gates, and there are policemen always on duty within, to prevent any possible disorder, or any damage to the trees or flowers. It is true, there is very little need of this special watchfulness, for the French are so polite to one another, and so careful and considerate in all public places, that public property seems as safe in their hands as their own would be. Still, it is necessary to have a watch; for among the hundreds of thousands of people that come into the gardens every month, in the pleasant season of the year, there would, of course, be some evil-minded persons, who would be disposed to do damage if they were not pretty sure of detection and punishment.

The gardens are shut up at a certain hour every evening. The manner in which they are cleared when the hour comes is very curious. It is done by a long line of soldiers that are marched through from one end of the garden to the other, the people retiring before them.

The gardens of the Tuileries are inclosed by a very high iron palisade with gilded tips. This palisade is twice as high as a man's head, so that it would be impossible to get over it without a ladder. At intervals there are great double gates, also of iron. These gates are open by day and shut by night. Each one of them is guarded by a soldier.

Nearly all the palaces are situated near the river. There is a broad street between them and the river, with a low wall on the side of this street next the water. There are bridges at short in-

The view from the bridge.

The palaces.

The gate of the Tuileries.

tervals leading across from one side of the river to the other. It is beautiful to stand on one of these bridges and survey the magnificent spectacles which present themselves to view on every side. The beautiful quays, the long avenues of trees, the gardens, the varied and elegant floating structures on the water, the throngs of people and of carriages going and coming along the quays and over the bridges, and the long and magnificent ranges of the palace buildings, and other great public edifices which line the quays, form a panorama more imposing, on the whole, than is to be seen in any other city in the world.

Viola and Arno walked along together over one of the bridges which led toward the palaces.

“There,” said Viola, “those are the palaces. The emperor and the empress live in one of them.”

“In which one?” asked Arno.

“I don’t know,” said Viola; “but they live in one of them.”

After crossing the bridge the children reached the quay, and, turning there, they walked along in the direction which led toward the gate of the Tuileries. There were a great many people coming and going, and the children watched them all in hopes of seeing their father. They met several blind men, some led by a dog, and some by a little girl or boy, but none of them was Pierre.

At last they came to one of the gates that led into the gardens.

“Ah!” said Arno, “here is a gate leading into the garden, but I suppose they won’t let us go in.”

“No,” said Viola; “don’t you see the soldier who stands there to keep guard?”

The soldier on guard.

His formidable aspect.

The people in the garden.

It was true that the soldier looked somewhat formidable. He was walking backward and forward before the gate with his gun in his hands. The bayonet was set. It was highly polished, and it looked very sharp.

“I suppose,” said Arno, “that if any body should attempt to go into the garden, he would stick that bayonet right into them.”

Arno had scarcely spoken these words before the erroneousness of his idea was shown by his seeing a nursery-maid, leading one child by the hand, and having another with a hoop and a stick running along before her, pass right in through the gate without taking any notice of the soldier at all.

“Ah!” exclaimed Arno, “what does that mean? The people seem to pass directly in.”

In a moment more two gentlemen went in, and presently a gentleman and a lady. By looking between the iron palisades, too, Viola and Arno could see that the garden was full of company. Arno saw a number of children inside, who seemed to be playing with balls or with hoops along the walks. Some of these children had little rose-colored balloons, somewhat bigger than a man's head, which they held by means of strings, and the balloon floated in the air, just above their heads, as they walked along.

“Viola,” said Arno, “I should like to go into that garden.”

“I don't believe it would do any good,” said Viola, “for I don't think we should find father there.”

“Perhaps we might,” said Arno. “*Perhaps.*”

“Then, besides,” said Viola, “I don't believe that the soldier would let us go in.”

Arno speaks to the soldier.

He is surprised at his courteous reply.

“I mean to go and ask him,” said Arno, looking up, at the same time, into Viola’s face, as if waiting for her consent to his proposal.

“Ain’t you afraid to go and ask him?” said Viola.

“No,” said Arno, “I am not afraid. I don’t believe he will stick his bayonet into such a small boy as I am.”

So Arno walked boldly up to the soldier, and asked,

“Can I and my sister go into this garden?”

“Certainly,” said the soldier; “that is what the garden is made for. It is made and kept expressly for such children as you.”

Arno was so much surprised at hearing this answer, and by the kind smile with which the soldier regarded him while he spoke it, that for a moment he was quite bewildered, and did not seem to know what to do. He gazed at the soldier, and at his sharp and glittering bayonet, with such an expression of wonder in his countenance, that the soldier continued to look at him as he walked to and fro.

“Then what do you have that gun and bayonet for?” asked Arno.

But, before he obtained an answer to this question, Viola came up to him, and took his hand to lead him in through the garden, according to the permission which the soldier had given them.

The children passed in through the gate together, and they were both extremely delighted with the view which presented itself before them as soon as they had got in. The garden was very large. In some parts of it there were extensive parterres of flowers, and

Viola and Arno in the garden.They see many objects of interest.

in others, there were what seemed to Viola and Arno quite large forests of lofty trees. On the borders of these groves, where the trees came next to the walks, the foliage was trimmed and shaven smooth, so that the walks seemed bordered by a lofty wall of green, which was very beautiful to behold.

There were a great many fountains, and statues, and other such ornaments in the garden, and also, in some places, there were long rows of orange-trees, growing in great square boxes mounted on wheels. These wheels were for the purpose of enabling the gardeners to move the orange-trees about, so as to place them in any part of the garden that they might desire.

After walking forward for some time, and wondering greatly at the various objects of interest which they saw, the children came to a place where there were a great many chairs, and a great many people sitting in them. Some of these people were gentlemen, who were employed in reading books or newspapers. Others were beautifully-dressed ladies, who were sitting, two or three together, engaged in conversation, or in watching the children that were playing in the walks before them, or in observing the dresses and the air of other ladies and gentlemen that from time to time walked by the places where they were sitting.

There were a great many children to be seen. Some of them were in the arms of their nurses, who were sitting in chairs under the trees, or along the margin of the parterres of flowers. A great many others were playing in the wide walks and other open spaces with hoops, and balls, and battledores and shuttlecocks, and with other such games.

The children at play.

Father Pierre not to be found.

Politeness of French children.

There was one place where the children were playing a play in which they had to dance round in a ring and sing a tune.

Viola and Arno stopped a few minutes to see the children play, and then Viola proposed that they should walk on.

“The garden is so large,” said she, “that we must keep walking on and looking diligently all the time, if we expect to find father.”

“Well,” said Arno, “I will go on, but I don’t believe that we shall ever find him here.”

“Nor do I either,” said Viola, with a sigh.

“I don’t think that this is such a place as he would be likely to come to,” said Arno.

“Nor do I,” said Viola.

They, however, walked on. Presently they came to a place where a small boy was trying to trundle a hoop. The maid that had the care of him was sitting near, knitting.

Viola and Arno stopped a moment to look at the boy. While standing thus, another child came up to Arno with a ball in his hand, and holding it out, he said,

“Will you play with me a little—rolling my ball?”

“Yes,” said Arno, “if Viola will wait for me.”

“Very well,” said Viola; “I will wait for you a few minutes.”

The children in the gardens of the Tuileries, if they are French children, are very kind and polite to each other, and mingle with each other, in their plays, in a very free and friendly manner. I met with a striking example of this myself a year or two ago. I

An incident illustrative of their kindness.

went with some friends of mine to take a walk in the garden one pleasant summer afternoon, and, after rambling about for some time, we sat down together in some chairs near a large statue. Among the party were a lady and gentleman, who had their little daughter Mary with them. Mary was about four years old. She had a hoop, and also a ball to play with, and she amused herself in playing with them on the walk, while her father and mother sat talking together under the trees.

I saw at a distance a group of very genteel-looking and pretty girls playing together. When I first saw them they were dancing round in a ring.

“Mary,” said I, “would you like to go with me and see those children play, and dance round in a ring?”

Mary, being a little afraid of me, as I was almost a stranger to her, did not answer directly, but she nodded her head and put out her hand. So I led her out near to the place where the children were playing, and we stood there looking on. The children in the ring looked at us and smiled. Of course, we returned the smile. Almost immediately, the oldest girl in the ring, who was about ten years old, and seemed to be the leader, stopped the play, and, making an opening in the ring, she said to Mary, in a very kind and sweet voice, and in the politest manner,

“Would you like to play, young lady?”*

A princess in a fairy tale could not have said the words more prettily, or looked more charming than she did in saying them.

Mary looked abashed and did not reply.

* The words that she spoke were *Voulez-vous jouer, Mademoiselle?*



WOULD YOU LIKE TO PLAY, YOUNG LADY?

Mary can not speak French.The children can hardly realize it.

“Ah!” said I, in explanation and apology for not accepting the invitation, “we are *very* much obliged to you, but she can not speak French. She is an American child.”

The French girl hesitated an instant at hearing of this difficulty, and a slight shade of disappointment passed over her face; but immediately afterward her countenance brightened up again, and she said,

“That makes no difference, sir. She can play all the same.”*

So Mary went into the ring. The children immediately put her in the most prominent place in the ring, several of them telling her eagerly, but very kindly and politely, what she was to do. But Mary could not understand any thing that they said, because they spoke in French. It may seem strange to you that they should have attempted to make her understand in that way, when I had told them that she was an American girl, and understood only English. But the fact was, that, although I had told them that, they did not fully realize that it could be so. They seemed to have a feeling that if they spoke their French very distinctly, she could not but understand it. It sounded very plain to them, and they could not conceive that it could be so utterly meaningless as it was to her.

However, they very soon saw how it was, and with a great deal of tact and dexterity they changed Mary's place in the play, and gave her a part which she could easily perform. Indeed, she had only to do what she saw the others do.

Mary enjoyed the play very much indeed, and when at length

* *Ça ne fait rien, Monsieur. Elle peut jouer tout de même.*

They succeed in having a very good time together.

Arno counts the babies.

I said it was time for us to go, they bade her and me good-by in the politest manner imaginable, and said that they were very much obliged to me for allowing "the young lady to play with them"—as if they had been receiving instead of conferring a favor.

But now I must return to Viola and Arno.

Arno and the boy played with the ball a few minutes, and then Viola said that it was time for them to go. So they both went away.

Pretty soon they came to a place where there were a great many nurses sitting together in chairs under the trees, and with babies in their arms. These nurses were all very neatly dressed, and they had plump cheeks, and looked very buxom and healthy. The babies were all dressed very elegantly indeed.

"See, Viola! see!" said Arno; "what a multitude of babies!"

"Yes," replied Viola, "I never saw so many before."

"I mean to count them," said Arno.

So he began to count. He got up as high as twenty-seven, and then he was obliged to give it up; for, besides those who sat compactly together in the central group, there were others beyond in twos and threes, extending far along the alley; and then there were others coming and going.

"If they would all keep still," said Arno, "I could count them very well. But how do they expect me to count them when they keep moving about so, I should like to know?"

"I presume they don't expect you to count them at all," said Viola.

So they walked on. Presently, at a distance before them, near

The coffee-house in the garden.Arno thinks he is growing thirsty.

one side of the garden, they saw a building quite large in extent, although it was only one story high, which seemed to have a great many doors and windows, and a great many people moving to and fro about it.

“Let us go and see what it is,” said Arno.

So they went to the place, and found that it was a coffee-house. Along the front of it, out of doors, there were one or two rows of small round tables, with people sitting at them—both ladies and gentlemen—some eating ices, some drinking beer or wine, and some taking coffee.

“Ah!” said Arno, “now, if we had plenty of money, we would go and sit down at one of those little tables, and have some supper.”

“Yes,” said Viola, “we might, but I think we had better not. They would make us pay a great deal of money, I expect, for a supper at such a place as that.”

“Father might possibly be there,” said Arno. “He might go to play to the people while they are taking their coffee.”

“No,” said Viola, shaking her head, “I don’t think he would be there.”

“At any rate,” said Arno, “I wish I had some water to drink.”

The sight of any body drinking any thing generally had the effect to make Arno thirsty.

“Then we will go to one of the basins,” said Viola, “and you can get some water to drink.”

So the children turned their steps toward one of the great basins. They had to walk a considerable distance through the trees

The toy-vessels in the basin. The children pass out of the garden. The street outside.

before they came to it. The sheet of water, though called a basin, was really quite a large pond, and a number of boys were sailing little vessels in it.

Some of these boats or vessels were very pretty indeed. They were rigged as sloops and schooners, and they sailed very prettily to and fro over the surface of the water. Arno dipped up some of the water from the basin in his hand, and drank it; but he found, after all, that he was not very thirsty, and so he ceased drinking, and gave his attention wholly to the sailing of the vessels.

But Viola soon told him that it was time to go, and so they left the basin and walked on. They came soon to a gate which led out of the garden on the side opposite to the one where they had gone in. They had come in on the side from the water. They were going out on a side that was toward a wide and beautiful street.

This street was bordered on one side by the palisade of the garden, and on the other by a range of magnificent buildings, with arcades over the sidewalks below. Viola and Arno went out through the gate, though they had some difficulty in passing, on account of the throngs that were coming in.

There were great numbers of people, too, on the sidewalks, on both sides of the street. Viola and Arno fell in among these people, and walked along. There were a great many beautiful carriages passing along the street, which was as smooth and hard as the walks of the garden. These carriages were generally open, and they were filled with elegant and elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, who were returning from the Bois de Boulogne, a fa-

The Bois de Boulogne.

The emperor's carriage.

Clearing the way.

mous park situated a few miles from Paris. Arno was so much taken with the horses that drew these carriages along, and with the elegant liveries of the coachmen and footmen, that Viola found it somewhat difficult to induce him to walk along.

Presently the children observed a sudden movement and excitement among the people that were passing. Some stopped and looked round. Others hastened to the edge of the sidewalk, and took a stand there. Others seemed to be hurrying this way and that, saying,

“He is coming!”

“What is it?” asked Viola, speaking to a woman near her, who was leading a little child along.

“The emperor,” said the woman; “the emperor is coming.”

So Viola and Arno hurried to the edge of the sidewalk to see. They had scarcely got to their places before they saw the escort. It consisted of a small party of horsemen, splendidly equipped and caparisoned, that came galloping along the street two and two, with drawn sabres in their hands, as if to clear the way. Immediately after them came the emperor's carriage. It was drawn by four beautiful white horses. There was no coachman, but the horses were driven by two postillions, one on the nigh horse of each pair.

The carriage was open, and the emperor was seated on the back seat. There was a gentleman, an officer of his household, seated by the side of him. The emperor bowed to the people on the sidewalk as he passed along, but the carriage went by so rapidly that it afforded to the spectators only a momentary glance.

He is returning to his palace.Appearance of the palace of the Tuileries.

Two other horsemen followed at a short distance behind the carriage, and, when they had gone, the people all began to move on.

“Where is he going?” asked Arno.

“He is going home to his palace, I suppose,” said Viola. “He has been out taking a promenade in the Bois de Boulogne.* He rides out there every day. Now he has gone home to his palace. He goes in through the court on the other side of the palace.”

“Let us go and see the place where he goes in,” said Arno.

Viola said that she was very willing to go; so she walked on, leading Arno by the hand, until she came to the end of the palace, where the street passed by it. The front which you see in the engraving is the garden front. There is another front on the other side which looks toward the great court, and, in order to go round to it, it is, of course, necessary to pass by the end of the range of buildings, either on the side toward the street, or on the side toward the river.

The children went on until they came to an immense arch, where a street, sidewalks and all, went through. The arch was double, and carts, carriages, and vehicles of every description were going through one and coming through the other of the divisions.

When the children had passed through they found themselves in an immense open square, which was surrounded on all sides with ranges of lofty and magnificent buildings. A large portion of this open space, that is, the portion that was toward the palace of the Tuileries, was railed off from the rest by a lofty iron pali-

* The word Bois is pronounced *Booah*, quick, as one syllable. It means *Wood*, or *small forest*.

The palace court.

Companies of soldiers in it.

The children return home.

sade. Viola and Arno went up and looked through the bars of this palisade to see what was inside.

This inclosed court, which belonged specially to the palace, though it was only a small portion of the whole square, was very large indeed. It was almost a quarter of a mile long, and nearly half as wide. There were several companies of soldiers within it, and a number of carriages at the different doors of the palace. On each side of it were wings extending out from the palace. In these wings are lodged the soldiers of the guard. The children could see the soldiers going in and out of the doors in these wings.

“I suppose they have these soldiers live here,” said Viola, “so that they may be always ready to defend the emperor.”

“Yes,” said Arno, “I suppose they do.”

“And now,” said Viola, “I think we had better go home. I don’t think we shall find father in any such places as these.”

“Nor I either,” said Arno.

So the children went on across the open square till they came to another great double archway which led through the range of buildings that was toward the river. As soon as they had passed through they came in sight of the bridges and of the river, and then they at once knew where they were. Indeed, they could plainly see at some distance below them the City island, and the two square towers of Notre Dame rising from among the roofs of it; and, taking these towers for their landmark, they went toward home.

A new companion.

Arno's dog.

Where they found him.

CHAPTER IX.

ROYAL.

ONE day, when the children were rambling round the streets of Paris looking for their father, and at the same time amusing themselves with the strange spectacles which every where met their view, they found a dog, or, rather, a dog found them. This dog afterward became a great friend and favorite. He became a greater favorite with Arno than Whisker was, though Viola continued to like Whisker the best. Perhaps this was because Whisker belonged to her, while the dog became the property of Arno.

The children named the dog Royal. They named him from the place where he came to them, which was in a celebrated palace called the Palais Royal.* You may perhaps wonder how such children as Viola and Arno could get into a palace; but the truth is that the Palais Royal, though still called a palace, is now no longer the residence of an emperor or a king, but is given up wholly to the public, and the apartments of it are divided into an infinite number of separate houses and shops, with coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, theatres, concert-rooms, and almost every other sort of establishment which can be imagined to attract the public there.

There is one thing very curious about this palace, and that is that it is built around a great open garden, and all the fronts are

* Pronounced *Pallay Royal*.

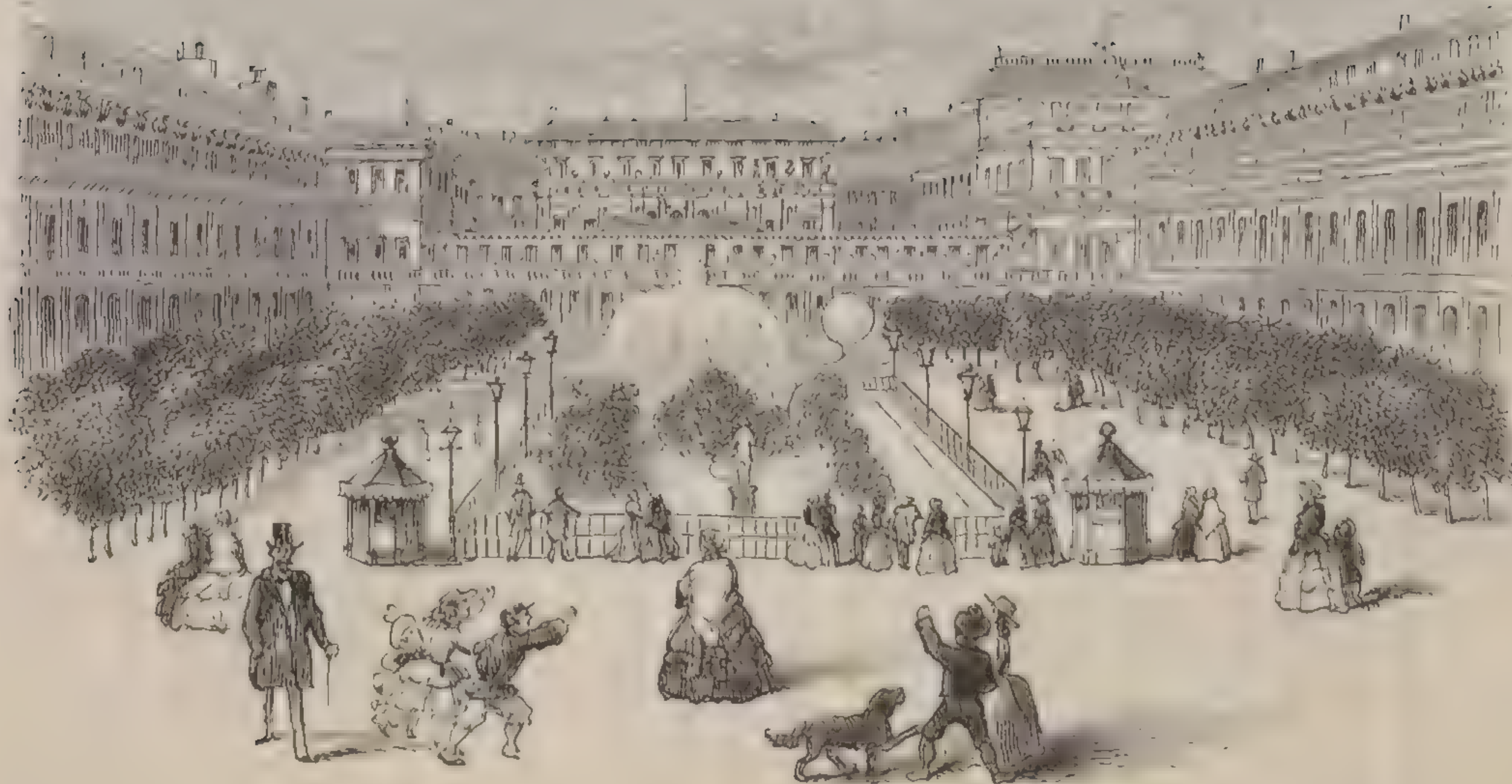
Description of the celebrated Palais Royal.

turned toward the garden, while it is only the backs that are turned toward the streets that surround it. Thus, in walking along the streets, you might go almost entirely round the whole of it, and never imagine that there was any palace there.

If, however, you stop and pass through under any of the arches or passage-ways that lead into the interior, you suddenly come upon a scene of great magnificence and splendor. You see a representation of it in the engraving. In the middle is a large and beautiful garden, with trees artificially trimmed, and broad walks full of gentlemen and ladies walking to and fro, and children playing, and large round basins of water, with fountains playing in the centre of them. Along the sides and ends of these gardens, are ranges of most magnificent buildings, with a covered walk all around formed by an elegant colonnade. You can go into the garden if you please, and see the children play, or play with them. There are plenty of stone benches along the sides next the colonnade, where you can sit down if you are tired; and if, on the other hand, you are hungry, there are little round tables and chairs where you can take your seat, and a nice waiter, with a snow-white apron, will come from a coffee-house close by, and bring you any thing you ask for.

This Palais Royal is open to all the world. There is no way by which carriages can come in to the interior part, which you see in the engraving; but people may walk in under the arcades, and then ramble all about wherever they please.

Viola and Arno came in at the farther end, as you see the palace in the engraving. If you look at the engraving again, you



THE PALAIS ROYAL.

The glass gallery.

People promenading.

The carriage court.

will see a fountain toward the farther end, and at some distance beyond the fountain you will see a range of buildings, two stories high, extending across from one side of the palace to the other. This is called a gallery. It is, in fact, very wide, though, on account of its being so far off, the width of it does not appear in the picture. The roof of this gallery is of glass, and there is a very broad passage-way that runs through the centre of it, with a row of brilliant shops, all full of the most beautiful things, on each side.

If there are any persons among your acquaintances who have ever been in Paris, you can show them this picture, and you will find, I presume, that they will remember this gallery and the shops in it, and they will perhaps be able to tell you of some of the beautiful things which they saw at the windows as they walked through.

In cold or rainy weather, this gallery is almost perfectly filled, sometimes, with persons promenading to and fro. It is large enough to contain some thousands at a time. It is like a street with a glass roof over it above, and a smooth floor instead of a pavement below.

The high buildings which you see beyond the gallery, and rising high above it—those where the flags are flying—all belong to the Palais Royal. They form the only part of the building which has a front toward the street. They are at a great distance beyond the gallery, and between them and the gallery there is a large court where carriages can drive in.

It was from that side that Viola and Arno came in. They

The sights in the gallery.Firing a cannon by a burning-glass.

came from the street without through an arcade, which led along the side of the court beyond the gallery. Thence they passed into the gallery, and began to walk through it, stopping every moment to look at the pictures, the playthings, the little images of men and animals, and the rings, pins, and jewelry that were displayed profusely in the shop windows.

When they had got half way through the gallery, they were opposite to a wide opening which led out into the garden. This opening is exactly in the range of the fountain in the picture, and, were it not for the fountain, you could see it. As the children looked through this opening they saw a number of people standing by a railing, and looking over, as if they were watching something; so Viola and Arno went through to see.

They saw that what the people were looking at was a small cannon, which was mounted on a stone pedestal, and was pointed up into the air. The cannon was about as big as a boy's arm from the shoulder to the elbow. The people were watching to see this cannon go off.

The curiosity of it was that it was going to be fired by the sun. There was a burning-glass mounted on a frame near the touch-hole, and so adjusted as to throw the focus of heat upon the priming precisely at twelve o'clock, and so fire the cannon. It was near twelve o'clock now, and the people were watching the little brilliant focus of rays as it was slowly moving over the dark, bronze-colored surface of the cannon toward the touch-hole, expecting every moment to see the flash and hear the explosion.

They could not go very near, for the cannon was placed in the

The toy-shop.

The rose-colored balloon.

It gets away.

middle of a little green parterre, which was inclosed within a light iron railing. The pedestal stood at the foot of a marble statue.

Viola was rather afraid of the cannon, but as Arno seemed very anxious to stay, she consented. Pretty soon it went off, and then the children turned to go away.

The next thing that attracted their attention was a small building like a summer-house, which stood near there. It was not a summer-house, however, but a toy-shop. There were windows on all sides of it, and every window was filled with hoops, balls, balloons, kites, velocipedes, and all other such playthings as children might want in coming into the garden to play.

Neither Viola nor Arno wished to buy any of those things, and so they walked on.

After a while they came to a part of the garden where some children were playing with a little balloon. The balloon was of a rose color, and it was a little larger than a man's head. It was a very pretty thing indeed. It was just such a one as they had seen before in the gardens of the Tuileries. The girl held it by a string. She held the end of the string in her hand, and the balloon being kept by it from going entirely away, floated in the air above her head as she walked along.

There were several other children there, and, somehow or other, in passing the end of the string from one to the other, they let it slip, and the balloon got away. This happened just as Viola and Arno came to the place. The girl who owned the balloon was greatly alarmed at seeing it sailing away. She reached out her hands and cried out,

The balloon escapes.

Strange dog.

His management.

“Oh, my balloon! my balloon! save my balloon!”

But there was nothing that any body could do to save it. It went up higher and higher, and at length was carried by the wind away beyond the roofs, and was seen no more.

While Arno was looking at the balloon, he felt somebody touch him, as he thought, from behind. He turned round, and there he saw quite a large dog, with long silken ears and glossy black hair, standing behind him, and looking up into his face. He had just touched Arno with his paw to attract his attention. The truth was, the dog had lost his master some days before, and he had been rambling about the town ever since, and was now very tired and very hungry. He had been thinking that he must have a new master, and he had been for some time trying to find one. The way in which he judged of the people that he saw in the street was chiefly by the scent.

He had been nosing about among the tracks in the Palais Royal all that morning, and coming up behind a great many people, and putting his nose to their legs and heels. Some he did not like at all; and of others that he did like, some turned round upon him so sharply, and ordered him, in so stern a voice, to be gone, that he gave them up at once. While Arno had been looking at the balloon, the dog had come up behind him to examine him and Viola, and he liked the scent very much indeed. There are some people whose scent almost all dogs like. It inspires their confidence and love. Such persons are generally great favorites with dogs. They can do almost any thing with them that they please.

Arno wishes to keep the dog.Viola's objections.

“Ah! what a noble-looking dog!” said Arno, on looking round.
“How I wish he was mine!”

So saying, Arno stooped down and patted the dog on his head. The dog looked very much pleased, and wagged his tail.

After patting the dog a little more, Arno walked on with Viola, and for some time thought no more of him. They had not gone far, however, before Viola, looking round, saw that the dog was following them.

“Why, Arno,” said she, “here is this dog coming right after us.”

“I am glad of it,” said Arno. “I hope he’ll keep with us all the time till we get home; then I will have him for mine.”

“Oh no,” said Viola; “he is some dog that has got a master, and he ought to go home. It would not be right for us to entice him away.”

“I am not going to entice him away,” said Arno; “but, if he is of a mind to follow us of his own accord, he may. That won’t be my fault.”

“Yes,” said Viola; “I think we ought to send him home. You had better speak to him, and tell him to go home.”

So Arno, who was always accustomed to obey Viola very implicitly, turned round to the dog, and told him that he must go home.

The dog retreated a few steps, and then stood still, gazing up into Arno’s face with an expression of great astonishment on his countenance.

“Now,” said Viola, “we will walk right on as fast as we can,

The dog will not go away.

Viola attempts to scold him.

and not take any notice of him, and pretty soon he will leave us and go away."

This plan, though, on the whole, it was the best one that the children could adopt, did not succeed. After walking down the whole length of one of the colonnades, and passing through and among great multitudes of people, Viola at length looked back, and saw that the dog was following them still.

"We *can't* send him away," said Arno.

"The reason is, you don't speak sharp enough to him," said Viola. "He knows very well that you are not in earnest. You must give him a real scolding."

"But, Viola," said Arno, "how can you scold such a dog as that? Just look at his face. He looks so sorrowful because he has not got any master. I verily believe that he has not got any master, and that is the reason why he wants to go home with me. Besides, I don't believe but that he is hungry."

"I'll scold him away myself," said Viola; and, so saying, she stamped her foot, and with a very stern voice, and a look as severe as she could assume, she ordered the dog to go home.

But whether it was that Viola was unable to scold efficiently, or that, being interested chiefly in Arno, the dog was disposed to pay little regard to any demonstrations that she might make, this experiment failed as the other had done. When they walked on the dog followed them, and he went with them to the stall. Here Viola consented that Arno might feed him. Arno did so; and, from that time, the dog and Arno were firm and acknowledged friends.

What the children finally conclude to do.

Viola stipulated with Arno, however, that he must not take the dog home, but must keep him at the stall.

“If we take him home,” said she, “and the owner should ever come and find him there, he will think that we stole him; so we will make him stay at the stall. That is a public place, and the owner may perhaps see him when he is passing by some day. He shall stay outside of the stall all day, and shall keep watch there while we are gone to dinner. You can bring him his dinner when you come back. Then, in the night, we will shut him up inside.”

“He will be lonesome,” said Arno.

“Oh no,” said Viola. “They always shut up dogs alone in their kennels, and they don’t mind it at all. Besides, he will be all the more glad to see us when we come in the morning.”

Royal gets settled.How he kept watch at night.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

ALTHOUGH the children required Royal, as they called him, to live most of the time at the stall, yet they sometimes allowed him to go with them to their lodging, just to make a little visit. Thus Royal knew very well where the children lived, and before he had gone back and forth three times, he knew the way as well as the children did.

Generally, however, he remained at the stall. In the night he was locked up inside, and there he used to lie down on the floor and sleep soundly until morning, except that for two hours after one o'clock in the morning, when it was usually pretty still in the street, he used to lie awake sometimes and listen, as if he thought that that was the time for thieves.

In the early part of the night, when, as is usual in Paris, the streets were thronged with people going to and fro as in the daytime, he always slept soundly. Nothing disturbed him. But, when afterward the streets became still, then, if by chance he heard a solitary footstep coming along the sidewalk, or crossing the bridge, he would lift his head, and prick up his ears and listen, wondering whether or not that man might be a thief. Then, when finally the sound of the footsteps died away in the distance, he would conclude that all was right, and would lay down his head and go to sleep again.

How the children fastened him.He leads Arno home.

In the daytime, when the children went away to dinner, they would leave Royal at the stall. There was a collar round his neck, a second-hand one, which an old woman who kept a little stand for selling old iron and such things gave to Arno, and a little staple in the under side of it. Arno had a cord which he used to pass through this staple, and then draw it to the end, where it was kept from passing through by a knot. The other end, when he wished to confine the dog, was fastened to a little staple which was driven into the front side of the stall.

While Viola shut and locked the stall, Arno was employed in "attaching" the dog, as he called it; that is, provided that the dog had been free before. But generally they kept him attached in that manner all the morning, and he would lie down in the front of the stall, and amuse himself by watching the people as they passed by over the bridge.

Whenever they concluded to take Royal home with them for one of his visits, then Arno, immediately after locking the door of the stall, would unfasten the end of Royal's cord, that is, the end that was fastened to the stall, and then, keeping the end of the cord in his hand, he would walk along while Royal went before him, leading him, as it were, by the string, as if Arno had been a blind man.

"That is the way that he would lead father home," said Arno, "if father were only here."

"Ah! yes," said Viola; "and how I wish he was here."

Things went on in this way for nearly a fortnight. All this

Pierre sends another messenger.His determination.

time Pierre had been gradually getting better. He sent a second time to the house where he had lodged before he had been hurt, but could get no satisfactory information about the children.

“Very well,” said he, when the messenger returned, “then I must wait until I get well enough to go and look for them myself.”

“And now old Peter,” he said, addressing himself, “there are two things, either of which you can do. You can worry about your children, and keep yourself back about getting well, and so leave them alone in the world three or four days or a week longer, or you can keep a quiet mind and a merry heart, and so go and find them all the sooner. Which, now, do you think is the most sensible thing for you to do? Hey! old Peter.”

After saying this, and without waiting for old Peter’s answer, he shut his eyes, and, as he had done before, whispered an earnest prayer to Almighty God, beseeching Him to watch over the helpless babes, and keep them from all harm while they were left alone. Then he turned over in his bed and went to sleep.

After this he got well very fast. In a week he could sit up. In ten days he could walk about a little. In a fortnight he was dismissed from the hospital as cured.

Still he was weak, and it was not safe for him to walk through the streets alone. Accordingly, as soon as he came out of the hospital, he tried to find a commissioner at the corner of the street to guide him and help him. But he could not find one.

“Never mind,” said he to himself, “I can go alone.”

So he groped his way along the sidewalk, rapping before him

Pierre is liberated.His observations in the streets.

as he went with his cane, in order to give warning to the people that a blind man was coming. He was as happy as a king. He listened to the well-known sounds of the streets, and knew from them every thing which was passing. First he heard an omnibus go by. It stopped to let out a passenger. A few steps farther on it stopped again, and took in two passengers for the inside and one for the top. Pierre knew by the sound of the little bells which are struck in the French omnibuses when passengers get in. Then a private carriage went by.

“Two horses,” said Pierre to himself, “and nice horses too. And here comes the lemonade man. I wish I was thirsty, I’d stop and get a drink of lemonade. There’s a horseman coming! He’s an officer of cavalry. I can hear the tinkling of his trappings. Ah!” he added, in a tone of great satisfaction, “how pleasant it is to be out in the world again where you can see what is going on!”

Amusing himself in this way by the sounds that he heard in the street, Pierre pursued his course until he came to his old lodging. He walked in, and stopped before the little window of the concierge’s lodge. A strange voice from within asked him what he desired.

“Ah!” said Pierre, “has the concierge of this house been changed?”

“Yes,” replied the strange voice, “the old concierge went away a week ago.”

“Ah me!” said Pierre, “I am sorry to hear that. I used to lodge in this house, and I left my children here. I got hurt, and

Pierre's interview with the new concierge.

went to the hospital. And you can not tell me any thing about them?"

"No," said the man, "I am very sorry that I can not. But come in, and sit down and rest yourself. You look weak and tired."

So Pierre went into the lodge, and sat down to rest himself. Here he learned that the old concierge had been dismissed from his place on account of the complaints made by the lodgers of his incivility to them and to the people who came to see them, and this new concierge had been appointed in his place.

After remaining a little while, Pierre bade the new concierge good-by, and set out to go to the stall.

He found his way very easily. He arrived at the stall about twelve o'clock. The children had gone home to dinner. They had locked the stall, and had left Royal lying down before it, attached by his cord to the little staple.

Pierre came walking along on the margin of the sidewalk toward the stall, rapping, as he came, with his cane. When he arrived at the corner he felt for the stall. At the same moment Royal rose to receive him. He put his nose to Pierre's knees, and seemed at once to come to the conclusion that the blind man was a friend, if not a relative of Viola and Arno. Whether he had observed that the children had no grown person with them, and, now that Pierre had come, suspected, from the analogy of the scent, that he was their father, I can not say. At all events, he received Pierre very kindly, and wagged his tail.

"Ah!" said Pierre, "all right so far. Here is the stall, and

Pierre goes to the stall.He introduces himself to Royal.

here is a dog to guard it. This shows that the old stand is not abandoned. I am glad they have got a dog. I wonder what sort of a dog he is."

So Pierre stooped down, and began to examine the dog by feeling. The dog, at the same time, was busy examining Pierre by smelling. Both examinations seemed to be entirely satisfactory. Pierre found the cord by which Royal was attached, and examined all the fastenings.

"Yes," said Pierre, "you'll do. It seems they have left you here to keep watch while they went to dinner."

So saying, Pierre took his key out of his pocket, and proceeded to unlock the door of the stall. Royal appeared at first to have some doubts whether it was consistent with his duties as a watch to allow of this; but when he saw that Pierre had a regular key, and having, moreover, also before made up his mind that in some way or other Pierre must belong to the family, he concluded to make no objection, but to let the blind man do as he pleased.

Pierre, after unlocking the door, went in and took his seat upon the bench.

"Ah!" said he to himself, in a tone of great satisfaction, as he took his seat, "this is really like good old times."

Royal stood up at the open door looking, while Pierre was sitting there.

Pierre remained a few minutes on the seat to rest himself from his walk. Royal came a little nearer and laid his nose on Pierre's knee.

"Yes, Looloo," said he, patting Royal on the head, "yes, it is

Progress of the acquaintance between Pierre and Royal.

all right. They have left you here to watch, and you know who it will do to let in. You know who's who, I see. And now I wonder if you can't lead me right home to where the children are living?"

So saying, Pierre rose from his place and came out of the stall. He locked the door just as Viola had been accustomed to do, and put the key in his pocket. Royal watched all his motions with very close attention.

"Now, Looloo," said Pierre, "I'll take hold of the end of your cord, and see if you can find the way home."

So he unfastened the end of the cord that was attached to the stall, just as Arno was accustomed to do when he was going to allow Royal to go home with him. He held the end of the cord in his hand, saying,

"Now, Looloo, we'll go home."

Royal set off immediately, and took the road toward the house where the children lived. Pierre followed him, holding the string. When they arrived at the house, Royal led the way in. He was intending to go directly up stairs; but, when he got opposite the little window of the concierge's lodge, Pierre's attention was arrested by a long-drawn exclamation, uttered in a tone of joyful surprise, thus:

"Ah—h—h—h!"

Pierre stopped.

"You are the father of my young children up stairs," said the voice of the concierge, from within the lodge. "They have been looking for you, nights and mornings, this long time. And here

Royal acts as guide.Pierre arrives at the children's lodging.

you are come at last! And to think of Royal's bringing you here!"

"Is his name Royal?" asked Pierre.

"That's what the children call him," said the concierge. "But wait a moment, and I'll come and show you the way up to the children's apartment."

"Ah! never mind," replied Pierre; "Royal can find the way, I think."

"Yes," said the concierge, "Royal knows the way."

Accordingly, Pierre allowed Royal to go on, and he followed him up stairs. Pierre walked softly at last, so that the children should not hear his steps upon the stairs. When, at last, Royal stopped at the door, Pierre knocked, and then listened to hear whether it was the voice of one of the children that should answer. He immediately heard Viola's voice calling to him to come in.

He opened the door, and let go the string, stepping himself immediately to one side.

Royal sprang in through the open door, and began leaping upon the children to express his gladness. Then looking round, and seeing that Pierre had not followed him, he ran back into the entry, and immediately came bounding into the room again.

"Why, how he acts!" said Arno. Arno and Viola were at the time sitting at the table eating their dinner. "How he acts! How do you suppose he got loose? And who would have thought that he could have knocked at the door? He must have done it by wagging his tail against it."

But while Arno, who still remained at the table eating his din-

The surprise.

Pierre's opinion of the closet kitchen.

Repose.

ner, was indulging in these speculations, Viola, who had not so much faith in Royal's power of knocking at a door with his tail, went to look out in the entry to see if there was not somebody there. Of course, she found her father.

It would be difficult to describe the joy that was felt by both parties at this unexpected meeting. Viola and Arno brought their father in and placed him in a chair, and then, seeing that he was weak and pale, and that he was fatigued by his walk, they forbore to ask him many questions, but persuaded him to lie down on the bed and go to sleep a little while.

"While you are asleep," said Viola, "I will get you some dinner. I will make you a cup of tea. I can make it in our little closet kitchen."

So saying, Viola opened the door of the closet kitchen and let her father look in. He said it was the most cunning little kitchen that he ever saw, and he should like a cup of tea from it very much indeed.

So he lay down upon the bed, shut his eyes, and for half an hour he seemed to be asleep; but whether he was really asleep or only making believe, I can not say. I have some reason for suspecting that he was listening sily all the time to the movements that Viola and Arno made, and that he would have peeped out a little, now and then, between his eyelids, to watch them in their operations, if he had been able to see.

However this may be, he had a good rest, and he seemed to awake just in the right time to eat his dinner and drink his tea, as soon as the repast was ready.

Conclusion of the story.

After this Pierre continued to live in peace and prosperity with his children for some years, and at length, when they grew old enough, he contrived to get an excellent situation for Arno at the banker's where he kept his money. He then sold his stall at a profit, and he and Viola lived at home. Arno came home every night. Viola learned the art of what is called *illumination*—that is, the coloring of engravings and lithographs. She used to do this work at home; and her father, who used to sit by her side while she did it, though he could not see the pictures, took great pleasure in hearing her describe them. You see a representation of this scene in the Frontispiece.

In the end, Viola married a thriving printseller, and now, with her husband, keeps one of the prettiest shops in the gallery of the Palais Royal.

THE END.



THE HOUSE THAT PAUL LIVED IN.

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OR,

HOW TO BE PATIENT IN SICKNESS AND PAIN.



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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. CAPTAIN BRONX.....	13
II. THE WIGWAM.....	16
III. HORSES AND CARRIAGES.....	22
IV. THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER	30
V. SICKNESS.....	34
VI. PAUL AND THE DOCTOR	46
VII. A CALL ON THE DOCTOR	57
VIII. STORIES.....	62
IX. PRIVATE CONVERSATION	71
X. THE LOCOMOTIVE.....	80
XI. THE MINISTER'S OPINION.....	85
XII. THE BONFIRE	94
XIII. THE LITTLE CANNON	103
XIV. PROVING THE CANNON.....	111
XV. THE AUCTION.....	122
XVI. VISIT TO NEW YORK	141
XVII. CONCLUSION	149

ENGRAVINGS.

	PAGE
THE HOUSE THAT PAUL LIVED IN.....	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
THE PICTURE OF THE CASTLE.....	20
MR. ORMOND'S.....	22
WINCHESTER	33
THE PICTURE IN PAUL'S MIND.....	43
MEDICINE NOT TAKEN.....	48
THE DOCTOR'S PICTURE.....	70
THE LOCOMOTIVE	84
THE BONFIRE.....	101
THE PICTURE OF THE CANNON.....	105
THE WAY THEY PROVE THE BARRELS.....	116
OUTSIDE OF THE PROVING-HOUSE.....	118
THE AUCTION PARTY	137



LITTLE PAUL.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN BRONX.

Paul's father.

The house where he lived.

The steamer.

LITTLE PAUL'S father was the captain of a steam-boat that plied between New York and a large town some miles up the Hudson River. His name was Captain Bronx. The house that he lived in was a small and very pretty cottage on the bank of the river, about half a mile from the town where the steam-boat landed.

There were very pretty gardens and grounds about the house where Paul lived, and at one end of the house there was a piazza looking out over the water. Here, when Paul was a very small child, his mother used to sit, toward the close of the day, holding him in her arms, and watching for her husband's steamer coming up to the town. When the steamer came in sight, Paul's mother used to wave her handkerchief to her husband, and he, on his part, used to answer the signal by waving his own handkerchief, standing, while he did it, conspicuously on one of the paddle-boxes.

There was a flight of steps going down the bank to the water. At the foot of the steps was a boat-landing, where Captain Bronx kept a pretty little boat for short excursions on the river. Half

How Paul's father used to play with him on summer mornings.

way down these steps there was a platform, with a good look-out from it. Sometimes Paul would stand on this platform when his father's steam-boat was going by, and wave a little flag by way of salutation.*

Captain Bronx was a large and rather stern-looking man, with a hard, weather-beaten face. He was, however, good and kind at heart. He loved his wife and little son very much, and they all lived a very happy life together. The captain was almost always gone away from home during the daytime. He was gone to New York in his steam-boat. He went away usually at eight o'clock in the morning, and he came home again at eight o'clock at night, so that he was usually away just about twelve hours.

In the summer mornings he used to get up early, and play with Paul for an hour or two before breakfast about the house and grounds. Sometimes, too, he would play with him in the evening, after he came home from his trip.

Very often, in the morning, it was not convenient to play much about the grounds, on account of the dew upon the grass. Sometimes, however, there was no dew. This was generally the case when it had been windy during the night. There is seldom any dew in the morning when it has been windy. The reason of this is that the wind dries up the dew as fast as it falls, or, perhaps, dissipates it in the air before it has time to fall.

Captain Bronx was quite a rich man, though he lived in a small house. His wife wished to have a small house, because she did not like the expense and the trouble always occasioned by a large

* For a view of the house, and of the stairs and landing, see Frontispiece.

Mrs. Bronx's wishes in respect to her house.

one. When Captain Bronx was preparing to build his house, he intended, at first, to make it a large and elegant mansion, but his wife begged him not to do that.

“If we have a large house,” said she, “we must have a great deal of company and a great many servants, and I shall be all the time burdened with care. I shall be worried continually by the waste that the servants will make, or by their quarrels with each other. Then all the time there will be some one or other of them that will have to be changed, either because they don’t suit me, or because the work don’t suit them, and I shall be continually going to and fro among the intelligence-offices in New York to get new ones; and all this will be only to keep up an establishment for the benefit of mere acquaintances that we care very little about, and who care very little about us, except to come and get what we can give them.”

“That’s all very true,” said Captain Bronx. “And what shall we do about our house?”

“Let us build a small, neat, and pretty house like a cottage,” said Mrs. Bronx, “with just rooms enough for our own every-day use, and one chamber for our friends. Then, for servants, I will have only *one* woman and one boy. By this plan, I shall lead a quiet and happy life with little Paul, and not have any more trouble and care than is absolutely necessary.”

“Very well,” said the captain; “I think that will be the best plan, after all.”

So Captain Bronx built a small but very pretty house, and arranged it within in a manner to occasion his wife as little trouble

The woods.

Rose and Phelim.

The wigwam.

as possible in taking care of it ; and here Mrs. Bronx and little Paul lived together, while the captain was absent on his trips to New York, in a very happy manner.

Behind the house was a piece of wild and romantic land, covered with woods, where Paul used often to play.

CHAPTER II.

THE WIGWAM.

THE woman and the boy that Mrs. Bronx employed in her housekeeping were colored people. The woman's name was Rose. The boy, who was her son, was called Phelim. Phelim was about fourteen years old, and, though he was not very bright, he was yet a good boy, and he was very faithful in taking good care of Paul.

One morning in September, when it had been windy during the night, so that there was no dew, Captain Bronx took Paul out into a grove behind the house, and began to build him what he called a wigwam. This wigwam was a small hut made of branches of evergreen trees laid upon a frame of poles. It was quite small, being just large enough for little Paul to go into it.

While the captain was building the wigwam, Paul undertook to help him by carrying the branches and laying them upon the frame as fast as his father cut them off from the trees in the wood. But he did not lay them on right. He laid them on with the tops upward, in the position in which they grew on the original trees, whereas he ought to have laid them with the tops downward.

Mode of laying the roof.Conversation about the wigwam.

The reason why he ought to have laid them with the tops downward is because in that position they shed the rain better. If the branches of the trees are placed in such a manner that all the little leaves that grow upon them have their points turned outward and downward toward the ground, then they conduct the water of the rain away, and thus the interior of the hut is kept dry. But if, on the other hand, they are placed so that the tips of the leaves point upward, then the leaves catch the rain and conduct it in toward the stems, and from the stems it falls down into the interior of the wigwam.

The captain explained all this to Paul, and after that Paul placed the branches with the tops downward.

“What a pretty green house!” said Paul, when the wigwam was finished. “Will it always keep green?”

“No,” said his father; “after a while the branches of the trees will all turn red and brown.”

“Would not they keep green if I were to water them?” said Paul.

“No, not long,” replied his father.

“Because I could water my wigwam just as well as not,” added Paul. “I could water it every morning—that is, if Phelim could help me.”

“He would help you, I have no doubt,” said the captain, “but it would not do any good. The leaves of trees will not keep green long unless they are growing.”

“Then, father, could not you make a wigwam of growing trees?”

“No,” said his father, “we could not train trees to grow the

Advantages and pleasures of constant employment.

right way. Trees almost always grow with their leaves pointing upward. Whereas, to make a roof that will shed the rain, we have to place them with their leaves pointing downward."

"But, father," said Paul, "we might bend the branches while they are growing, and make them grow downward."

"We might bend the branches," said his father, "and possibly make them grow in a bent direction; but the leaves and all the little sprigs would immediately begin to turn and grow upward, and that would spoil the roof."

"Then, father," said Paul, "I should think it would be better if trees had been made to grow in such a way as to point their leaves downward, and then the woods would be full of little roofs, and men could live under them instead of having to work so hard to build houses."

"No," said the captain, "it is the building of the house rather than the living in it after it is finished that gives men most pleasure. People are always happier when they have something to do. You will find that the chief pleasure that you will take in this wigwam will be in helping me build it. After it is finished, so that there is nothing more to do about it, you won't care for it long."

"Oh yes, I shall care for it a great while, I am sure," said Paul. "I shall care about it all the time—at least, as long as it is green."

"It will not be green very long," said the captain. "A wigwam is not a very permanent structure."

What do you mean by a permanent structure?" asked Paul.

Definition of words.Future use to be made of the wigwam.

“Why, *structure* means any thing that is built,” said the captain, “and *permanent* means lasting a great while, so that a permanent structure means a building that lasts a great while.”

“I should like to see a permanent structure,” said Paul.

“A castle is a permanent structure,” said the captain. “When you go into the house I will show you the picture of one.”

“Let us go in now,” said Paul.

Just then Paul heard the bell ring at the house. It was the first bell for breakfast. So the captain, after putting upon the wigwam all the branches which he had cut from the trees, took Paul by the hand and led him toward the house.

On the way, Paul said that he thought he should like his wigwam even after the leaves had all turned brown.

“It looks prettier to be green, I know,” said he, “but still I shall like it when it is brown.”

“But the little leaves will all get so dry that they will drop off very easily,” said the captain. “At the least touch of the branches the leaves will come showering down all over you.”

“That I shall not like,” said Paul.

“But there is one excellent use that you can put your wigwam to when it gets brown and dry,” said the captain.

“What use, father?” asked Paul.

“You can make a bonfire of it,” said his father. “It will make an excellent bonfire, especially if we burn it in the night.”

“I shall like the bonfire very much indeed,” said Paul.

“So shall I,” said his father.

When they went into the house, the captain took a book down



THE PICTURE OF THE CASTLE.

Picture of the castle explained.The narrow windows.

from the book-case, and showed Paul a picture of a castle in it. It was a large castle built upon a rock. There were round towers at the corners, and a large square tower, with a flag flying from it, in the middle.

“A castle is a very permanent structure,” said the captain, “for it is built of stone, and it is usually founded upon a rock. Some castles last more than a thousand years, but your wigwam will only last a few weeks.”

“What do people build castles for?” asked Paul.

“They don’t build them at all, scarcely, nowadays,” said the captain. “When they used to build them ages ago, it was to defend themselves against their enemies in them. When their enemies were coming they would shut themselves up in their castles, and their enemies could not get in. They had narrow windows made in the walls, so that they could look out and watch their enemies, and shoot arrows out at them.”

“Yes, or guns,” said Paul.

“No,” said his father, “they had no guns in those days. They only had bows and arrows, and other such weapons as those.”

“I see the narrow windows in one of the round towers in the picture,” said Paul.

“Yes,” said the captain; “there are some larger windows in the square tower, but they are so high, and so far back from the outer wall, that the enemy can not get up to them to get in, nor even shoot arrows in at them.”

By this time breakfast was ready, and so the captain put the book away, and he and Paul took their seats at the table.

Paul's love of instruction.

A house down the river.

Picture of it.

Paul, though young, was a very sedate and thoughtful boy, and he liked very much to hold such conversations as this with his father. Indeed, he liked to listen to instruction better than to play, and, whenever his father commenced any thing of the nature of play for the purpose of amusing his little son, it almost always ended in some sort of instructive conversation, as it had done in this case of the building of the wigwam.

CHAPTER III.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

ABOUT a mile down the river from the place where Captain Bronx lived, there was a very pretty house, with piazzas around it, where Paul used sometimes to go and make a visit. There



Phelim brings Paul a letter.

were two children who lived at this house. Their names were Charles and Lucy Ormond.

One day when Paul was sitting under the piazza in his own home, he saw Phelim coming along the path, bringing in his hand what seemed to be a letter.

“Phelim,” said Paul, “what have you got?”

“I have got a letter,” said Phelim.

“Who is it for?” asked Paul.

“I don’t know,” said Phelim. “I can’t read what is on the outside of it, but I believe it is for you.”

“Why don’t you learn to read, Phelim?” said Paul. “It would be very useful for you to learn to read.”

“Yes, Master Paul,” said Phelim, “I know it would, but I don’t think I could ever learn. The letters are all mixed up together so in the reading that I never could make them out.”

“You could learn, Phelim,” said Paul.

“No, Master Paul,” said Phelim, “I don’t believe that I could ever learn. I tried once in a school. I could learn some of the letters when they stood by themselves, but I could not learn how to pronounce them when they were together.”

Paul took the letter from Phelim’s hand and looked at the back of it. He found his own name inscribed there in printed characters of a form indicating that the letter was the work of a child who had not yet learned to write current hand.

“I think it is from Charles Ormond,” said Paul.

“I think so too,” said Phelim.

Paul opened the letter, and read as follows:

The invitation.Mrs. Ormond's plan in giving parties to children.

Thursday morning.

Master Charles and Miss Lucy Ormond request the pleasure of Master Paul Bronx's company at an evening party to-morrow at two o'clock.

The reader may perhaps consider two o'clock as rather an early hour for an evening party, but it seemed nothing unusual to Paul, for he was accustomed to be invited to what were called evening parties at that hour. The truth is, that when her children had a party, Mrs. Ormond thought it much better that the assembly should take place in the middle of the day rather than in the evening; but then, in order that it might *seem* like evening to the party, she was accustomed to close the shutters of the room where the children played, and to light the lamps. She was also accustomed to set the clock forward to eight or nine o'clock when the party began. Thus the children enjoyed the illusion of going to a party at eight or nine, and staying till eleven, with the advantage of good, bright daylight to go home with after the party was over.

Paul carried his letter of invitation to his mother, and she at once consented to his accepting it.

"And I'll go with you," said his mother.

"Good!" said Paul, clapping his hands; "and let us go there in a chaise, mother."

"Is it too far for us to walk, do you think?" asked his mother.

"Yes, mother," said Paul, "I think it is too far for us to walk. It tires me very much to walk so far. But I will try, if you think it is best."

Conversation between Paul and his mother about going to the party.

Mrs. Bronx had observed that for some time past it had appeared to fatigue Paul to walk. He seemed to get out of breath very easily, and to be disposed to stop very often when he was at play, in order to sit down and rest. Having noticed these indications, Mrs. Bronx was afraid that they might denote some incipient sickness, and she resolved to make inquiries of the doctor on the subject the first opportunity.

She had not, however, yet done so ; but, now that Paul seemed to think he could not well walk so far as to Mrs. Ormond's, the possibility that he might have some secret sickness coming upon him recurred to her mind, and she felt quite concerned. She did not express her uneasiness to Paul, but only said at once that they would go to Mrs. Ormond's in a chaise, if Paul liked that way better. She was the more ready to do as Paul wished, because he did not insist upon it, but made known his wish in a gentle and considerate manner. Indeed, he said expressly that if his mother thought it best to walk he was willing to try.

Accordingly, the next day, about one o'clock, Mrs. Bronx sent Phelim after a chaise. Phelim went for a chaise to a livery-stable in the town, where a great many different horses and carriages were kept. This was the way in which Mrs. Bronx always obtained horses and carriages when she wished to take a ride.

At the time when the house was first built, Captain Bronx proposed to build a stable and to keep one or two horses in it, but Mrs. Bronx asked him not to do it.

“ But it will be so much more convenient for you,” said he, “ to have horses always at your command.”

Reasons why Mrs. Bronx preferred not to keep carriages and horses.

“No,” said she, “I think it will be much more convenient for me to send to the public stable for them; for, if we have horses of our own, it will make me a great deal of trouble to take care of them.”

“Oh no,” said the captain, “you will not have to take care of them at all. I should hire a coachman to take care of them.”

“Then I should have the coachman to take care of,” said Mrs. Bronx, “and that would make me more trouble than the care of the horses. Besides,” she continued, “we want different kinds of horses and different kinds of carriages for different occasions; and, unless we keep a great many, we shall not be nearly as well accommodated as we shall be to go to the livery-stable.”

“But then it may sometimes happen,” said the captain, “that you will wish to take a ride, and you will send to the stable, and all the horses and carriages will be out.”

“True,” said Mrs. Bronx; “but then, on the other hand, if we keep horses of our own, sometimes they will be sick, or they will want shoeing, or the harness will be broken, or something will be the matter with the coachman; so that I think I should be disappointed of my ride much more frequently by depending upon my own horses than by depending upon a good livery-stable.”

“Very well,” said Captain Bronx; “I believe you are right.”

So the captain made an arrangement with the keeper of the livery-stable, at so much a year, to send a horse and chaise every morning to his house to take him to the steam-boat, and also one in the evening to the pier, when the boat arrived, to take him home. He was also to furnish for the use of Mrs. Bronx any car-

Working of the plan.Phelim comes with a horse and chaise.

riages and horses that she might want from time to time, and Captain Bronx was to pay him the bill once a quarter. After trying this plan for some time, they found that, without any care or trouble, they were much better provided for, and at much less expense, all things considered, than if they had kept horses and carriages of their own.

In order to make sure of a chaise on the day of the party at Mrs. Ormond's, Phelim was sent to engage one the evening before. This was, however, scarcely necessary, for the keeper of the livery-stable found Mrs. Bronx such an excellent customer that he was extremely unwilling that she should ever be disappointed; and so, whenever all his own horses were engaged at the time that Mrs. Bronx sent for one, he would never send back a refusal, but would always procure for her such a horse and carriage as she desired from some other stable in the town.

At half past one on the appointed day the horse was at the door. Phelim stood at his head to hold him, while Paul and his mother got into the chaise. The plan which they had formed was to ride to Mrs. Ormond's in the chaise, but to walk home. Paul thought that he should be able to walk one way. Phelim was to go and take the chaise back. There was not room for him to go with Paul and his mother in the chaise, and so he was going to walk.

"When we arrive at the house," said Mrs. Bronx to Phelim, "we will fasten the horse to the post before the door, and then when you get there you can take him and drive him home."

So Paul took the reins and drove on. In due time, he and his

Paul feels somewhat uncertain about being able to walk home.

He reasons the case.

mother arrived safely at Mrs. Ormond's house, and in the picture at the beginning of this chapter you see the chaise at the door.

Paul did not feel quite easy in leaving the carriage at the door to be taken away by Phelim, for he was, after all, rather reluctant to undertake the task of walking home; and yet he did not like to tell his mother how weak he felt. He thought it would trouble her to have him tell her; and, besides, he did not know but that she might consider it unnecessary complaining on his part, or perhaps an indication of indolence.

So he attempted to persuade his mother to keep the chaise on her own account.

"Mother," said he, as they were ascending the steps to enter the house, "would not it be better for you to keep the chaise and to ride home? I am afraid it will be too far for you to walk."

"Oh no," said his mother; "I can walk just as well as not. I shall *like* to walk, having you for company."

"It might *possibly* rain," suggested Paul.

"Oh no; it does not look at all like rain," said Mrs. Bronx. "The sky is perfectly clear."

"But sometimes there comes up a sudden thunder-shower toward evening," said Paul, "and what should we do in that case?"

"I think there is so little danger," replied his mother, "that we will venture it."

So saying, Mrs. Bronx led the way into the house.

It would have been better if Paul had stated frankly and plainly his real reason for wishing to have the chaise retained. If he had simply told his mother that he was not perfectly well, and

Phelim comes for the horse and chaise.The party.

that he did not feel that he had strength enough to walk so far, she would have decided at once to keep the chaise.

Paul's motive was very good, however, for wishing to conceal from his mother that he was not well, and in the argument which he used he did not say any thing that was not strictly true; so that, after all, he was not much to blame.

He and his mother went into the house, and in about half an hour Phelim came. After unfastening the horse, Phelim got into the chaise and drove back to the stable where the horse belonged.

When they went into the house, Mrs. Bronx went up stairs to find Mrs. Ormond in her room, while Paul was directed to go through a hall out into a little green yard behind the house, where the children that had been invited were assembling. When all the children had come they were summoned into the house, and were conducted through a small and narrow side entry into a room where the shutters were closed and the lamps were lighted. The clock on the mantel-piece was set at a quarter past eight. The children began to run about the room to get good places on the sofas and chairs, and, forgetting all about the daylight out of doors, imagined that they were beginning a fashionable party late in the evening.

The children at play.How they played the Bishop of Winchester.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

ONE of the games which the children played at the party at Mrs. Ormond's was called The Bishop of Winchester. The way in which the game was played was this :

One of the children—the one who was appointed first to play Bishop—would go out. In the entry he would put on a paper cap, made as nearly as possible in the shape of a mitre—a kind of cap worn by a bishop. The older children would make this cap out of a large sheet of paper, which they would pin together in the proper form. The bishop would also put a ring upon his finger, and take a cane in his hand, and then, thus appareled, would come into the room, preceded by another of the children who was to act as herald. As the herald and the bishop advanced into the room, the herald would call out in a pompous tone,

“Bow down your heads and cover your eyes
Till the Bishop of Winchester's seated.”

The children would all immediately bow down their heads and cover their eyes with their hands, so that they could not see, and then the bishop would take the ring off his finger, and walking to and fro about the room, would hide it somewhere, the children all the time keeping their heads down and their eyes covered so as not to see.

When the ring was hid, the bishop would take his seat upon a

Farther account of the play.Question about the origin of the name.

chair in the middle of the room, which had been previously placed there for that purpose. The herald would then call out,

“Lift up your heads and open your eyes,
The Bishop of Winchester’s seated.”

Thereupon the children would all lift up their heads and open their eyes, and the herald then, pointing to one of the children, the first in the row, would say,

“The Bishop of Winchester’s lost his ring
Where do you think he has put it?”

The child addressed would then guess where the ring was hid, and then the herald would say,

“Go and see.”

So the one who had guessed would go and look in the place that he had designated, and if he found the ring there he was to be the Bishop of Winchester next. If he did not find it—and he was strictly forbidden to look in any place except the one that he had specially named—then the next one in the row was called upon, and so on until the ring was found.

Every time that the Bishop of Winchester was changed, the one who had been bishop became herald.

Thus, after playing for some time, almost all the children would be brought forward to take an active part in the performance, both as bishop and herald. They were pleased with this rotation, for they all liked to have something special to do in the play.

This is a very good play for young children. I do not know, however, why it is called the Bishop of Winchester. It is true that Winchester is one of the most famous bishoprics in England.

Account of Winchester.Paul's management in the play.

The town contains a very ancient and venerable cathedral, in which the bishop presides. It is true also that bishops, especially in Catholic countries, wear a peculiar kind of seal ring, called the bishop's ring, which is in some sense the badge of their office. I never heard, however, that the Bishop of Winchester was particularly prone to lose his ring, still less that he was accustomed to call upon every body all around him to help him find it.

However this may be, the children liked very much to play this game, and they amused themselves that afternoon with playing it a long time. Little Paul was interested in watching the game; but when it came to his turn to guess where the ring was hidden, he did not, as was the case with the other children, wish to guess right, in order to be the Bishop of Winchester himself the next time, but preferred to guess wrong. The reason was that he did not wish to leave his seat. He felt a strange sort of beating about his heart which made him unwilling to move; so he wished to sit still and see the play, but not to take much active part in it.

Accordingly, when it came to his turn to guess, he would name some place very near where he was sitting, so that he could examine it without going far from his seat, and he took care, moreover, to name a place where the ring was not likely to be found.

After this play the children played various other games; and at length, when it was about half past ten by the clock upon the mantel-piece, the refreshments came in. The entertainment consisted of cakes of various kinds, lemonade, baked apples and cream, and other such delicacies. When all the guests had been amply



WINCHESTER.

The party breaks up.Paul and his mother set out for home.

supplied with these delicacies, and had eaten all that they desired, Mrs. Ormond came into the room to bid them good-by, and this was the signal for the party to break up.

CHAPTER V.

SICKNESS.

THE sun was shining brightly and beautifully in the western sky when Mrs. Bronx and Paul passed out through the front gate of Mrs. Ormond's house, and set out on their return home. Paul felt a great deal of doubt and misgiving in respect to the question whether he should be able to walk home; but, not being willing to make any unnecessary trouble, he did not say any thing to his mother, but resolved to try.

So they walked along together

After they had gone on a little way they came to a place where the road passed round a rocky point of land that projected out over the river in such a way as to afford a very fine view up and down the stream.

"Ah! mother," said Paul, "let us stop here and rest a few minutes, and look at the boats and vessels on the river."

There was a wooden bench near some rocks on the side of the road toward the water, where persons could sit down and enjoy the view.

"Very well," said Mrs. Bronx, "we will sit down a few minutes, if you wish, but we must not stop very long. If we do, father will get home before us."

Paul gets tired very soon.

They stop to rest.

The steam-boat.

“Ah! but we can watch for him,” said Paul. “We can see the steam-boat when it first comes into view away down the stream, and then we shall have plenty of time to get home before he does.”

“Do you think so?” asked Mrs. Bronx.

“Why yes, mother,” replied Paul. “You see, he will have to go past our house up to the town, and then come back again in the carriage.”

Mrs. Bronx noticed that Paul, in saying this, spoke in a somewhat interrupted manner, as if it hurt him to speak, or as if there was some difficulty about his breathing. It made her somewhat anxious to observe this, but she did not speak of the subject to Paul. Paul himself, on the other hand, felt that he was unwell, but he did not say any thing about it to his mother, not wishing to alarm her or to give her any trouble. He thought that by stopping frequently to rest he should be able to get home, and then he thought he would tell his mother that he felt sick, and ask her to let him go to bed.

“Would you rather wait here until the steam-boat comes in sight?” asked Mrs. Bronx.

“Why—yes—mother,” replied Paul. “At least I should like to stay here a few minutes longer—till I get my breath a little.”

“Did you get out of breath?” asked his mother.

“A little,” said Paul. “I don’t know what the reason is. But now I am ready to go on.”

So saying, Paul rose, and, giving his hand to his mother, he walked on again. He had not gone far, however, before he found

Paul feels sick.

His symptoms.

His mother attempts to carry him.

that his strength was failing. He was oppressed by a strange sensation of beating about the heart, and a difficulty of breathing.

“Mother,” said he, in a faint voice, “I don’t think I can go any farther; and I don’t know what I shall do, for I am a great deal too heavy for you to carry me.”

“Why, my poor little Paul,” said his mother, stooping down to him as if to take him in her arms, and looking earnestly into his face, “you are sick.”

“Oh no, mother,” said Paul, “I am not sick. Only I think there is something or other going wrong here,” putting his hand to his breast, “and it seems to take away my strength.”

“I’ll carry you,” said Mrs. Bronx. “I am strong enough. You are not very heavy.”

So Mrs. Bronx took Paul up in her arms and attempted to carry him. He laid his head down upon her shoulder and shut his eyes, breathing all the time in a short and irregular manner.

Presently he opened his eyes and said,

“Mother, I am certainly too heavy for you. I think you had better put me down by the side of the road, and let me stay there while you go home and tell Phelim, and he will go and get a chaise and come for me.”

“Oh no,” replied his mother; “I would not leave you here alone for the world. I can carry you.”

But it was yet three quarters of a mile from the house, and Mrs. Bronx, though she still went on carrying Paul, began to be afraid that her strength would fail long before she could get him

They stop again to rest.

The William Henry coming.

Conversation.

home. Indeed, after going a few rods farther, she found that her arms were fast losing their power to hold up the burden, and she was compelled to stop.

She went to the side of the road, at a place where she saw a log lying on the ground, and, putting Paul down gently upon it, sat down beside him.

“We will stay here a minute or two to rest,” said she, “and consider what to do.”

Paul laid his head down in his mother’s lap and seemed to be entirely exhausted. Mrs. Bronx began to be very much alarmed. She saw that Paul was seriously sick and wholly unable to walk home, while, on the other hand, she felt unable to carry him. She sighed deeply, and said to herself,

“Dear me! what shall I do?”

Just then Paul raised his head again. He made an effort to do so, in order not to appear very sick, and thus distress his mother. As he looked up he found that, from the place where he sat, he had a glimpse through the trees far down the river. He looked attentively in that direction, and presently thought that he saw the smoke of a steam-boat coming.

“Mother,” said he, “I believe I see the William Henry.”

The name of his father’s steamer was the William Henry.

“Do you?” asked his mother.

“Yes, mother,” said Paul. “And now, if we could only get a little nearer to the bank of the river, we might make a signal to father when the William Henry goes by.”

“But that would not do us any good,” said his mother.

Mrs. Bronx resolves to wait till some person comes by.

“Why? don’t you think that father would be willing to stop for us?” said Paul.

“But we could not get on board,” said Mrs. Bronx, “if he should stop.”

“Could not father send a boat for us to the shore?” asked Paul.

“I don’t know that he could stop for that,” said Mrs. Bronx. “Besides, he would not know who we were. He could not see us—to distinguish us—so far off.”

“Ah me!” said Paul, with a sigh, that was drawn forth by the distress and pain that he was suffering. He then laid down his head again in his mother’s lap, and shut his eyes as before.

Mrs. Bronx now resolved to remain where she was until some person should come by.

“Whoever they may be,” she said to herself, “I am sure they will be willing to go and call Phelim for me, when they see how sick poor little Paul is.”

So Mrs. Bronx remained where she was, and, in order to while away the time, she began to talk with Paul, and try to amuse him. Indeed, after resting a little while, Paul seemed to be better. The pain and distress which he had suffered at first passed away in a great measure, and he became quite interested in listening to what his mother said to him.

“Can you see the William Henry now?” she asked.

“I can see a steamer coming, and I think it is the William Henry,” said Paul.

“I rather think it is too,” said Mrs. Bronx. “It is about time

Paul's plans of life.

Wagon coming.

The people in it.

for her to come. If it is, she will soon be up, and when we get home we shall find father there all ready to receive us."

"I wish I was old enough to be the captain of a steam-boat, mother," said Paul.

"Is that what you are going to be when you become a man?" asked his mother.

"Yes, mother," said Paul. "Only I am going to have a sea-going steamer, and not a river steamer."

Just at this moment Mrs. Bronx heard the sound of wheels. She looked up, and saw a wagon coming along the road. She saw that it was coming in the direction *from* her house, and she was sorry for this, for she was afraid that the people that were in it might perhaps not be willing to turn about and go back to convey her message to Phelim.

"I am going to speak to those people when they come near," said she to Paul, "and ask them to go back and tell Phelim to come for us."

"So I would, mother," said Paul. "I am sure that they will be willing to go."

The vehicle, as it came near, proved to be a wagon with two aged people in it. The people were a farmer and his wife, who were returning from market. Their wagon was heavily laden with the supplies which they had purchased in the town, and they were themselves so packed in among bags and baskets as to make it appear that it would be somewhat difficult for them to get out.

When Mrs. Bronx explained to them the situation that she was in, and asked them if they would be willing to go back three quar-

The farmer's wife is not willing to go back.Her reasons.

ters of a mile to her house, in order to send a domestic to her assistance, at first they seemed somewhat at a loss what to reply; but at length, after consulting together for a few minutes in an under tone, the woman said,

“I don't think we can go very well. We have got several miles to go ourselves to-night before we get home, and if we go back we should not get home until after dark.”

“Very well,” said Paul; “it is no matter.”

Paul said this in so sweet and pleasant a voice—lifting up his head from his mother's lap to say it—that it quite touched the heart of the old woman, and she was half disposed to change her mind and go back. After pausing, however, a moment longer, she said,

“We should go back if it was not so late, and if we were not too old to be riding about among the hills after dark. Besides, somebody else will come along very soon, and they will go for you, I'm sure.”

Paul laid his head down again into his mother's lap, and said no more.

The wagon drove slowly on.

“Never mind, mother,” said Paul, when it had gone, “somebody else will come along pretty soon. Besides, I feel better now.”

“I am very glad that you feel better,” said his mother.

“And, while we are waiting, I should like to have you go on talking to me,” said Paul.

“I will,” said his mother. “But first tell me why you will

Paul and his mother engage in conversation.

The people in the wagon wait.

prefer a sea-going steamer to a river steamer to command when you are a man."

"Oh, because then I can go sailing all about the world," said Paul; "but in a river steamer I can only go up and down all the time in the same place."

"But then consider how pretty the scenery looks on the banks of a river," said Mrs. Bronx. "When you are sitting on the deck of your steamer, or standing on the paddle-box, you can watch the shores as they glide along, and see the farms, and the farm-houses, and the sheep, and the cattle, and the woods, and the carriages, and a thousand other things; whereas, when you are out at sea, you can not see any thing at all."

Oh yes, mother," said Paul, "we can see whales, and icebergs, and water-spouts, and ever so many other wonderful things. We might sometimes find a wreck and save the men."

"That is very true," said his mother. "But see! the wagon has stopped again."

The wagon, after going on a short distance, had turned out of the road a little way, and was now still. The woman was looking round as if she were going to speak.

"We are not going away to leave you," said the woman, calling out to Mrs. Bronx. "We are going to wait here until somebody else comes along the road, and, if they will not go for you, then we will."

"I am very much obliged to you indeed," said Mrs. Bronx.

Mrs. Bronx now felt much relieved, and she went on talking, to amuse Paul, with a much lighter heart than before.

Talk about steamers and engines.

Another carriage is coming.

“I think it will be an excellent plan for you to have a sea-going steamer when you are a man,” said she, “for then you can cross the ocean and see foreign lands, as you say. But shall you not be afraid of the storms?”

“Oh no, mother,” said Paul. “I shall have good strong engines; and then, no matter how heavy it blows and how high the sea runs, I shall go right straight through it. I shall not be afraid of the rocks or the breakers. Sometimes I shall be sailing near some great rock, and the wind blowing directly upon it; but my engines will work on strong and steady, and I shall go right by, straight and handsomely. I mean to have oscillating engines in my ship.”

Paul had seen at one time a set of engines on board a North River steamer, built with what are called oscillating cylinders, which swing in a peculiar manner this way and that at every stroke of the piston, and he was very much pleased with the beauty of the motion.

“Hark!” said Mrs. Bronx, “I hear somebody coming.”

Paul lifted up his head from his mother’s lap and began to listen. He heard the sound of wheels.

Very soon he saw horses’ heads coming into view at a turn of the road before him, and immediately afterward a handsome carriage appeared. Mrs. Bronx looked at the carriage attentively, but she did not recognize it as one that she had ever seen before.

It was a very elegant carriage, and it evidently belonged to wealthy and fashionable people.

“Mother,” said Paul, “I would not ask those people to go

Paul's idea of his future voyages.



THE PICTURE IN PAUL'S MIND.

Elegant carriage.The ladies, though rich and fashionable, are yet kind.

back for us. I don't believe they would go if we were to ask them."

The carriage was open, and there were two elegantly-dressed ladies on the back seat. They looked earnestly at Mrs. Bronx and Paul as the carriage drew near, and at the same instant one of the ladies, the eldest of the two, pulled a certain string by her side, which was the signal to the coachman to drive slowly.

"Is any thing the matter?" said the lady to Mrs. Bronx, as soon as she was near enough to speak.

"My little boy is taken sick," replied Mrs. Bronx, "and I don't know how we shall get home."

"Stop, Patrick," said the lady, "and open the door for me to get out."

So Patrick, the coachman, reined up his horses, and then opened the carriage door. The ladies both got out and came to the side of the road where Mrs. Bronx and Paul were sitting.

"Dear little fellow!" said one of them—the same one that had spoken before—smoothing down the hair on Paul's forehead with her hand as she spoke, "he looks sick."

"If you do not live far from here," said Mrs. Bronx, "and if, when you get home, you could spare your man to go to my house and ask them to send a carriage here for me, you would do me a great favor."

"No," said the lady, "we will not do that. We will take you into our carriage at once, and drive you immediately home."

"I am sorry to trouble you so much," said Mrs. Bronx. "It is some distance to my house—nearly a mile."

They take Paul and his mother into the carriage.

“It will be no trouble at all,” said the lady, “but a great pleasure. And it is no matter how far it is, whether one mile or ten miles. You shall get into the carriage directly.”

So saying, she ordered Patrick to turn the carriage round and to bring it up as near as possible to the place where Mrs. Bronx and Paul were sitting. Patrick then lifted Paul up gently, and put him into the carriage upon the back seat. The two ladies then insisted that his mother should sit by his side, so that she could partly hold him in her arms, while they themselves took the forward seat.

“If you would rather have the carriage to yourself,” said the lady, stopping a moment before taking her seat, “we can get out and wait here until Patrick comes back with it.”

“Oh no,” said Mrs. Bronx, “by no means. We should like to have you go with us very much.”

In the mean time, the old farmer and his wife, seated in their wagon, had been watching the movement of the carriage, and when they saw that the lady and the sick child were received into it, they began to drive on. Mrs. Bronx thanked them for waiting, and then Patrick, having mounted on the box, began to put the horses in motion.

“Drive gently, Patrick,” said the lady. “Drive very gently indeed.”

In this way, in the course of about ten or fifteen minutes, Paul was conveyed safely home.

Paul is very sick.Some account of his physician.

CHAPTER VI.

PAUL AND THE DOCTOR.

AFTER this, for several weeks, Paul was very sick. He was confined to his bed almost all the time, and at intervals he suffered a great deal of distress and pain. He was, however, very patient. He never uttered any murmurings or complainings, and, whenever his mother or any one else came to his bedside, he always looked up to them with a smile.

The physician who attended him in his sickness was a certain Dr. Skeelee, who lived in the town. Dr. Skeelee used to come and make Paul a visit every day. He was a very excellent physician, and not only so, but he was a sensible and intelligent man. He was very kind-hearted too, and he took a great deal of interest in his little patient. He became very much interested in him from the first time that he saw him. When he came in and began to examine the case by feeling of Paul's pulse, looking at his tongue, and asking his mother various questions concerning him, for a time Paul said nothing except to reply whenever the doctor put any question directly to him. At last the doctor went to a table to write a prescription, and, as he took his seat, he looked up at Mrs. Bronx, saying,

“Can you get him to take medicine without a great deal of difficulty?”

“Yes, sir,” said Paul, answering at once himself, instead of

The doctor surprised at Paul's answer.

The doctor's usual experience.

waiting for his mother to speak. "She will have no difficulty at all. I will take any kind of medicine, and in any way."

The doctor was very much surprised to hear such an answer as this from a child. He was accustomed to meet with all sorts of trouble and difficulty in administering medicine to children, either on account of the foolish obstinacy of the children themselves, or from the total want of government exercised over them by their mothers.

Generally, when he asked this question of a mother, the answer which he obtained was,

"Oh yes, I think little Charley will take his medicine like a good boy. He is going to be a good boy, I am sure, and take his medicine at once, and so get well."

Or else,

"No, doctor, he can't take medicine at all. I have tried a great many times, and I never can get it down, and I don't know what we shall do."

Or sometimes the mother, when this question was asked, would come with a mysterious air to the doctor, and say in a whisper, so that the boy could not hear,

"Hush, doctor! don't say a word about medicine. We must contrive some way to get him to take it without knowing it. If he has the least idea that any thing I bring has medicine about it, I can't possibly get him to touch it."

The doctor was accustomed to all such replies as these. But for the sick child to say himself, without waiting for his mother to answer, that he would take any medicine and in any way, was

Children that won't take their medicine.

very extraordinary. The words indicated a degree of manliness of character which the doctor had never met before in one so young.

Indeed, he knew that it often happened that when a physician had been called to visit a sick child, and had left a prescription for it, and then, after going away, had come back the next day to see what the effect of the remedy had been, he found that the medicine had not been administered at all. The mother would bring him the vial at the bedside, nearly full, almost as it came from



the apothecary's, and, with a countenance of great distress, tell him that she had not been able to induce the child to swallow but a very few drops of it.

Dr. Skeele was accordingly a good deal surprised, and, at the same time, very much pleased with what Paul said. He, however, did not praise him for it, but said to himself,

The doctor begins to feel a strong interest in his patient.

“I will wait and see whether he will be as good as his word. He may find that what I give him tastes worse than he supposes.”

But Paul *was* as good as his word. Whenever any thing was brought to him to take, he summoned all his resolution and drank it down at once, without making any difficulty whatever.

For this and other reasons the doctor soon began to feel a great interest in Paul, and after a week or two, when Paul began to get somewhat better, he used to stop and talk with him a little at every visit, and tell him the news about what was going on in town. One day he would tell about the progress of a vessel that was building, and when it was going to be launched; and another day he would tell him who had bought a new horse or a new carriage, or about some accident that had happened in the town. All this intelligence interested Paul very much, and he was always glad when he heard the doctor's gig drive up to the door.

One afternoon, near the middle of winter, when Dr. Skeelee had been making Paul his customary visit, he sat down by his bedside before he went away, in order to have a little talk with him. Mrs. Bronx had gone out of the bed-room where Paul was lying, so that there was nobody present but the doctor and his patient.

“I think you have done me a great deal of good, doctor, by coming to see me and by the medicines that you have given me,” said Paul, “and I am very much obliged to you for it indeed.”

“Do you think you are really better?” asked the doctor.

“Oh yes, sir,” said Paul, “I am *a great deal* better than I was when you first came to see me. I can sit up now pretty

He thinks that Paul is dangerously sick.His reflections.

well, and if it was only summer weather I think I could go out of doors and almost play."

"Poor boy!" said the doctor to himself, "I am afraid you will never play out of doors again."

The truth was, that though Paul was a great deal more comfortable, and though the severe distress and pain that he had suffered at first had ceased, still the disease, though thus somewhat changed in character, had been making very steady progress, and the doctor was pretty well convinced that before many months Paul would die.

But he had not expressed this opinion to Paul's father or mother, and he was quite at a loss whether he ought to do it or not, unless they specially asked him.

"I do not know what good it would do," said he to himself. "I am sure that the dear little fellow is fully prepared to die, and he therefore does not require to know that his hour is coming; and as to his father and mother, it would only distress them to no purpose to know that they are so soon to lose their little son."

"Besides," thought he, furthermore, in reflecting on the subject, "it is not absolutely certain that he will die. While there is life there is hope, and he may *possibly* recover, after all."

So the doctor had resolved to say nothing in respect to the great danger that Paul was in unless his parents expressly asked his opinion.

The reason why the doctor thought that Paul was prepared to die was that he observed the spirit and temper of mind that he manifested during his sickness, not only toward his parents and

Paul's morning and evening devotions.Anecdote.

to those around him, but also toward God. His mother always came to his bedside morning and evening, and read to him a verse or two from the Scriptures, and also a prayer from a little prayer-book which Paul kept under his pillow.

One morning near the early part of his sickness, when he seemed to be suffering an unusual degree of pain and distress, his mother was intending to omit this exercise, thinking that he was too sick that morning to attend to it. But Paul, after waiting for some little time after the usual hour, and finding that his mother did not come, contrived to feel under the pillow and find his prayer-book, and then, the next time that his mother came near his bed, he held it up, saying "Mother!" and then pointed to the book, trying at the same time to smile, though his face was full of an expression of pain.

"I was going to omit reading to you this morning," said his mother, "because you are so sick, and I thought it might worry you."

"Oh no, mother," said Paul, "it does not worry me; it comforts me; and the sicker I am, the more I need the comfort of it."

It was very evident, too, that this religious service was by no means a mere form with little Paul, for repeated instances occurred in which, sick as he was, and confined to his room, and almost to his bed, he turned the lessons which he learned from the verses that his mother read to him out of the Bible, and the explanations which she gave of their meaning, to a very practical account. At one time, for example, the verses which Mrs. Bronx read to Paul happening to contain this passage,

The verse about doing justly.

Mrs. Bronx's explanations.

“And what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?”*

Mrs. Bronx, in explaining to Paul the meaning of the passage, made some allusion, under the head of doing justly, to the duty of making reparation, so far as it may be in our power, when we have done our fellow-creatures any wrong, either intentionally or otherwise.

“Do you think we ought to make reparation,” asked Paul, “when we did not mean to do the wrong, but it was only an accident?”

“What do you think yourself on that point?” asked his mother.

“Why, if it was only an accident,” said Paul, “I don’t think we are to blame.”

“No,” replied his mother, “if it was purely an accident, we are not to blame; but still, perhaps, we ought to make reparation, because we ought to bear the consequences of our own accidents ourselves, and not let them come upon other people.”

Paul said no more on the subject at that time, but in the course of the day he asked to have Phelim come into the room.

“I want to get Phelim to do something for me,” said he.

So, when Phelim came into Paul’s room and stood by his bedside, Paul asked him whether he could not make him a whistle.

“Certainly, Master Paul,” said Phelim, “I can make you a whistle very easily.”

“I wish you would make one for me, then,” said Paul, “and make it as good as you can. I want it for a particular purpose.”

* Micah, vi., 8.

Phelim's whistle.

The trial of it.

Its destination.

So Phelim made a whistle out of one of the joints of a reed-pole, plugging up the end in a peculiar way for that purpose, and shaping the end properly for a mouth-piece.

When it was done he brought it in and showed it to Paul. Paul was very much pleased with the appearance of it, and he asked Phelim to blow it for him, so that he might hear it sound.

“Yes, Phelim,” said he, “it is a first-rate whistle. I did not think you could make one out of a reed. I thought it would be a willow whistle.”

“I made it out of a reed because I thought you would like it better,” said Phelim.

“Yes,” replied Paul, “I do like it better, and I think that Georgie Kip will like it better too. You see, it is for Georgie Kip, to pay him for one of his that I lost last summer. I lost it by dropping it down over the rocks by the platform, and we could not find it again; so I thought I would get you to make him this one, and the next time you go to the town I want you to stop by the way and give it to him. You know where he lives?”

“Oh yes,” said Phelim, “I know where he lives, and I will give it to him to-night. When I come home I will tell you what he says.”

It was such things as these, showing how conscientious Paul was, and how sincerely desirous he seemed of acting in all cases as the law of God required, and how deeply interested he was in the right performance of all his religious duties, that led Dr. Skeelee to believe that he was fully prepared to die, and that, consequently, it was of very little consequence whether he should be inform-

The doctor determines to have a conversation with Paul.

ed or not that his death was approaching. Accordingly, when he sat down at Paul's bedside on the occasion referred to at the commencement of this chapter, he did not intend to say any thing to him about the danger that he was in. And yet, when Paul spoke of his feeling so much better, and alluded to the expectation which he cherished of being well enough, when the warm weather came on, to go out to play again, as he had been accustomed to do the summer before, he had some question in his own mind whether it was quite honest in him to encourage and strengthen the delusion by seeming to share the hopes which Paul thus expressed to him.

He sat still for a moment, not knowing exactly what to say. Presently, however, he turned to Paul, who was lying with his cheek on his hand and the back of his hand upon the pillow, and said,

“Then you think that by the time next summer comes you will be well?”

“Yes, sir,” said Paul, with a smile; “don't you?”

“You feel a great deal better?” said the doctor, in an inquiring tone.

“Yes, sir,” said Paul; “you can't conceive how much better I feel. If I could only breathe a little easier, I think I should be *almost* well now.”

“Suppose I should tell you that you would probably *not* be well by next summer, but that your sickness might last yet for a good many years, would it trouble you a great deal?”

“No, sir,” said Paul. “I would like to get well pretty soon

The doctor's opinion about willingness to die.

if I could, but if I knew I could not it would not trouble me a great deal."

"And suppose you were to be told that you probably will not get well at all, but will die," continued the doctor, "would that trouble you a great deal?"

"No, sir," said Paul, after pausing a moment to think, "I don't think it would trouble me a *great deal*."

"Though still you would much rather get well?" said the doctor, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir, I think I should," said Paul. "Do you think that that is wrong, doctor?" he continued, after thinking a moment; "do you think I ought to be willing to die?"

"I don't think that there is any thing at all wrong in preferring to live," said the doctor. "If you knew that it was determined that you must die, you ought to be resigned to God's will, and not repine and murmur at it, and make yourself unhappy at the thought; but there is nothing at all wrong in your desiring to live. Indeed, God has made it our duty to desire to live, and to do all in our power to preserve and prolong our lives. That is one of the laws of our nature.

"But now there is one question more that I am going to ask you," continued the doctor. "Suppose you were a man, and that you were a doctor like me, and that you had among your patients a sick man who thought that he was going to get well, but you knew that he would not get well, but would die; should you think, in that case, that you ought to tell him?"

"I don't know, sir," said Paul. "Should you?"

Farther conversation.The doctor is left in doubt.

“Sometimes I don’t know exactly what I ought to do in such a case,” said the doctor. “Suppose that *you* were the sick man, do you think you would wish to have me tell you?”

“Why, I don’t know, sir,” said Paul, speaking in a thoughtful and hesitating manner. “Perhaps it might frighten me a little.”

“Would it frighten you now, do you think,” said the doctor, “if I were to tell you that I thought you would not get well, but would die?”

“Why no, sir. I don’t think it would frighten me as I am now, but it might frighten me if I were a man.”

“Why do you think it would be more likely to frighten you if you were a man than it would now?” asked the doctor.

“I don’t know, sir, exactly,” said Paul. “Somehow or other, it seems to be a more dreadful thing for a man to die than for a small boy like me.”

The doctor was not assisted much in respect to the decision of the question whether he ought to inform Paul of the danger he was in by this conversation. He came to the conclusion that it would do very little good to make known the truth to him, and very little injury to withhold it, and that, consequently, it was not of *much* consequence which way the question was decided, but on which side the preponderance of advantage lay he was as far from being able to determine as ever.

“I will not decide immediately,” said the doctor to himself, as he came to the end of the conversation. “I will reflect upon it a little longer before I come to a conclusion.”

So he bade Paul good-by and went away.

Anxiety which Paul's father and mother felt concerning him.

CHAPTER VII.

A CALL ON THE DOCTOR.

NEITHER Captain Bronx nor his wife had thus far asked Dr. Skeelee what he thought in respect to the question of Paul's getting well. As for Mrs. Bronx, she did not dare to ask him, she was so afraid that the doctor would say he thought that her little son would die.

If she had supposed that the doctor would have told her that he thought there was no danger, she would have asked him at once, for it would have comforted her heart exceedingly to have heard him express an opinion that Paul would get well ; but she did not dare to ask him, for fear that his opinion might be that Paul would die.

"I will wait a little while till he begins to get better," said she to herself, "and *then* I will ask the doctor."

In respect to Paul's father the case was somewhat the same. He did not, however, postpone asking the doctor for his opinion on account of his not being willing to hear and know the truth, but rather because, being himself a man of very cautious temperament, and accustomed to act always in a deliberate manner, he wished to give the doctor a full and fair opportunity to make up his mind in the case.

"I will wait a reasonable time," said he to himself, "and then I will put the question to him point blank."

Captain Bronx goes to see the doctor at his office.

So the weeks passed away until the middle of winter without the expression of any positive opinion on the part of the doctor in respect to Paul's case either to his father or his mother.

At length, about the middle of the winter, and very soon after the time when the conversation took place which is related in the last chapter, Captain Bronx, one day on his arrival from his trip to New York, instead of proceeding directly home, went first to the doctor's office.

The doctor lived in a pleasant house situated in one of the principal streets of the town. His office was in a small wing pertaining to the building. Dr. Skeele was sitting at a table placed in the middle of the room, writing a prescription. There were several patients in the office, who had come to consult the doctor, and were waiting for their turns.

It was quite unusual for Captain Bronx to call at the office, and Dr. Skeele was accordingly somewhat surprised to see him. His first impression was that Paul might be suddenly worse.

"Ah! captain," said he, looking up from his writing, "I am glad to see you. No bad news, I hope, from home?"

"No," said the captain. "Indeed, I have not been home yet. I wanted to see you, and so I called here on my way from the steamer. I wish to have a little conversation with you when you are at leisure for a few moments."

"I will see you now," said the doctor, "if you will walk with me into the parlor."

So saying, the doctor rose from the table, and conducted the captain through a private door which led from the back part of

The office.The doctor takes Captain Bronx into the parlor.

the office to the parlor of the house, saying to the patients in the office as he passed out that he would return again in a few minutes.

“I am sorry to take you away from your patients,” said the captain, “but I want to say a few words to you about Paul, and I do not like to wait long, for my wife will be expecting me home, and I would rather prefer that she should not know of my having been here.”

The doctor knew now very well for what purpose Captain Bronx had come to see him, but he was so unwilling to communicate to him the painful intelligence which he had in store that he did not know what to say or how to begin.

“I have come to ask you to tell me plainly what you think of little Paul’s case,” said the captain. “I have been waiting to have the case develop itself fully, and to give you opportunity to watch the progress of it, and to ascertain in some degree how it is going to turn. Perhaps I have waited too long. He is evidently a great deal more comfortable than he was when you first began to visit him, but whether he is radically better or not you can tell better than I. At any rate, it is time for me to know definitely how the case stands.”

“Yes, captain,” said the doctor; “I have been desirous of having some conversation with you on the subject for some time. Paul’s symptoms have improved in many respects very much, and I hope they will improve still more. He sleeps better, and is much more free from pain than he was a month or two ago; but then the case does not, in all respects, look quite as promising as

Conversation in respect to Paul's case.The doctor's opinion.

we could wish. There is certainly some ground for uneasiness ; and perhaps—”

Here the doctor hesitated, as if he were at a loss exactly how to express himself.

“ Doctor Skeele,” said the captain, “ I am a plain man, and am accustomed to plain dealing, and to take things as they are. In talking with the child’s mother, it would be very well for you to be somewhat cautious ; but with me you can say at once just what you think. What I should like to know is whether there are at present any sufficient grounds for forming an opinion how this case will probably turn, and if so, what the result is likely to be.”

“ I am very sorry to say, Captain Bronx,” replied the doctor, “ that the prospect is not favorable.”

“ Do you mean that it is decidedly unfavorable ?” asked the captain. “ Give me your honest opinion. I can bear to hear the worst.”

“ I am afraid it is,” said the doctor. “ I am strongly in hopes that the dear little fellow will continue to be comfortable, that is, in respect to freedom from pain and suffering, but the vital organs are, I find, so seriously affected as to make it probable that he can not live many months.”

Although Captain Bronx had said that he could bear to hear the worst, he became greatly agitated on hearing these words. He turned slowly round toward the window near which he was sitting, and seemed for a moment to be looking out into the street. He then suddenly rose from his chair, and, without speaking a

Letter from Captain Bronx to the doctor.

word, walked hurriedly back into the office, and thence passed out through the office door and went away.

The next day the doctor received the following note from the captain:

“ Wednesday morning.

“ DEAR DOCTOR,—Please excuse my leaving you so abruptly yesterday afternoon.

“ This is to say, moreover, that unless something should occur to change your views, in which case you will doubtless communicate with me yourself, I shall say no more to you on the subject of our conversation last evening, but that henceforth I put the case absolutely and entirely into your hands, and wish you to spare no trouble or expense in doing every thing that can be done for my son’s comfort and welfare. Call in at any time any other physicians that you may wish to consult, and take any other steps that you may deem necessary. I give you full power, and throw upon you the full responsibility.

“ I am very respectfully yours,

“ LEMUEL BRONX.”

The doctor wishes to be honest with Paul.

CHAPTER VIII.

STORIES.

“THE captain has put the case entirely in my hands,” said the doctor to himself, in reflecting upon his letter a day or two after he had received it, “so that I must decide for myself whether to tell little Paul or not that he will probably die. I think, on the whole, it will be best for me to tell him.

“If I do not tell him,” he said to himself, in thinking farther on the subject, “I shall feel all the time while I am talking with him that I am not honest. He will talk about getting well, and going out to play, and I, by joining with him in the conversation, shall seem to assent to and sanction his hopes, and then, when at last he finds that he must die, he will think that I cruelly deceived him. A boy who is as honest as Paul is toward other people deserves that other people should be honest with him.”

So the doctor resolved to take the first opportunity when he was alone with Paul to explain to him plainly what his situation was.

The opportunity, it happened, did not occur very soon. Two or three weeks passed away before the doctor was at any time left alone with Paul. During this time, however, the little patient became more and more comfortable. Although the inward disease was all the time making progress, still it had taken such a turn that the general health of the system was much less impaired by

The doctor comes to visit Paul.About stories.

it than before. Paul said he felt stronger and better every day. The doctor came to see him very often, but never obtained an opportunity of speaking with him alone. The reason was, that Mrs. Bronx was almost always in the room when the doctor was there.

At length, one pleasant morning early in March, the doctor called to see Paul as usual, and found him bolstered up in bed trying to draw.

“Ah! doctor,” said Paul, laying down his pencil, “you have come just in the right time. I am tired of drawing, and you can tell me a story.”

Paul very often asked the doctor to tell him a story, and the doctor never refused the request. A great many people, having an altogether erroneous idea of what will satisfy a child for a story, decline when they are asked, saying that they don't know any stories, or that they have not time to tell them. But the doctor never did so.

And here let me say, for the benefit of such older brothers or sisters as may be among the readers of this book, that whenever they are asked to tell a story to a younger child who may be under their care, it is never necessary to say you don't know any stories, it requires so very little in the way of story to satisfy the desire of the child. Any little incident or occurrence, real or imaginary, will answer perfectly well for this purpose, and will entertain and profit the child very much, if you relate it in a distinct and detailed manner, and in lively tones of voice, and accompany it with explanations of all the points which the child might otherwise not understand. People often imagine that they can

It is very easy to tell children stories.

not tell the child a story unless they have in their memories some long and complicated narrative, involving a complicated plot, and constructed in a formal and artistic manner.

The doctor was always ready to tell Paul a story, even when he was in haste on account of having other patients whom he must go at once to see. To show how simple these narrations were, I will repeat one of them—one which the doctor related to Paul one morning, with his hat in his hand. Paul was not so well that morning, having passed an uncomfortable night, and, when he saw the doctor preparing to go, he said, in a feeble voice,

“Doctor, don’t you think you could stop long enough to tell me a little story?”

“Oh yes,” said the doctor, “I can tell you a story. I will tell you something curious that happened to me yesterday when I was going to see some of my patients about five miles from here, back among the mountains.

“I was riding along in my gig, and I thought I heard a clinking sound about the horse’s feet, but I was busy thinking of something else, and I did not pay much attention to it; but, when you are a man, and are driving about in a chaise or gig—if you get well enough—and you hear a clinking sound about the horse’s feet, I advise you to attend to it: it is a bad sign.”

“What is it a sign of?” asked Paul.

“It is a sign that one of the horse’s shoes is coming off,” said the doctor; “or, at least, that it is getting loose, and if you don’t tighten it it may come off entirely.”

“How can you tighten it?” asked Paul.

The doctor's story about the horse's shoe coming off.

“Why, if you have a hammer in the carriage,” replied the doctor, “you can drive the loose nails home again, and that will tighten the shoe. You must have a stone to clinch with. You pick up a small stone by the wayside, and hold it against the point of the nail, while you drive away with the hammer at the head.”

“But suppose you have not got a hammer?” suggested Paul.

“Ah! but you must always take a hammer,” said the doctor. “Whenever you go to ride any where in the country with a horse and carriage, always take a hammer.”

“Yes, sir, I will,” said Paul. “But go on with the story.”

“I rode along until I came to a hill.”

“A hill to go up, or a hill to go down?” asked Paul.

“A hill to go down,” replied the doctor. “Well, I was in a hurry, and so, after going carefully down the first part of the hill, I let the horse go faster. There were a good many little stones in the road, and we went rattling over them, until at length, just as we got to the bottom of the hill, and the horse was going the fastest, suddenly the shoe came off entirely, and I heard it fly out among the stones by the side of the road.”

“And what did you do?” asked Paul.

“Why, I stopped the horse,” replied the doctor, “and went back to find the shoe. The horse stood very quietly while I was gone.”

“Did you find it?” asked Paul.

“Yes, I found it after a while,” said the doctor. “I put the shoe into the bottom of the gig, and then got in myself. Then I

The doctor inquires of a boy.

Shoe put on again.

began to drive on, but I made the horse walk. It never will do to let a horse trot over a stony road with a shoe off."

"Why not?" asked Paul.

"Because that would spoil his hoof," said the doctor. "A horse's hoof is pretty hard, but it is not hard enough for him to trot comfortably over gravel and stones.

"I went on a little way," continued the doctor, "until at length I met a boy coming along the road driving a cow. I asked the boy how far it was to the next blacksmith's shop. He said there was a blacksmith's shop about a mile farther on.

" 'Very well,' said I, 'my horse can go a mile farther without hurting his hoof much.'

"So I went on. At last I came to the blacksmith's shop. The blacksmith was standing at the door. 'Can you shoe my horse?' says I. 'Yes, sir,' says he. 'Can you shoe him quick?' says I. 'Yes, sir,' says he. 'My fire is out, but I will light it up again immediately.'

"So he lighted up his fire, and made some new nails, and put the shoe on again. I paid him for the work, and then got into my gig and drove on. And that is the end of the story."

"I think it is a very good story indeed," said Paul.

The story *was* a very good one for its purpose. It not only amused and instructed Paul at the time, and made him forget his pain, but it furnished him with a subject of thought, which occupied him at intervals nearly all day; and when the doctor came the next morning, Paul had a great many questions to ask him, such as why horses and oxen needed to be shod and not cows,

Paul asks for a story about a bear.

and, since shoes were so necessary for horses, how they could get along when they were wild in the woods, in the countries where they grew, and where there was nobody to shoe them.

Thus you see how simple a thing will answer to make a story for a child, if you only relate it in a clear and in a spirited manner.

But I must come back to the visit which the doctor made to Paul on the morning in March, when Paul was drawing. Paul laid his pencil down when the doctor came in, as I have already related, saying that he was tired of drawing, and that he wished the doctor to tell him a story.

“Very well,” said the doctor. “What shall it be about?”

“About a bear,” said Paul.

“Good!” said the doctor. “A bear is as good a subject for a story as you can have. Lie down again upon the pillow and shut your eyes, and I will tell you a story of a bear.”

So Paul laid his head down again and shut his eyes, while the doctor took hold of his hand and began to place his fingers upon the wrist, in order that he might be feeling his pulse at the same time that he was telling the story.

“Once upon a time two men were traveling on horseback, and they came to a wood. They went on into the wood, and before long they came to a place where two cross-roads met. At first they did not know which road to take. One of them thought that they ought to take the left-hand road, but the other thought they ought to go to the right.

“After talking about this question for some time, they decided

Way to draw lots.Feeling Paul's pulse.

to draw lots, in order to settle which road they should take. So one of the men reached up to the branches of the trees over his head and gathered two leaves. While he was doing this, the other man looked away, so as not to see the leaves.

“The man who had the leaves put one in one hand and the other in the other, and shut his hands up.

“‘Now,’ said he to the other man, ‘I have got two leaves in my hand, an oak leaf and a maple leaf. One is in my right hand and the other in my left. Which leaf shall decide for the road?’

“‘The maple leaf,’ said the other man.

“So the man that had the leaves opened his hands, and behold, the maple leaf was in the left hand. Thus it was decided that they should take the left-hand road.

“They went on a little way, but the woods became thicker, and the path less and less distinct, and at last they lost their way altogether. At length one of the men heard a growling.

“‘Hark!’ said he, ‘it seems to me I hear a growling.’

“‘Be still a little while,’ said the other man, ‘and let us listen.’

“So they were still for a while, in order that they might listen. I will stop in the story about as long as they stopped to listen. You lie still and keep your eyes shut.”

So saying, the doctor took out his watch, and began counting Paul's pulse. He thought that Paul would be tired of waiting if he counted the pulse for a whole minute, and so he counted only for a quarter of a minute. By multiplying the number of pulsations thus obtained by four, he obtained the number for a whole minute.

The doctor goes on with the story.

The picture.

When the quarter of a minute had expired, and the doctor had made his computation, he uttered a low growl.

“Just before they stopped listening,” said the doctor, continuing his story, “they heard the growling again, nearer than before. Pretty soon they heard a rustling among the trees and bushes not far off. It was a bear creeping through the thicket. So they started their horses, and set off through the woods as fast as they could go.”

“Did the bear come after them?” asked Paul, eagerly, opening his eyes and lifting up his head from the pillow.

“Yes,” said the doctor, “the bear came after them at full speed. When they looked round they could just see him coming into view from behind some bushes.”

“Could not you make me a little picture of it, doctor?” asked Paul.

The doctor was often in the habit of making little drawings to illustrate the stories which he related to Paul, and he now took up Paul's pencil and made a drawing of the men racing through the woods pursued by the bear, as he had described it in the story. Turn over the leaf, and you will see the picture.

Paul watched the doctor while he was drawing, and then looked at the picture long and earnestly. After he had looked at it until he was satisfied, he asked the doctor to go on with his story.

“Did the men get away?” he asked.

“Yes,” said the doctor, “they got away. They galloped on until they had passed through the thick part of the woods, and then they came out into a pretty good road. The bear did not

Representation of the travelers and the bear.



THE DOCTOR'S PICTURE.

The doctor proposes to Paul to go out and take a ride.

dare to follow them any farther, partly because he knew that the horses could go so fast in a good road that there would have been no chance for him to overtake them, and partly because he was always afraid, when he came out toward any part of the open country, that he might meet some farmer or hunter with a gun. So he turned round and went back into the woods again, snarling and growling. And that is the end of the story."

The stories which the doctor related to Paul always ended well.

CHAPTER IX.

PRIVATE CONVERSATION.

"BUT now, Paul," said the doctor, after he had finished his story, "how would you like to go out and take a little ride this morning?"

"Why, doctor," exclaimed Paul, very much surprised at this proposition, "it is winter! Sick people can't go out to ride in the winter."

"No," replied the doctor, "it is not winter; it is spring."

"Why, I thought it was February," said Paul.

"No," rejoined the doctor, "it is March. To-day is the second day of March."

"Then the spring has really come," said Paul. "I did not know it before. I should like to go out and ride very much, if I can. But the roads are very bad, I suppose—all ice and snow."

"I should not take you out to ride in any road," said the doc-

Paul's consultation with his mother.The preparations.

tor. "I should take you on a sled, and draw you about the yard."

"Well," said Paul, speaking in a tone of great satisfaction, and sitting up, at the same time, in bed, "I should like to go very much, if my mother is willing. Are you willing, mother? It is really spring."

Mrs. Bronx, who was sitting near the fire in Paul's room during the doctor's visit, said, in answer to Paul's question, that the doctor was at liberty to do with his patient whatever he pleased.

"Then come, mother, and help me up and dress me," said Paul.

"While you are getting up and getting dressed," said the doctor, "I am going on to the next house to see a patient there. I will be back by the time that you are ready."

So saying, the doctor went away.

As he went out, he stopped in a yard where Phelim was at work sawing wood.

"Phelim," said he, "have you a hand-sled about the house?"

"Yes, sir," said Phelim, "two of them."

"I want the biggest one," said the doctor. "Please bring it out and let me look at it."

So Phelim went into the shed, and presently returned with a large hand-sled. It was what is called a framed sled, and it had a long tongue.

"That is it exactly," said the doctor. "Now go into the house, and ask your mother to give you a good, comfortable arm-chair, with a soft seat and good arms. But it must not be too large."

The sled made ready.Ice and snow on the ground.

So Phelim went in, and Rose gave him such a chair as the doctor had described. Phelim brought the chair out; and then the doctor, with Phelim's help, lashed it strongly on the sled, so as to make a good seat there for Paul to sit upon.

“Now, Phelim,” said the doctor, “bring me a good buffalo-robe, or a sleigh-robe of any kind.”

Phelim went in, and presently returned with a white bear-skin sleigh-robe, one which Mrs. Bronx was accustomed to use when taking a sleigh-ride in the winter. The doctor spread this robe over the chair which had been lashed to the sled, and then, leaving every thing as it was, he went away, telling Phelim that he should be back again in about fifteen minutes.

There had been a great deal of snow that winter, and a large quantity of what had fallen still remained upon the ground. It had been thawed, however, by a recent rain, but after the thaw there had come a hard frost, so that now the yards all about the house, and the roads, were covered every where with incrustations of smooth and glassy ice, except in the places where there lay the remains of the old drifts of snow. And even these patches of snow had been thawed and frozen again, until what was left of them was almost as hard as the ice.

The ice on the river, too, was smooth and glassy. This was owing to the rain which had fallen upon the upper surface of it, and had melted the snow which was lying there, so as to cover the ice with a sheet of water. This water, afterward freezing, made the whole surface of the river appear as polished as a mirror.

Still, notwithstanding the icy condition of the ground, the morn-

The sled comes to the door.

Paul ready.

He is brought out.

ing was very pleasant. The air was calm and mild, and the sun was shining very cheerfully. In the course of a few hours the doctor knew that it would be quite wet every where; but at the time when he proposed to Paul to take the ride, the snow and ice had not begun much to melt, and so he conceived the idea of drawing Paul about the yard a little on the sled, by way of allowing him to breathe the fresh and open air once more.

In about fifteen minutes the doctor came back, as he had promised; and then, taking the sled, he began to draw it round toward the front door.

“Would you like to have me go and draw Mr. Paul?” asked Phelim.

“No, I thank you,” replied the doctor. “I am going to draw him myself.”

So Phelim went on sawing his wood.

When the doctor arrived at the front of the house, he placed the sled opposite the end of the piazza in a convenient position for Paul to get into the chair. When he had done this he began to hear a tapping at the window, and looking up, he saw Paul standing there, dressed, and with his coat and cap on, all ready. He looked at the sled, and nodded and smiled, to express his satisfaction with the arrangements which the doctor had made for him.

The doctor went into the house, and there, taking Paul up in his arms, he brought him out and put him in the chair upon the sled. He then turned up the tongue of the sled, and gave it to Paul to hold.

Paul seems to enjoy his ride very much.

“Hold the tongue,” said the doctor, “and make believe that you are steering the sled, while I push behind.”

The snow and ice which covered the ground were so hard and smooth that the sled glided along very easily.

“What a pleasant morning it is!” said Paul, “and what a good ride I am having! This is the first time I have been out since I was sick. How strange every thing looks! There’s the very old path leading to the woods, and the big gate, and the big lilac bush and all. And there’s the martin-house. It is not time yet for the martins to come, I suppose.”

“No,” replied the doctor, “not yet.”

“Nor for the river to be open,” said Paul. “I wish the river was open, so that I could see the sloops and steamers coming and going.”

“I do too,” said the doctor. “But all that you can see upon the river now is the skating and the sleighing. There are boys on the ice skating; and over near the farther shore there is a road where sleighs and sleds are going to and fro.”

“Let us go and see them,” said Paul.

So the doctor pushed the sled over to a place near the bank of the river, where Paul could look down upon the ice. It was a sunny place, too, where the sled stopped, and as the air was perfectly calm, Paul felt quite warm and comfortable remaining there.

“What a pleasant morning it is!” said Paul; “and it is such a nice thing to be getting well—when you have been sick!”

“I am very glad that you feel so much more comfortable,” said the doctor, “but then you are very far yet from being well.”

The doctor commences a serious conversation with Paul.

“Yes, sir,” said Paul, “I know it; but then I am getting well pretty fast, and by-and-by I shall get well entirely; don’t you think so, doctor?”

“Why, if I thought you would not get well,” replied the doctor, “perhaps it would be better for me not to tell you, for fear of alarming you and worrying your mind, and so making you worse.”

“Ah! but, doctor, I should much rather have you tell me,” replied Paul.

“Don’t you think it would alarm you, and make you very unhappy,” asked the doctor, “if I were to tell you that I thought you would die?”

Paul paused some time before answering, as if he was considering the question in a very careful manner. At length he said,

“I would rather have you tell me, doctor, at any rate.”

“Some persons,” said the doctor, “are very much alarmed, and are made very unhappy to be told that they are going to die. It is because they have nothing to look forward to beyond this world. Then there are others that hope that they shall go to heaven; but they don’t know exactly what heaven is, or how it will seem to be there, and so they feel that they would rather stay longer in this world.”

“I *think*,” said Paul, after pausing a moment, and speaking in a timid and hesitating manner, as if he did not know but that the feeling that he was expressing was wrong, “I think that I should rather stay longer in this world.”

“That’s a right feeling,” said the doctor. “It is perfectly

About being willing to die.Future happiness.

right for you to prefer to live, and to *say* that you prefer to live. People ought never to say that they prefer to die, because they think it makes them appear good to say so. We ought to speak the honest truth about it. And the honest truth is, that unless we are overwhelmed with some extraordinary and hopeless sorrow or suffering, we all prefer to live. But then we ought to be entirely resigned, and *willing* to die, if God thinks best."

"Yes, sir," said Paul, "I think we ought."

"And there is no need of feeling uneasy about it," said the doctor. "It is true that sometimes, in dying, people suffer a great deal of pain, and so they do often at other times; but generally, in dying, they are free from pain. It is usually like going to sleep."

"I am glad of that," said Paul.

"And then, although we don't know precisely where we shall be or what we shall find after we die, because God conceals that all from us, for some good reason or other, still we know that if God loves us, and we love him, it must be a very easy thing for him to make us happy."

"Yes, I am sure it must be," said Paul.

"Just see how many things he has contrived to make you happy here where you live, on this river bank," added the doctor—"the trees, and the flowers, and the birds, and the butterflies, and the flowing river—"

"Only it is not flowing now," said Paul.

"No; but it gives you almost as much pleasure to see the ice and the skaters as it would to see the water and the ships," re-

Continuation of the conversation between Paul and the doctor.

joined the doctor. "Now if God can so easily contrive such a multitude of ways of making us happy here, it is plain that he can do it any where else. And he will do it if he loves us and if we love him."

"Yes, sir," said Paul, "I am sure he will."

"So we never need be at all uneasy about the coming of death. It is only going to sleep in this world and waking up in another, where we shall find ever so much to make us happy in new ways, though we do not know now what it will be that we shall find."

"When I proposed to you to come out and take a ride this morning," continued the doctor, "did you know what you should see and what a good time you would have?"

"No, sir," said Paul; "only I knew if *you* took me out I should certainly have a good time."

"Yes, you trusted to me," said the doctor; "so, in going willingly into another world, whenever God thinks it is best that we should go, we trust to him. We may feel perfectly sure that he can find ways enough to make us happy there."

"Yes, sir," said Paul, "I am sure he can."

"But now, doctor," added Paul, after a pause, "do you really think that I shall get well or not?"

"I am afraid you will not," said the doctor; "and I have been wanting to tell you so for some time, for I thought that since there is danger that you may die, you would wish to know it."

"Yes, sir," said Paul, speaking in a solemn tone, "I should much rather know it."

Paul rides about the yard.

The woods.

The cascade.

“But you must not let it give you any uneasiness,” said the doctor. “You must be perfectly willing that God should do with you just as he thinks best. Then your mind will be quiet, and you will feel happy all the time.”

“Well,” said Paul, looking round toward the doctor with an expression of contentment and satisfaction on his countenance, “I *am* willing. I think I would *rather* get well, but I don’t care a great deal about it.”

“Pray to God every morning and evening,” said the doctor, “that he will give you a quiet mind and complete submission to his will, and then, whether you find you are growing better or worse, and whether you think you are going to live or to die, you will always be contented, light-hearted, and happy.”

After this the doctor pushed the sled to and fro all about the yard, to let Paul see all the places where he used to play when he was well, and Paul enjoyed the ride very much. At one time the doctor went through the gate into the woods, and let Paul see his old wigwam, which was now brown and dry, and good for nothing but to burn.

Not far from the wigwam was a cascade, with a little bridge across the stream just below it. The cascade was now, however, so much frozen that it was rather a cascade of ice than of water. The doctor lifted Paul out of his chair at this point, and carried him down upon the ice, and let him see the curious frost-work of stalactites, and admire the formations of bubbles and honeycomb in the clear crystal, and watch the gurgling and bubbling of the water in the brook below.

Paul comes in.What he concluded to do.

Paul continued riding about in this manner for nearly an hour, and then the doctor, after pushing the sled up to the piazza, lifted Paul out of the chair and carried him into the house. Mrs. Bronx was waiting to receive him. She knew that he had enjoyed his ride very much indeed, for his face was beaming with contentment and satisfaction.

CHAPTER X.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

PAUL concluded not to say any thing to his mother in respect to what the doctor had communicated to him, for fear of giving her pain.

“I can bear to know it myself,” said he, in thinking on the subject, “but it would trouble my mother very much indeed, I am sure.”

In the mean time the spring came on, and Paul, instead of growing worse, *seemed*, at least, to be all the time growing better. He was pale, and very weak, and any exertion that he attempted to make brought on a beating of the heart and a shortness of breath which was very distressing. Still, he seemed to be, on the whole, rather growing better than worse.

The doctor took him out to ride several times on his sled, but at length the snow and ice melted away so much in the yards that the sled would no longer run.

“I wish I had a little carriage like this, that could be pushed

The doctor undertakes to plan a carriage.

about on wheels," said Paul, "so that I could ride about in the summer."

"I'll see if I can not contrive some way to get you one," replied the doctor.

Accordingly, the doctor that day went to Captain Bronx, and told him that Paul would probably continue in a tolerably comfortable state for some months to come, and that, though he would be unable to run about, or even to walk much himself, it would be better for him to be out a good deal in the open air; and, if he only had some sort of a little carriage, Phelim might draw him.

"I'll get him a carriage this very day," said the captain. "I'll buy the best one that I can find in New York."

"There is one difficulty with the little carriages which they have in New York," said the doctor, "and that is, they will only run where there is a good uninterrupted road, whereas we want to go up and down steps. You see, there are various piazzas around the house, and platforms, where it would be desirable that Paul's carriage should go up and down. Sometimes, too, as, for instance, in rainy weather, he will wish to be trundled about in the sheds and barns, and in doing that he will often have steps to go up and down."

"Very true," replied the captain; "but what sort of a carriage are you going to contrive that will go up and down steps?"

"I think I can contrive one," replied the doctor, "and your machinist can make it. At least, he can make the iron work, and any wagon-maker or coach-maker can do the rest."

The captain's machinist was a man who was employed to repair

Description of the carriage.Curious contrivance.

the machinery of the captain's steam-boat when it got out of order.

"Very well," said the captain, "I wish you would do that. Make a drawing of it, and hand it to me, and I will have it made immediately."

Accordingly, the doctor drew the plan of a little carriage for Paul, and the captain had the carriage made. It consisted of a very comfortable seat mounted on two wheels. The seat was placed in such a manner that the centre of weight came nearly over the axle-tree. The carriage was open at the sides, before the wheels, and this afforded Paul a very convenient opportunity to get in.

At the back of the carriage, near the top, was an iron bar to push by, and below, near the bottom, were two handles, which will be presently described. There was no forward seat, for the carriage was intended to carry only one person at a time. Instead of this, however, there was, over the place where the forward seat would have come, a raised box, which the doctor called the baggage-box. It was here that Paul was to carry his luncheon, if at any time he expected, when he went out, that he should take a long ride. He also kept his knife here, and a small hammer; and it was here, too, that he was to put the flowers that he gathered, and the minerals and other curiosities that the doctor thought he would sometimes wish to bring home.

But the chief peculiarity of the carriage was the contrivance by which it was fitted to go up and down a step. This was not an original contrivance of the doctor's, but was one which he had

Use of the forward wheel.Phelim employed to propel the carriage.

seen in use somewhere before. It consisted of a third wheel, made smaller than the other two, and fastened to the end of a stiff bar, which projected about two feet in front of the carriage. When the carriage was pushed from behind, this wheel would run along upon the ground in the path like the wheel of a wheelbarrow; but when it was necessary to ascend a step, Phelim, or the doctor, or whoever else was pushing the carriage, would bear down upon the bar behind, and this would cause the forward wheel to rise. This was easily done, as the weight of the carriage and of the load was so nearly poised upon the axle-tree.

When the wheel had been raised as high as the top of the step to be ascended, the pusher would push the carriage forward a little, and let the wheel run upon the platform, or piazza, or whatever it was, until the *two* wheels came up to the step. Then the pusher would stoop down, and take hold of the two handles below, and lift the back part of the carriage up upon the platform, the forward part all this time resting upon the forward wheel. By this means the carriage could go up a single step very easily, and by reversing the process it could just as easily go down one.

Paul liked his carriage very much indeed. He named it the locomotive. When the spring had fully come on, and the roads and paths had become dry, and the weather was settled, Paul used to spend a great deal of his time out of doors riding about. It was Phelim's business to push him. Phelim was excused from almost all other work, so that he might devote his time wholly to Paul.

Sometimes Paul made quite long excursions in his carriage.



THE LOCOMOTIVE.

The baggage-box.How Paul used to amuse himself.

This was, however, only on the days when he felt unusually well. On such occasions he would put a bottle of milk and a mug, and also bread and butter, cakes, apples, and such things in his baggage-box, and then would go off into the woods, on what he called an exploring tour. Sometimes, when he found a pleasant place in the woods, or under the shade of trees by the wayside on some back road that he was exploring, he would make a long halt, and Phelim would build him a fire, and he would warm his turn-overs or roast his apples by it.

Phelim liked these excursions as much as Paul did. The carriage was very easy to push, and Paul was very light. Besides, Paul always gave Phelim a good full share of the luncheon.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MINISTER'S OPINION.

CAPTAIN BRONX was very much at a loss, after he heard the doctor's unfavorable opinion in respect to the result of little Paul's sickness, to know whether he ought to communicate the terrible tidings to Paul himself.

"Poor little fellow!" said he to himself, "it would frighten and distress him very much, I suppose, for me to let him know that the doctor says that he must die. Still, if it would be the means of making him any better prepared for death, I suppose I ought to tell him."

Captain Bronx was a very particular man in doing every thing

Captain Bronx's reflections.Another conversation with the doctor.

that he supposed to be his duty. "I must do my duty," he used to say, "come what will."

But in this case he was not quite decided in respect to what really was his duty. So he postponed from time to time coming to a conclusion. In the mean while, since Paul seemed to be getting more and more comfortable as the weeks passed on, he began to hope, after all, that the doctor might be mistaken.

"I will wait a little while longer," he said, "and perhaps the doctor will see cause to change his opinion."

Things went on in this way until the time when the locomotive was built, as described in the last chapter; and when the captain saw Paul riding out in it every morning before he went on board his steamer, and heard of the long excursions that he was accustomed sometimes to make in the course of the day, he could not help feeling encouraged.

"Doctors may be mistaken sometimes," he said, "as well as other people. I believe the little fellow will get well, after all."

But this feeling of encouragement, which had become quite strong, was one day wellnigh extinguished by a fresh conversation which he had with the doctor. It happened one morning, when on his way to the steam-boat in his chaise, that he met the doctor in the street, and he asked him to get into the chaise and ride with him a little way. The doctor did so, and then the captain asked him whether he had not begun to change his opinion in respect to Paul's case.

"Does not it look somewhat more as if he might get well?" asked the captain.

Paul's father consults the doctor again.His fears are confirmed.

“He *may* get well,” said the doctor. “It is *possible*. I sincerely wish that he may.”

“And don't you begin to think now that he will?” asked the captain.

The doctor hesitated how to reply to this question; but being pressed by the captain to speak, and to speak plainly, he said that he saw no reason whatever to change the opinion that he had expressed before, but every thing, on the contrary, to confirm it. He said that Paul might continue pretty comfortable for some time longer, but that the disease was making steady progress, and he was liable at any time to a sudden attack, under which he might sink in a very few hours.

After hearing this opinion, and after recovering in some measure from the fresh shock which it occasioned him, Captain Bronx was plunged again into all his former perplexity in respect to the question whether or not he ought to explain the state of the case to Paul. He finally concluded to consult a minister on the subject. The church with which his family was connected in the town where he lived had no settled pastor at that time, but he was acquainted with a certain minister in New York, and he determined to ask him. This minister was a very sensible man, and a very honest man too. Captain Bronx had long been acquainted with him. Indeed, he had known him when he was a boy. They had been great friends together when they were at school, and the acquaintance and friendship between them had been continued ever since, notwithstanding the very different paths of life which they had respectively followed.

He goes to consult a minister in New York.

“I’ll go and see Mr. Ray the very first hour I have to spare in New York,” said Captain Bronx to himself.

The spare hour came the next day, and the captain took his place in an omnibus in Wall Street, where he had gone to do some business at a bank, and rode up town to Fifteenth Street, where Mr. Ray lived.

The captain was ushered by the servant-girl into a small parlor, and then gave his card to the girl, as is the custom in making calls in large cities, in order that she might take it up stairs to Mr. Ray. In a very short time the girl came down again, and asked the captain to walk up to Mr. Ray’s study.

So the captain went up. Mr. Ray met him at the head of the stairs, and gave him a very cordial reception.

“Captain,” said he, “I am very glad to see you, though I confess it is not to every visitor that I can say that when I am in the midst of my sermon.”

So saying, Mr. Ray drew the captain into his study.

“I am always glad to see you, captain,” continued Mr. Ray, “and especially so when I am writing a sermon, for I always get something, in talking with you, to put into it.”

The captain smiled faintly at hearing these words, and Mr. Ray at once perceived from the expression of his countenance that some trouble was weighing upon his mind. So he stopped suddenly, and changing entirely his tone, he asked, with a countenance expressive of concern,

“How are you all at home? How is your little boy?”

“He continues quite comfortable,” said the captain. “I have

Conversation with Mr. Ray.Mr. Ray's questions.

come to ask your advice about him. I am sorry to interrupt you in your work, but it will not take long."

Captain Bronx then proceeded at once to state the case in respect to little Paul, and to ask Mr. Ray's advice upon the question whether it would be best or not to let him know how sick he was.

"That depends very much upon circumstances," said Mr. Ray. "What sort of a boy is he?"

"Ah! that is not for me to say," replied the captain. "You ought to have been up the river to pay me a visit long ago, and give me an opportunity to make you acquainted with my family."

"So I ought," said Mr. Ray; "and now I will certainly come very soon, if it is only to see little Paul. But you can tell me something about him. Is he a sensitive child?"

"Yes," replied the captain, "very sensitive indeed. He is *too* sensitive."

"Is he easily alarmed?" asked Mr. Ray.

"In some things he is very easily alarmed," answered the captain, "and in other things he has as much courage and fortitude as any boy I ever knew."

"Should you think it would frighten him much to know that he was dangerously sick?" asked Mr. Ray.

"I am not sure," said the captain, "but I rather think it would not."

Mr. Ray and the captain talked in this way for some time in respect to Paul, and during the conversation the captain explained how conscientious and faithful the little fellow was in all his du-

Mr. Ray gives his opinion.

ties, how patient in bearing pain, how submissive to the will of his father and mother, how much interested he was in the devotional services which he observed morning and evening with his mother, and how much peace of mind and spiritual comfort he seemed to derive from them. After having thus obtained a full view of the case, Mr. Ray said that in his opinion it was not best to say any thing to him about the danger that he would not get well.

“I don’t see that it can do any good to tell him,” said Mr. Ray, “and it might do some harm. The only object that we can have in informing sick persons that they are soon to die, except in cases where there are reasons of a business nature for it, is to promote their preparation for death, and I am inclined to think that this object almost always fails. In fact, I should be inclined to think, from my observation and experience, that there is more hope of bringing a person to repentance of sin, and to the love of God, when he is well and expects to live, than when he is sick and expects to die. I have known a great many persons permanently changed in character when in health, but I scarcely ever knew one who seemed to be brought to repentance by the near approach of death, that did not relapse to his former character if he chanced to get well again.

“But, after all,” continued Mr. Ray, “that principle, whether true or not, does not seem to apply in this case, for from your account of the matter little Paul’s preparation for death is already made.”

“Yes,” rejoined the captain, “I verily believe it is.”

The captain concurs with Mr. Ray in his opinion.

“I think it is, myself,” said Mr. Ray, “and in such a case as that, I am pretty well convinced that we ought to conform in our treatment of our children to the plan which God adopts generally in respect to us all. He conceals from man the day of his death. That is the settled policy of nature and of Providence. We can see very good reasons for it too. There may be—indeed, there certainly are some special cases which make exceptions, but in ordinary cases it is only officiousness in us to be too eager to lift the veil from, and try to show what our Father in Heaven obviously intends should be concealed.”

“That is just the feeling that I had,” said the captain, “but I did not know how to put it into words.”

“I would not do or say any thing to deceive the boy,” continued Mr. Ray. “Be very careful not to say any thing that will imply that you think he will get well. That would not be honest. The best state of mind for him to be in is to be wholly uncertain whether he is to live or die, and to be willing to leave the question entirely in God’s hands, without even desiring to know himself how it is to be decided.”

“Yes,” said the captain, “I have no doubt that you are right; and that is the course that I will take with him.”

“But I shall want to come up and see him,” said Mr. Ray. “I should like to talk with him a little. If I could have half an hour’s conversation with him, I could make up my mind with more confidence in respect to what it is best to do.”

The captain was very much pleased with this proposal, and he invited Mr. Ray to come down to the steam-boat and take pas-

Mr. Ray pays Paul a visit.

sage with him up the river that very afternoon ; but Mr. Ray had engagements that day, so that he could not accept this invitation, but he promised to go up with the captain in a very few days.

“I’ll go up with you next Monday,” said he.

Accordingly, the next Monday, Mr. Ray appeared on board the steamer just before the hour of sailing, and went up the river. Paul, who had heard of his coming, expected him, and was very glad to see him. Mr. Ray went into Paul’s bed-room, where Paul was lying on his bed, having become tired with the excursions that he had made during that day, and then had a long talk with him. He was so kind in this conversation, and took such an interest in every thing that interested Paul, and was, withal, so cheerful in his tone and manner of speaking, that Paul enjoyed the interview very much. Finally he rose to go away, saying at the same time,

“I must go now. I am afraid I have tired you, talking with you so long.”

“Oh no, sir,” said Paul, “you have not tired me at all ; and I wish you would move up here and be our minister, and then you could come and see me every day.”

“Ah !” said Mr. Ray, “I wish I could come and see you every day.”

“I wish so too,” said Paul.

“I should like to come and see you every evening,” said Mr. Ray, “and have a good time talking with you. You see, I don’t think you are to be pitied at all. I suppose some people pity you when they see how sick and helpless you are ?”

Conversation with Paul.Mr. Ray's advice.

“Yes, sir, they do,” said Paul.

“I don't feel like pitying you at all,” said Mr. Ray. “You are as happy now, and as sure of happiness to come, as any body I know, whether you get well or not.”

“Perhaps I shall not get well,” said Paul.

“True,” said Mr. Ray; “but, if I were you, I would not think or care any thing about that. Live near to God all the time, and trust to Jesus for the forgiveness of all your sins. If you do that, God will take care of you. Leave the future entirely to him, and be as happy as you can from day to day.”

“I do have a pretty good time,” said Paul. “I like my locomotive very much indeed.”

So Mr. Ray bade Paul good-by. The next morning, when he was going down the river again in the steam-boat, he told Captain Bronx that he was fully confirmed in the opinion which he had expressed before, that it would not be best to say any thing to Paul about his approaching death.

“I am sure that he is prepared,” said Mr. Ray. “At least, if he is not a child of God and an heir of heaven, I don't know where one will be found. I do not know what effect a formal announcement that he is soon to die might have upon his excitable imagination and his sensitive nervous system. It might be injurious, and I am sure it could do no good; for if he knew the very day and hour when his death would come, he could do nothing more or better to prepare for it than he is doing now. If he were my boy, I should feel well convinced that his future happiness was secure, and I should just try to amuse his mind, and make him as

Paul receives a visit from his playmates.

happy as possible with such pleasures as are adapted to his years, and are within his reach while he remains here."

"That's what I will do," said Captain Bronx.

So the captain concluded to say nothing at all to Paul about his danger; while Paul, on the other hand, who knew all about it from the doctor, was endeavoring to conceal it from his father. Each was afraid of distressing the other.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BONFIRE.

ONE morning, in the latter part of May, Charles and Lucy Ormond came to make Paul a visit. Their mother came with them. Mrs. Ormond went into the little back parlor to see and talk with Mrs. Bronx, leaving the children to amuse themselves with Paul.

"We want to see your locomotive," said Lucy.

"Yes," said Charles, "let us see the locomotive the first thing."

"Very well," said Paul; "then I will ring my bell."

Paul had a small bell, which was kept upon a shelf in a back entry. The ringing of this bell upon the piazza was a signal for Phelim to come, and there was a particular way of ringing it to denote that he was to bring the locomotive with him.

"I'll ring for the locomotive," said Paul.

So saying, Paul proceeded to ring for the locomotive.

"Is that the way you ring for the locomotive?" asked Lucy.

"Yes," replied Paul.

The three children go out together.

“And how does Phelim know what you mean by it?” asked Lucy.

“The doctor contrived the way one day when he came to see me,” said Paul, “and he explained it to Phelim.”

“I don’t like to have doctors come and see *me*,” said Lucy.

“You would like *my* doctor, I’m very sure,” replied Paul.

Just at this moment Phelim was seen coming into view, pushing the locomotive before him. Paul, who, not being able to stand long at a time on account of the weakness of his limbs, had taken a seat upon the step of the door, called to Phelim to bring the locomotive up upon the piazza, so as to let Charles and Lucy see how well it would come up a step.

Phelim did so, and then Paul proposed that Lucy should get in and have the first ride.

“Oh no,” said Lucy, “you must ride, for we can walk.”

“But I can walk a little way,” said Paul; “and I want you to try my locomotive.”

“Well,” said Lucy, looking pleased. “But first let him push it down off the piazza.”

“Oh no,” said Paul, “I want you to ride down off the piazza, so as to see how nicely it will go down a step as well as come up.”

“But it will jolt me,” said Lucy. “I should be afraid to go over such a big jolt.”

“It will not jolt you at all,” said Paul. “If you try it you will see.”

So Lucy mounted into the locomotive, and Phelim pushed her

Experiments with the locomotive.Lucy's pleasure.

down off the piazza. It proved, as Paul had said, that there was no jolt at all, notwithstanding that the step was pretty high.

The reason why there was no jolt was that the front wheel, extending as it did far forward, reached the ground and sustained the weight of the carriage while Phelim gradually eased down the hind wheels. Lucy was much surprised at the effect. She looked half alarmed when the carriage began to descend, and seemed to shrink back, as if from fear; but when she found how gently Phelim brought her down, she was very much pleased, and wanted him to do it again.

After going up and down the piazza two or three times, Phelim propelled Lucy a little way round the yard. Lucy liked her ride very much indeed. She said she verily believed that to be sick and have such a locomotive was better than to be well and be able to walk.

It was then Charles's turn to ride, and so Lucy got out and Charles got in. Phelim gave Charles a good ride too, not only pushing him all about the yard, but taking him several times up and down the step of the piazza.

At last, when both Lucy and Charles were satisfied with their trials of the locomotive, they helped Paul to get in, and then the whole party set off on an excursion.

"Let us go into the woods," said Lucy.

"Very well," said Paul. "Push me toward the back gate, Phelim."

So Phelim pushed away to the back gate, and Charles held the gate open while the locomotive went through.

The paths.

The waterfall.

Foam and bubbles.

There were a number of good broad and smooth paths leading about the woods. Captain Bronx had caused them to be made on purpose for the locomotive. By means of these paths Paul could travel about under the trees, and along the banks of the brook in all directions.

There was a brook and a waterfall in these woods, but the locomotive could not go very near to the waterfall, on account of the path being too steep, and stony, and narrow there. Sometimes, when the doctor went out with Paul on his excursions, he used to carry him down to the waterfall. Indeed, Paul could walk down himself, though it was difficult, and not very safe for him to do so.

When Phelim came with the locomotive to the place in the good path where the waterfall could be seen, Lucy uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight.

“Oh, what a beautiful brook!” said she; “so white and foaming.”

“Yes,” said Paul; “that is because it tumbles over the rocks.”

“I don’t see why it should make water white to tumble over such black rocks,” said Lucy.

“I know the reason why,” replied Paul; “my doctor explained it to me. He says that, in tumbling over the rocks, the water breaks, and makes millions of little bubbles, and these bubbles reflect the light in such a way that the foam of them looks white.”

“Let’s go down there and see the little bubbles,” said Lucy.

“You and Charles can go,” replied Paul, “but my locomotive can’t go down there very well; it is too steep.”

Paul will not act contrary to the wishes of his mother.

“Could not you get out and walk down?” asked Charles.
“We will help you.”

“Yes, I suppose I could,” replied Paul, “and I should like to go very much; but my mother does not like to have me go down there among the rocks.”

“Did she say that you must not go?” asked Lucy.

“No,” replied Paul, “she does not say I must not, but she does not like to have me go. She is afraid that I shall get hurt.”

“I should think you might go,” suggested Charles, “if she did not say positively that you must not.”

“No,” said Paul, “I must not do any thing that I know she would rather I would not do. The Bible says, ‘Honor thy father and thy mother.’”

“And does that mean that we must not do any thing that they would rather not have us do?” asked Charles.

“I suppose so,” said Paul, “or something like that.”

“I know the rest of it,” said Charles. “‘That thy days may be long in the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee.’ What does that mean?”

“Why, it means,” said Lucy, “that if you obey your father and mother, you will live longer for it.”

“I don’t believe it means that,” said Charles; “do you, Paul?”

“I don’t know,” said Paul, looking quite thoughtful as he spoke.

“Do you really suppose, now,” asked Charles, “that you will live any longer for such a thing as that?”

Paul seemed at a loss to know what to reply to this question.

The children form a plan for burning the wigwam.

“Why, yes,” said Lucy; “for, if he were to go down there among the rocks, he might fall in the water and get drowned.”

Just at this time Charles happened to see the old wigwam which had been built for Paul some time before, and he asked what it was.

“Ah! that is my old wigwam,” said Paul. “It was a very pretty place when it was fresh and green, but now it is dried up, and good for nothing. I am going to make a bonfire of it one of these days.”

“I wish you would make a bonfire of it now,” said Charles.

“Yes, Paul,” added Lucy, “let us make a bonfire of it now.”

Paul readily acceded to this proposal. He said he would like to burn his wigwam then as well as any time.

“That is,” continued he, “if mother is willing. You can go in, Phelim, and see. If she says ‘Yes,’ we will set it on fire.”

Phelim accordingly left the locomotive, and set out to go to the house. He had not gone far before Charles called out to him, saying,

“If she says yes, Phelim, bring out some matches.”

“No,” said Paul, “that is not necessary. I have got some matches here in my baggage-box.”

So saying, Paul opened the lid of his baggage-box, and took out a small tin box containing matches, and then Charles and Lucy began to push the locomotive along toward the wigwam.

“You must not push me too near,” said Paul, “for I am sure my mother would not be willing to have me go very near while the wigwam was burning.”

Paul gives warning to the grasshoppers and millers.

So the children stopped pushing when they had got the locomotive sufficiently near. In a few minutes Phelim returned. He said that Mrs. Bronx was willing that they should burn the wigwam, provided that Paul himself, and also both the other children, kept at a safe distance.

“She says,” added Phelim, “that if any of you are too near, a spark might alight upon your clothes, and set them on fire.”

“Then we won’t go near at all,” said Paul. “You may take the match-box, Phelim, and go and set the wigwam on fire. But first strike it with a stick a little, here and there.”

“What is that for?” asked Charles.

“So as to drive all the little grasshoppers and millers out of the way,” said Paul. “If we don’t do that they will all get burned up.”

So Phelim, after first beating the roof of the wigwam with a stick sufficiently to give notice to quit to such inhabitants as it might contain, lighted a match and set the roof on fire.

The branches of trees, by means of which the roof was formed, and all the foliage which was upon them, were perfectly dry, so that the whole mass was exceedingly inflammable. The fire spread with great rapidity. At first, however, there was not much flame seen, but only smoke, for Phelim lighted the branches on the under side of the roof, and for a time only dense volumes of smoke appeared. Very soon the flames began to burst forth, and, with great snapping and crackling, ascended high into the air.

“What a crackling!” exclaimed Lucy.

“Yes,” said Paul; “but they would crackle a great deal more



THE BONFIRE.

The hatchet.Crackling of the hemlock branches.

if the branches were green, and if they were hemlock. Nothing makes such a crackling as green hemlock branches."

"I mean to get one and put it on," said Charles.

"No," said Paul, "for you must not go so near. Phelim will do it."

"Yes, Master Paul," said Phelim, "I will do it."

"Come here and get the hatchet," said Paul.

Paul had a hatchet, which he carried usually in a little socket that was fitted for it in the side of his baggage-box. Phelim came and took this hatchet, and with it he cut some hemlock branches, and put them on the fire. The crackling that they made was wonderful to hear.

"What makes them crackle so?" asked Charles.

"I don't know," said Paul; "but they always do."

"If I could go up to the fire," said Charles, "and look close down to them while they are burning, don't you suppose I could find out what makes the crackling?"

"No," said Paul, "I don't believe you could. Besides, you must not go so near. But I'll tell you what we can do. We can take a small sprig of hemlock, and carry it into the house, and put it upon a hot shovel, and then perhaps we can see."

The children immediately resolved to try this experiment, and so, after waiting until the bonfire was well burned down, Phelim brought them a branch of hemlock, and Paul pulled off some sprigs of it and put them into his baggage-box.

The children had just finished this operation, and were about setting out for home, when suddenly Paul heard a voice calling

Paul's cousin comes.Some account of him.

him. The voice seemed to come from the direction of the gate which stood at the entrance of the woods.

“Hark!” exclaimed Paul; “who is that?”

“Halloo, Paul!” repeated the voice.

“It is my cousin William,” said Paul.

Very soon a young man, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, came into view among the trees. This young man was Paul's cousin, and his name was William Learned.

“It is my cousin William,” said Paul. “Push me out to meet him, Phelim.”

So Phelim pushed the locomotive in the direction toward William, and the other children followed.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LITTLE CANNON.

WILLIAM LEARNED, as has already been said, was Paul's cousin. His father and mother resided near the North River, a few miles from where Captain Bronx lived. He himself resided at this time in New York. He was a clerk in a large auction and commission store there. He was much confined by his duties in New York during the greater part of the year, but in midsummer he usually had about a week of liberty to visit his parents and relatives, and to take a little recreation.

“Ah! Cousin William,” said Paul, as soon as Phelim had wheeled him near enough to speak, “I am glad you have come.”

The present which William made Paul of a cannon.

“Yes,” said William, “I thought I must come and see you once more before I go back to New York. I am going to stay here to-day and to-night, and go down to-morrow morning in your father’s boat.”

William had stopped to see Paul some days before on his way up the river to his father’s. Paul had urged him to come and see him again on his way down, and his coming now was in consequence of that invitation.

“See what I have brought you,” said William.

As he said this, William took out from his pocket a small parcel, tied up securely in brown paper. He untied the string, and then opening the paper, he produced a small but beautifully-finished brass cannon, mounted on a very pretty carriage.

“You liked your *picture* of a cannon so well,” said William, “that I thought I would bring you a real one.”

William referred, in saying this, to a picture of some men making ready to fire a cannon, which he had cut out of some old book or magazine, and which he was painting when William had called to see him before. Paul had quite a pretty paint-box, and he often amused himself with coloring pictures, sometimes taking for this purpose pictures which he obtained from books, and sometimes drawing designs himself with his pencil.

The picture of the cannon which William referred to represented a party of men in a sort of ambushade behind a rock. In addition to the rock there were trees growing there, which helped to conceal the men. The men were looking round the point of the rock down into the valley, and getting their gun into position to fire.

The picture that Paul painted.



THE PICTURE OF THE CANNON.

Paul's pleasure in receiving the cannon is somewhat alloyed.

Paul was very much pleased with this picture, and with the explanations of it which his cousin had given him, and that was what put it into William's head to bring him a real cannon.

The cannon which he brought was about four inches long, and nearly half an inch in calibre or bore.

Paul was extremely delighted with his cannon when first he received it, but then, after a few minutes, a shade came over his mind respecting it.

"My mother will be sorry to see me have this cannon," said he to himself. "She will be afraid that I shall want to fire it."

But he said nothing aloud.

"I have got some powder in my pocket too," said William, "for you to load it with."

Paul thanked William very cordially for the present, and, taking the cannon and the powder, he put them both away safely in his baggage-box.

He was, on the whole, however, sorry rather than glad to receive such a present, for he was quite sure that it would trouble his mother.

"Even if I tell her that I shall not want to fire it," said Paul to himself, "she will be afraid that some other boys will come to see me, and that they will most likely want to fire it; and then she will be afraid to have them do it, and yet she will not like to say no."

But, though Paul was thus not at all glad to receive the present of the cannon, he thought it would be impolite to his cousin not to seem glad, and so he did not know exactly what to do.

Some farther account of William.

“Aunt Maria will be willing to let you fire your cannon, won’t she?” asked William, as the party drew nigh the house.

“I rather think,” replied Paul, in a hesitating manner, “that she will be afraid.”

“Hoh!” exclaimed William, “she need not be afraid. It is a very strong cannon. I think she will be willing to have you fire it. I’ll ask her myself.”

William was a very active and energetic sort of boy, and these qualities made him very successful in business in New York. The same activity and energy manifested itself also when he was in the country, and thus sometimes produced some inconvenience at home, or at the places where he was visiting. He was continually getting up all sorts of new plays and amusements. He would plan parties, and contrive excursions, and arrange games of various kinds, all of which amused the children a great deal; but sometimes, through William’s ardor and impetuosity in carrying them into effect, they occasioned a good deal of trouble to the parents.

William was never at all bashful about proposing any of the plans that he formed, or about asking for any thing that was required in carrying them into execution. And when he perceived that Paul had some doubts in respect to his mother’s giving her consent to the firing of the cannon, he at once volunteered to obtain her consent himself.

“I’ll ask her,” said he, “and I can make her say ‘Yes.’ Never you fear.”

This was exactly what Paul did not desire. He knew very

Lucy begins to be anxious about the cannon.

well that his mother would not like to have him fire the cannon, and, at the same time, that it would be painful for her to refuse her consent if she supposed that he wished to fire it. He was very unwilling to place her in this dilemma, and yet he did not see exactly what he ought to do.

In the mean time the whole party proceeded toward the house. The Ormond children said it was time for them to go home.

“Oh no,” said Paul, “you need not go home yet.”

“Yes,” replied Lucy, speaking in a very earnest and positive manner, “we must go home now. Our mother will be anxious about us if we stay any longer.”

Indeed, Lucy seemed quite in a hurry to go away. The fact was, she was afraid of the cannon. It is true that nothing had yet been said about firing it; still she was afraid, and, as soon as she came out from the woods into the yard, she began to turn off into the path that led toward the road, drawing Charles after her, and saying, “Come, Charles.”

“No,” said William, “you must not go just yet. You must wait till I see Aunt Maria.”

William always called Paul’s mother Aunt Maria.

“You see,” continued William, “I am going to have an auction sale here this evening, if Aunt Maria is willing, and I want you to come and be part of the company. I am going to have a large invoice of goods for sale. You must come in and wait till I ask Aunt Maria about it.”

“But we have not got any money to buy the things with,” said Charles.

William describes his plan for an auction.

“Oh, that’s no matter,” replied William; “I shall have a bank. You will get your money at the bank. All the company will be stockholders, and they will get their dividends.”

This language was far too technical for the children to comprehend it fully. They, however, got the general idea that there was to be some sort of play sale, and that the money would be provided for the purchasers from some sort of play bank. Lucy and Charles both thought that they would like very much to come, though Lucy was still somewhat in awe of the cannon.

“We shall want about eight or ten children to make a good company at the auction,” said William. “You see, unless there is a good company, there’s never any spirit in the bidding. We can find eight or ten that live about here, can’t we?”

“Oh yes,” said Paul.

“You see, you three make three,” continued William, “and that leaves only seven more to drum up.”

William’s talking about “drumming up” the company made Lucy think of the cannon again, and after hesitating a few minutes, she ventured at length timidly to inquire of William whether, in case he had the auction, he should fire off the cannon too at the same time.

“Why no,” said William. “You see, the auction itself will be as much as we can attend to this evening. We shall have to fire off the cannon before. So, if you wish to hear it, you must come this afternoon.”

“Very well,” said Lucy; “if we wish to hear it, we will.”

By this time the whole party had arrived at the back piazza.

Paul shows the cannon to his mother.

William went in at once to find his Aunt Maria, and to ask her consent that he should have an auction. She gave her consent at once, without hesitation; so Charles and Lucy were invited to come. They were also intrusted with invitations to some other children that lived in their neighborhood. The time appointed was six o'clock. The auction, William said, would take about an hour, and that would allow all the company to get their purchases home before dark.

Things being thus arranged, Charles and Lucy set out on their return home, while William went off into the parlor to see if he could find the right sort of a table to display the goods upon at the auction.

As soon as he was gone, Paul opened his baggage-box, and took out the cannon and the powder which William had given him, and showed them to his mother.

"See, mother," said he, "William has given me this cannon; and in this paper is some powder."

"It is a beautiful cannon, certainly," said his mother.

"You may take all the powder, mother, and put it away," said Paul, "and then you will know that I am not firing the cannon; and if it will trouble you at all for me to keep the cannon, you may put that away too."

Nothing fills a mother's heart with so much joy as to find that her child is considerate and careful in respect to her happiness, and especially to find that he is willing to deprive himself of pleasure rather than to give her pain.

Mrs. Bronx kissed Paul, and her heart was so full of gratitude

Preparations for the auction.The extension-table.

and affection toward him that the tears almost came into her eyes. She took the powder to put away, but she said she was perfectly willing that he should keep the cannon.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROVING THE CANNON.

PAUL went into the parlor with the cannon in his hand. He found William at work examining the tables.

“Can you find a table that will do?” asked Paul.

“None of these will do,” said William. “We want a table large enough for ten, so that each one may have a good place. The extension-table in the dining-room will do, if Aunt Maria will let us have it.”

“She *will* let us have it, I am sure,” said Paul; “only it is too heavy to move in here.”

“Then we will go and have our auction in the dining-room,” said William. “That will do just as well.”

Mrs. Bronx came into the room in the midst of this discussion, and she consented at once that the dining-table might be used for the auction.

“Only we shall want all the leaves in,” said William.

“Very well,” replied Mrs. Bronx. “Rose and Phelim will put them in for you. What time would you like to have the table ready?”

“Why, Aunt Maria,” said William, “it ought to be ready

William completes his arrangements.

about six o'clock, because you see the auction is to begin at seven, and I have got all the goods to arrange."

"Very well," said Mrs. Bronx, "it shall be ready punctually at six o'clock."

"In the mean time," said William, "I have got to go to town and see about getting some more goods. I shall not be back to dinner. I suppose I shall come back about two o'clock. Then I'll show Paul how to fire his little cannon. After that there will be time enough to make ready for the auction. We shall have all the bank-bills to fill up and sign, and the dividend checks to draw."

William said this with the air of a man of business, who had so many engagements on his hands as to be much pressed for time, and then taking his cap, and bidding his aunt and cousin good-morning, he went away.

As soon as he had gone, Paul went to a sofa, and, taking a seat there, he reclined his head upon the arm of it, looking quite fatigued. The truth was, he had exerted himself somewhat too long. The excitement produced by William's conversation had kept him up thus far, but now he felt wellnigh exhausted.

"Ah! my poor boy," said his mother, "you are getting very tired. You shall lie down a little while. I'll carry you into your bed-room."

So his mother went to him, and, taking him up in her arms, she carried him out into a little bed-room where he was accustomed to sleep. There was a window in the bed-room which opened upon a pretty green yard. Mrs. Bronx took off Paul's

Paul eats his dinner, and then lies down.

shoes and stockings, and loosened his dress, and then laid him down upon his bed.

“Mother,” said Paul, “I am a little hungry. Could you let me have some bread and milk before I go to sleep?”

“Certainly,” said his mother; “and would you like some baked apples in the milk?”

Paul said that he should like the baked apples very much indeed. So his mother brought in the milk, and the bread, and the baked apples, and put them all on a low table, which had been made expressly for Paul’s use. She then took Paul off the bed, and set him in a little arm-chair by the side of the table. Paul ate his bread and milk, and baked apples, and seemed to like them very much.

His mother then put him upon the bed again. Before he went to sleep, however, he asked her to give him his cannon, and he put it upon the bed in a place where he could see it as long as his eyes were open. His eyes did not, however, continue open long. In a very few minutes after his mother left him he was sound asleep.

When at length, about two hours afterward, Paul came to himself and opened his eyes, he saw the doctor sitting by the side of his bed.

“Ah! doctor,” said Paul, “I did not know that you were here, or else I should have waked up sooner. I am glad you have come. I want you to see my cannon.”

“How do you feel to-day?” asked the doctor.

Conversation with the doctor when he wakes up.

“I feel better,” said Paul. “I feel a great deal better, especially since I have been asleep.”

Paul then reached out his hand to his cannon, which lay all the time upon the counterpane where he had placed it, and, taking it up, he said,

“See, doctor! Look at my new cannon!”

The doctor took the cannon into his hand and began to examine it with great attention.

Just at that moment, Mrs. Bronx, having heard Paul's voice, and knowing in that way that he was awake, came into the room.

“Ah! doctor,” said she, “I am glad to see you looking at that cannon. William is coming back pretty soon, and he says he is going to fire it. Do you think it is safe?”

The doctor, instead of answering immediately, began to examine the cannon more attentively than ever.

“It seems to be very well made,” said he; “indeed, it is quite a finished piece of workmanship—gun, carriage, and all. What nicely-made wheels! They have hubs, and regular spokes, and iron tires, just like real wheels.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Bronx, “I see it is very nicely made; but do you think it would be safe for the boys to fire it?”

“I rather think it is strong enough,” said the doctor. “The barrel is pretty thick and solid. I have no doubt it is strong enough, unless there is some secret flaw in the casting. I wonder whether they prove these little cannon barrels before selling them.”

“What do you mean by proving them?” asked Paul.

Account of the proving of musket barrels.

“Why, it is the custom,” replied the doctor, “to prove musket barrels before they are finished for use, and I did not know but they did so with these little cannons.”

“How do they prove them?” asked Paul.

“Oh, they load them very heavily,” said the doctor. “They put in two or three times as much powder as they will require when the guns are in use, and ram the powder down very hard. Then they fire the barrels off, and if they don’t burst under this trial, they conclude that they will not burst afterward with a smaller quantity of gunpowder.”

“But then suppose they burst when they are trying them?” suggested Mrs. Bronx.

“That does no harm,” replied the doctor; “for when they prove them they put them in a place where they can not do any injury, even if they fly all to pieces.”

“Only, of course, those that burst are spoiled,” said Paul.

“Certainly,” said the doctor; “and the makers of them have to lose them. They can only use them for old iron.”

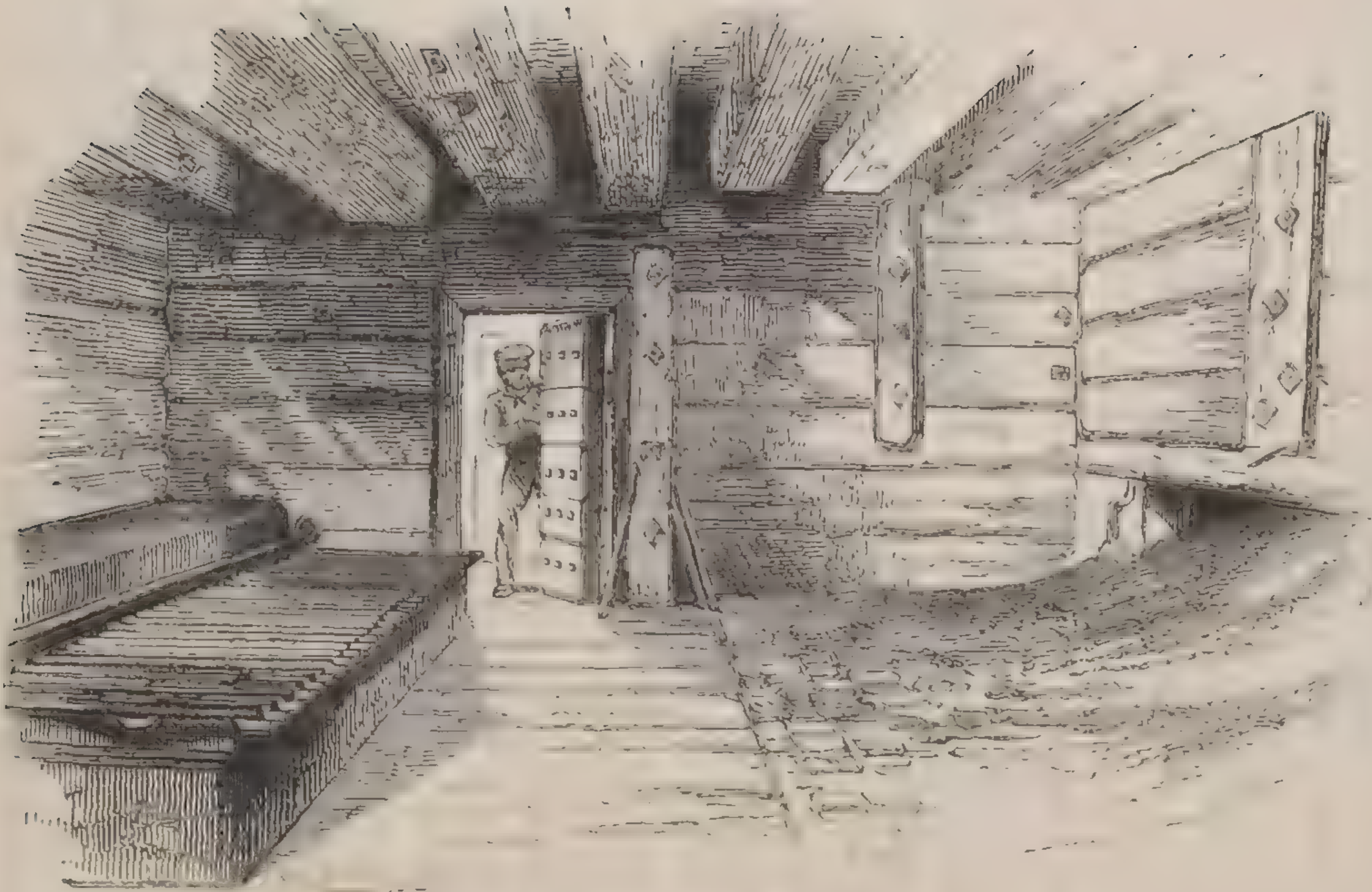
“I should not think they would like to load them so heavy as to make so many of them burst,” said Paul.

“Perhaps they do not,” replied the doctor; “but the government compel them to do it. At least this is the case in England. The gun-makers can not sell their guns unless they have been proved in this way, and every barrel stamped.”

“What makes some of them burst and others not?” asked Paul.

“I suppose it is some secret flaw in the iron, or in the joining where they are welded,” replied the doctor.

View of the interior of the proving-house.



THE WAY THEY PROVE THE BARRELS.

Description of the interior of the proving-house.

“What sort of a place is it?” asked Paul.

“It is a very strong place indeed,” replied the doctor. “It is a small house, built very solid. The walls and the roof are made of timbers. They put the barrels in this room, a great many of them together, and lay a train to fire them by. The train comes out through a hole in the wall.

On the opposite page you see a picture of a room where they prove musket barrels. The barrels that are to be proved are placed in a row, on a sort of stand, on one side. On the other side is a sloping bank of sand or clay for the bullets to go into.

See how many barrels there are! All these are to be proved together. They are all loaded, and there is a train of gunpowder laid which connects with all of them. The train is laid in a groove which passes behind the barrels. The end of the train passes out through a hole in the wall, so that the man can fire it on the outside. You can see this hole in the picture.

The man is just going out at the door. See how thick and solid the door is! As soon as he has shut the door he will fire the train.

On the next page you will see a picture of the outside of this proving-house, which will show you how strong it is built. It is necessary to make it strong and solid, for generally, when they are proving the gun-barrels in this way, there are almost always some that fly to pieces.

The lattice-work on the roof of the building is to let the smoke out after the barrels are fired. There is a door in the side also, too high for any person to go in or out of it, which is used for

PROVING THE CANNON.

Picture of the exterior of the proving-house.



THE OUTSIDE OF THE PROVING-HOUSE.

Proving the barrels.The doctor on the great Northwestern Railway.

the same purpose. The door where the man went out is round upon the other side.

After the doctor had explained all this, Paul asked him if he ever *saw* them prove barrels in this way.

“No,” said the doctor, “I never saw them, of course. It is not possible to see them, for the barrels, when they are fired, are shut up in a dark room.”

“Yes, sir,” said Paul; “but then the firing of the powder must make a great flash of light.”

“True,” said the doctor; “but there can not be any body in the room to see it. I *heard* them proving barrels so once. It was in Birmingham, in England.”

“Tell us about it,” said Paul.

“I was coming in from London, in the down train,” replied the doctor, “on the great Northwestern Railway. That is the greatest line in the world. We stopped just before we reached the station for the conductor to collect his tickets, as the fashion is in England.”

“What do they *stop* for to collect the tickets?” asked Paul.

“Why, you see,” replied the doctor, “the railway carriages in England are different from our cars. Each carriage is separate, and has its own separate doors on the sides; and so, when they wish to collect the tickets, they stop the train a moment, and the conductor walks along from carriage to carriage on the platform.”

“Yes, sir,” said Paul, “I understand it now.”

“A moment after we stopped,” continued the doctor, “sudden-

The doctor proposes to Paul to prove his cannon.

ly I heard a very loud and tearing report, as if the boilers of half a dozen locomotives had burst at the station, and had blown the pieces high into the air. I started up, and I suppose I looked somewhat frightened, for a gentleman who was sitting near me said in explanation, ‘It is proving the musket barrels, sir, in the proving-house.’

“Now, whether your cannon has been proved or not, I can not tell,” added the doctor.

“I am afraid it has not been,” said Mrs. Bronx; “and in that case, if there should be some hidden flaw, as you suggested just now, it would be very dangerous for the children to fire it.”

“Yes, sir,” added Paul; “and what do you think we had better do?”

“Perhaps you had better prove it yourselves,” said the doctor. “You can make a proving-house for it out of planks and pieces of wood.”

“That’s what we will do!” exclaimed Paul, clapping his hands. “William will like that, I am very sure.”

“Or else,” continued the doctor, “if you wish to make it perfectly certain that your cannon will never do any mischief, you can spike it.”

“Spike it?” asked Paul. “How?”

“They always spike guns when they wish to disable them,” said the doctor. “They do it by driving a nail, or a bit of round file, into the touch-hole. That fills up the touch-hole, so that the gun can not be fired again.”

“But can’t they get the nail out?” asked Paul.

The proving-house.

The experiment is successful.

“The only way is to bore it out,” said the doctor, “if it is put in properly, and that makes a great deal of trouble.”

Very soon after this the doctor went away, and soon after he had gone William returned. William was very much pleased with the idea of proving the cannon.

“Yes,” said he, “yes, that will be an excellent plan, for by that means I can put in a double load.”

So William loaded the cannon by putting in a double charge of powder, and then ramming in several wads, one after another, and driving them home as hard as possible. When he had done the cannon was nearly full. He then built the proving-house. He built it of short pieces of planks and joists which Phelim brought out for the purpose. He placed two pieces of joist for the sides, standing them up on their edges, and one across at the end for the back. Then he put the cannon inside, and laid the train. Finally, he laid a piece of plank across the top for a roof, and put a large stone upon it to keep it down.

The place where the proving-house was built was on the bank of the river, in front of the house, where Paul, sitting on the piazza, could easily see it. When all was ready, William fired the train, and the cannon went off with a prodigious report. The proving-house was filled with smoke. William rolled off the stone, and lifted up the plank, and took up the cannon, which he found to be entirely unharmed. He brought it to the piazza in triumph, and showed it to Paul and to his mother.

I forgot to say that when he put the cannon into the proving-house he had taken the precaution to place some bits of old car-

Paul's considerateness for his mother.Preparing for the auction.

peting behind it, in order to prevent the carriage being injured by the recoil.

After this, William loaded the cannon twice in a proper manner, and fired it in the open air. Paul was quite pleased, on his own account, to hear the reports, but his pleasure was greatly diminished by the thought that his mother must necessarily be anxious and uneasy all the time.

He was glad, on the whole, when William stopped firing. He took the cannon and the powder which was left, and delivered them to his mother, saying at the same time,

“Here, mother; and you will see that I shall take care not to let them trouble you any more.”

CHAPTER XV.

THE AUCTION.

ABOUT six o'clock William went out into the dining-room with Paul, and they found the table ready. Rose had put in all the leaves, so that there was ample room for the ten persons that they expected would form the company.

William brought quite a number of parcels, tied up in brown paper, and placed them on the table. Just then Paul heard some voices out upon the piazza, and he went to the window to look out.

“Ah! William,” said he, “here come three of the boys.”

“I am glad of it,” said William. “We want some fellows to help us open and arrange the goods.”

Frederick, George, and Jeremiah.

William's directions.

Choosing a clerk.

The door opened and the boys came in. Their names were Frederick, George, and Jeremiah. Frederick was a pretty tall boy, but quiet and still. Jeremiah was very lively and talkative. George was smaller.

As soon as the boys came in, William said to them that he should want their help. They all replied that they were willing to help. William said that he should want them to open the cases of goods; so they came to the table and began to look at the packages, but their attention was soon diverted from them to Paul, who commenced giving an account of the firing of his cannon.

William went into the entry to get a package which he had left there, but almost immediately came back again.

“Come, youngsters!” said he, “look alive, and open these goods. Untie all the strings, and when you have unwound them, put them all together on the corner of the table, *here*; and the papers, when you have unfolded them, spread out smooth on this other corner of the table, *here*. I don't want any litter about my premises.”

So the boys went to work opening the packages. Some of the parcels contained candy, some toys, and some sugar-plums. There were one or two flat parcels that contained quite a number of small pictures, which William had cut out of old newspapers and magazines.

“And now let me see,” added William. “I must have a clerk to help me at the sale. The clerk will have to take the money and make change. Who shall I have for clerk?”

The cashier of the bank and the clerk of the sales.

The cashier's duties.

“Me!” said Jeremiah. “Me! Have me!”

“Can you reckon change fast,” asked William, “and not make mistakes?”

“Yes,” replied Jeremiah; “I won’t make any mistakes at all.”

“Then I shall want a bank cashier, to keep the specie and pay the dividends,” added William.

“Let me be bank cashier,” said Jeremiah.

“You can’t be both,” replied William. “You shall be cashier of the bank, and Frederick shall be clerk of the sales.”

So saying, William designated two places at the table, at one of which the clerk was to sit, and at the other the cashier. Jeremiah took his seat eagerly at the place which William pointed out to him, and began to ask what he was to do.

William was busy placing Frederick, and he did not answer Jeremiah’s question.

“William!” said Jeremiah, “*William!* what am I to do?”

“The first thing you have got to attend to is to see that you don’t ask me any questions,” replied William.

“But how shall I know what to do,” rejoined Jeremiah, “unless I ask you?”

“If I don’t *tell* you what to do,” replied William, “do nothing. Never ask me a question. The third time you ask me a question I shall turn you out of office, and put another boy in your place.”

So saying, William took out of his pocket four small rolls, with colored paper on the outside of them.

“What are those?” asked Jeremiah.

Queer money.

Counting the funds of the bank.

The cashier's inquisitiveness.

“There’s the first question,” said William.

William then proceeded to open one of the rolls. It was found to contain cinnamon lozenges. Indeed, the word CINNAMON was printed in large type on the outside of the roll.

“This is the specie for the bank,” said William. “I shall tell you presently how you are to pay it out. The first thing that you have to do is to open all the rolls, and put the lozenges in little piles before you on the table, five in each pile. Each lozenge goes for a dime.”

Jeremiah immediately began to do this work, and he was very careful not to speak while he was doing it, for fear lest he should ask a question.

“I mean to have my seat here near the bank,” said Paul.

“Very well,” replied William. “You had better let Rose bring you in a pretty high chair, so that you can see over all the table.”

“Yes,” said Paul, “that’s just what I will do.”

So Paul went to find Rose, and she brought in a high chair, and put it at the corner of the table for him, very near where the cashier had established the bank.

In the mean time William had been in the other room to get a pair of scissors, and, now returning, he sat down by the side of Paul, and took out some paper from his pocket. There were two kinds of paper that he took out. One piece was white, and the other was straw color or yellow.

“What are you going to do with that paper?” asked Jeremiah.

“That’s the *second* question,” said William. “One more, and you lose your office.”

Paul cuts the paper as directed and makes bank-bills.

Jeremiah was silent. William began to cut up the white paper into strips about half an inch wide. After he cut the whole piece of paper into such strips, he gave them, and also the scissors, to Paul.

“Now, Paul,” said he, “I want some help from you. Cut these strips in half, and then cut each half into halves again.”

Paul took up one of the strips, and cut it as he had been directed. The pieces which he made were about three inches long. Of course, they were about half an inch wide, that having been the width of the strips.

“These are the bank-bills,” said William. “As fast as you get them cut give them to me, and I will write the denominations on them.”

So William took one of the pieces, and wrote upon it the word FIVE.

“There!” said he, “there is a five-dollar bill.”

He went on in the same way until he had made ten five-dollar bills. He passed these bills to Jeremiah, saying,

“Here, Mr. Cashier, keep these bills in your bank until I tell you what to do with them; and look out not to ask any questions.”

William next took another set of Paul’s slips of paper, and made ten *three*-dollar bills by writing the word THREE on each of them, and gave them also to Jeremiah.

In the same manner he made ten *one*-dollar bills.

Lastly, he wrote the figures 50 on ten of the slips.

“These are fifty-cent bills,” said he.

The fifty-cent bill.

A dividend.

Checks.

“There is no such thing as a fifty-cent bill,” said Jeremiah.

“There is in *our* bank,” replied William. “And now, Mr. Cashier, I have given you four kinds of bills. Suppose you give a boy one of each kind, how much money shall you pay him?”

“Let us see,” replied the cashier. “There is a five-dollar bill, and a three, which makes eight, and a one, which makes nine, and fifty cents, which makes nine and a half. Nine dollars and a half.”

“Then, if you add one of the piles of lozenges,” said William, “that will be fifty cents more—five lozenges, and each of them going for a dime.”

“Yes,” said the cashier.

“Very well,” said William. “Look out, now, and not ask any questions. I am going to declare a dividend from the bank of ten dollars. I am going to write checks for the dividend on this straw-colored paper. When any body comes to your bank with a dividend check, pay him ten dollars—nine dollars and a half in bills, and half a dollar in specie. Do it without asking or answering any questions.”

Having said this, William proceeded, with Paul’s help, to cut the piece of yellow paper into ten slips, and upon each slip he wrote the word TEN.

“There!” said William, “now we are all ready. I’ll distribute the checks as soon as the company come.”

The company began to come very soon, and by a quarter before seven they were all assembled. They were very much interested in looking at the table, and at the preparations which had

The children seat themselves and prepare for the auction.

been made upon it. They all flocked around it as fast as they came in, and made a great deal of confusion. They would have made much more confusion if William had not called out to them,

“Now, boys and girls, there are just two things that you must not do, or else you’ll spoil the play. You must not touch any thing on the table, and you must not ask any questions. Look, listen, and talk as much as you please, but don’t touch or ask questions.”

The place which William had reserved for himself as auctioneer was at the head of the table. Frederick, who was to act as clerk, and was to deliver the goods as they were sold and take the money, sat at the corner of the table by his side. The bank was at the farther end of the table, and Paul’s seat was at the corner near it.

Paul did not leave his seat to receive his visitors when they came in, but he welcomed them all when they entered, and invited them to take seats around the table. They, however, were somewhat at a loss how to choose their seats. Indeed, it was a part of William’s plan, in establishing the auctioneer’s place at one end of the table and the bank at the other, to divide the interest, and make all the seats as nearly as possible equally good. The plan succeeded perfectly well. Some of the children wished to be near the bank; others preferred to be near the auctioneer; while others still thought that the middle of the table, half way between the two, where they could see both, was the best place.

“Now, ladies and gentlemen,” said William, when at last the

William tells the children how to draw money from the bank.

children had all chosen their places, "you'll please all to keep silence and attend to business. Mr. Paul is president of the bank, and the bank has declared a dividend of ten dollars per share. You must all go to Mr. Paul, and he will give you the dividend checks. They are on yellow paper."

William had previously given the yellow slips, with the word TEN written on them, to Paul.

"The president of the bank," continued William, "will be very careful to give only one check to each person."

The children all left their seats, and began to crowd around Paul, and to hold out their hands.

"People don't crowd and push at a bank," said William. "They stand one behind another, and so come up in turn. In France they call it making a tail. So don't crowd, ladies and gentlemen, but make a tail! make a tail!"

The children obeyed this order very willingly, and taking stations, each one behind his predecessor, they advanced regularly, and Paul gave each one his check.

"As fast as you get your checks, ladies and gentlemen," said William, "you will go to the cashier, and he will cash them for you. He will give you nine dollars and a half in bills, and fifty cents in specie. See to it carefully that you get all your money. No mistakes rectified afterward. And see to it, too, that you keep all your money. Beware of pickpockets."

William said all this in a very prompt, business-like, and authoritative manner. The older children laughed. The younger ones took it all very seriously. All, however, after receiving their

Paper distributed.

Sale commences.

Stuart's candy.

checks, went to the cashier, and there "made a tail," as William called it, and advanced in regular order to get their money.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said William, "as fast as you get through your business at the bank, take your seats at the table again, and we will commence the sale."

While waiting for this to be done, William sent one of the children out to Mrs. Bronx to get a pair of sugar-tongs and a large spoon. He also folded a newspaper up small, and then cut it with his penknife at the foldings so as to make a large number of pieces, each about eight inches square. These he distributed about the table, asking each child to take one.

"What are they for?" asked one of the children.

"Ah! there's a question," said William, in a tone of mock vexation. "After this, ten cents fine for every question."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," continued William, "if you are all ready, we will commence the sale."

"I have got here a fine invoice of goods that *must* be sold. They belong to a person about leaving this part of the country, and they must be sold."

As he said this, William drew toward him a basket, and, opening a paper in it, he displayed a quantity of candy of different kinds, in large sticks.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "the first article I have to offer is some of Stuart's candy. You all know Stuart's candy, ladies and gentlemen. Here are three sticks of cream candy to begin with. The one that will give the most for them will have them."

The biddings.

Gone, to Mary Small.

Eagerness of the children.

While saying this, William had taken out three sticks of candy with the sugar-tongs, and placed them in the little plate before him.

The children looked at the candy with very eager eyes, and all began to bid together. Some said two cents, some five cents, and some of the youngest ones said ten dollars.

“Bid away, ladies and gentlemen,” said William, speaking loud and rapidly. “The more you bid the better I shall be pleased, because, of course, I want to get all your money away from you. You have got ten dollars apiece. As soon as that money is gone you can’t bid any more. Look about here, and see how many goods there are to be sold, and then you can tell how long you will want your money to hold out.”

Here the child that had bid ten dollars said ten cents instead.

“Now, ladies and gentlemen,” continued William, “what am I offered for this candy? Ten cents is bid. Who’ll give twenty?”

“Eleven,” said several of the children at once.

“Can’t take any less bid than ten cents at a time,” said William, “because we have not any smaller money than ten cents. Twenty is bid,” he added, speaking now very rapidly indeed. “Twenty—twenty—twenty! I’m offered twenty! All done at twenty? Bid up high, ladies and gentlemen, unless you want your money to hold out. You see how many things there are to sell. All done at twenty? Gone, to Mary Small, for twenty cents. Send up your money, Mary, to my clerk.”

The children were so eager, and they were all bidding together in so clamorous a manner, that it was not easy to tell who really

 More candy offered.

Gone, to Lucy Ormond.

 Various bids.

was the highest bidder, but William did not lose any time on that account. He knocked down the candy to one of the smallest girls, and immediately took out three sticks more. He then went on talking in an astonishingly rapid manner as follows:

“Now, ladies and gentlemen, here are three sticks more. How much will you give? Ten, I’m offered! Ten, I’m offered! Give as much as you can, for I want to get all your money away as quick as possible, and I suppose you don’t care much about making it hold out. Twenty—twenty—twenty!”

While William was saying this, all the children were bidding together, and in a few minutes he knocked off the second lot to another of the children.

“And now,” said he, “who’ll take three sticks more at the same price? Gone, to Lucy Ormond. Pass your money up, ladies and gentlemen, as fast as you buy. You pay in specie as long as your specie lasts, and then my clerk will have a stock of change to change the bills.

“Now here are three sticks more, ladies and gentlemen. You put your candy, when you buy it, in the papers I’ve sent you. Gone, to Paul, for twenty cents.”

Here William took up a large spoonful of lozenges, sugar-almonds, and such things, from another paper, and soon knocked the lot off for ten cents. He had all sorts of bids for it, from ten cents to three dollars; for the children, not having had much experience in buying at auction, bid at first very much at random. William, however, exercised some discretion in taking their bids, for he knew very well that if he were to take too large a portion

Candies offered in lots.

Other goods for sale.

Three pipes.

of any of the younger children's money for one single article or lot, they would see very soon that they had made a foolish bargain, and would feel unhappy about it.

Accordingly, from among the numerous bids that the children were all the time offering in a clamorous manner, he selected those that were about right, and knocked off the lots of candy and sugar-plums very fast, and in such a manner as to distribute them pretty equally to all the company. All the time that he was selling he continued talking in the most rapid manner as follows :

“Now here is one more lot, ladies and gentlemen. Who'll take it? Ten cents is bid! Ten cents! You'd better buy this candy now, ladies and gentlemen, while it is going, and then you can have a supply to eat all the rest of the sale. Gone, to Susan, for ten cents. One more lot, ladies and gentlemen, and the last; gone, to Maria. Now one more lot left. The candy is excellent, ladies and gentlemen. It is not only sweet to taste, but it fills your mouths up, and diminishes the danger of your asking questions. Gone, to Charles Ormond, for twenty cents. Be sure and pass your money up, gentlemen, when you buy.”

By the time that a sufficient quantity of the candy and sugar-plums had been sold to supply all the company, William concluded that the children had so far learned the nature of selling by auction that he could venture to go a little more strictly according to rule; so he told them that he had next a large assortment of picture-books and toys to offer, and that now he should sell to the highest bidder. First he took out three *pipes* and laid them on the table.

Great competition in purchasing the pipes.

“Here are three *pipes*,” said he, “for blowing soap-bubbles. What shall I have apiece for them? You’ll get a great deal of fun out of them—that is, provided you don’t break them carrying them home. Ten cents for one of them! Ten cents! Twenty cents! Thirty cents! Beautiful pipe! See what a long stem! You can break off a part of this stem, and use it to drink with by sucking the water up through it. Thirty cents! Forty cents! All done at forty cents? Going—going! Remember, a pipe will last longer than candy—that is, if you don’t break it. All done at forty cents? Gone, to Charles Ormond, for forty cents.”

“But I have not got forty cents left,” said Charles. “I paid two of my lozenges for candy, and I have not got but three left, and that makes only thirty cents.”

“Pass up your fifty-cent bill,” said William, “and the clerk will give you ten cents in change. And now, gentlemen and ladies, how much for the second pipe? Twenty cents! All done at twenty cents? Gone, to Joseph, for twenty cents.”

The third pipe, being the last, excited a great competition, and was run up to two dollars and then sold.

“Hoh!” said Charles Ormond, “I only gave forty cents for mine.”

“Yes,” replied William; “you made a good bargain. If you wish to sell it, I can put it up again, and you may perhaps make a profit.”

“I will,” said Charles. “Here it is; put it it up again.”

So William put up the pipe again, and it was sold for a dollar. The boy who bought it gave Charles his dollar bill in payment.

Charles's delight in making money.An anchor and cannon offered for sale.

Charles was for a moment quite amazed to find that he had made money by his operation. As soon as he had calculated how much it was, he exclaimed, "I have made sixty cents," and he left his seat and went capering around the room with delight.

The children all immediately determined that they would watch for an opportunity to buy something cheap, and then sell it again afterward at a profit.

After the pipes came various other articles, which William had bought at a toy-shop in New York for the auction. There were little trumpets, and whips, and small dolls. There were several small paper boxes filled with sugar-plums. Among other things, there was a brass anchor, and a very small brass cannon. Both were intended for a ship. The cannon was about an inch long, but it had a real bore, and a touch-hole, and was, as William said, "warranted to fire."

"You may take one or both," said William. "How much apiece, for one or both? Forty cents! Fifty cents! A dollar is bid! One or both! If you bid a dollar, you can have either of them for a dollar, or both of them for two dollars. A dollar and ten cents is bid! A dollar and twenty! Twenty—twenty—twenty, thirty—thirty, forty—forty! I shall sell them to the highest bidder. Fifty—fifty! A dollar and fifty cents apiece is bid! That makes three dollars for the two, if you decide to take them both; but you are not obliged to take them both. You may take either or both, just as you please. Sixty—sixty, seventy—seventy, eighty—eighty—eighty! All done at eighty? Just look at this elegant anchor, gentlemen; large enough for a

Going—going—gone, to Frederick, the clerk!

vessel six inches long, or a foot long. If any of you have got a vessel, and no anchor, now is your chance. Ninety—ninety—ninety! Two dollars is bid, gentlemen! Or, if you ever expect to have such a vessel, or know of any body that you can get to make you one. Two dollars and ten cents! Two and twenty! Two and thirty! Thirty—thirty—thirty! And if you take the cannon too, you will mount it on a little carriage, and set it on the main deck, amidships. Two, forty—forty—forty! Takes very little powder, gentlemen, to fire this cannon. Great economy of ammunition. Two, fifty! Two, fifty! Going—going! Will nobody give any more?"

Thus he went on for some time longer. Every fresh statement that he made, praising the cannon and the anchor, brought out fresh bids, and at last they both were knocked off to Frederick, the clerk, at three dollars apiece. He paid himself for them by taking the five-dollar bill and the one-dollar bill from his private stock of money, and putting them with that which he held as clerk.

Thus the sale went on. The children were in a state of the highest excitement all the time, and sometimes the noise and confusion produced by the bidding, and by the outcries and peals of laughter that arose from every part of the table, was so great that an auctioneer less experienced and skillful than William was might have been unable to proceed.

Paul was very much interested in all that was going on, though he took a much less active part in the proceedings than the others. He sat most of the time very quiet, in his high chair, surveying the scene with an expression of calm enjoyment on his counte-



THE AUCTION PARTY.

The clerk gives specie in change for small bills.

nance, and sometimes, when he felt tired, resting his cheek upon his hand.

The cashier of the bank had nothing to do, after paying out the dividends, until the close of the sale, but the clerk who received the money for the purchases was kept extremely busy all the time in making change.

The children paid in specie as long as the specie lasted, and then they paid in small bills, Frederick giving them back the specie in change. When the small bills were used, of course they paid in the larger ones, taking back the smaller ones and the specie in change. Thus the business went on in a very systematic and regular manner.

Frederick, however, had so much to do to make change, on account of the rapidity with which William knocked off the goods, that undoubtedly he made a great many mistakes. This, however, was not of much consequence, so long as he tried to be perfectly fair, and made out the change as correctly as he could.

At last all the great bills were paid in, and nothing was left in the hands of the company but small bills and change. Then it often happened that, when an article was offered for sale, some of the children would set their hearts upon it, and would wish very much to buy it, but it would run up to a price higher than the amount of money they had left. Then they would count over their money and say,

“Oh dear me! that's more money than I have got.”

Sometimes a boy would bid just the amount that he had left, and the article would be knocked off to him. Of course, in that

The ball of twine.

Eating the money.

Bills redeemed for lozenges.

case, when he had paid, his money was all gone. He would then get up and go away from the table, carrying his purchases with him, to talk about them with those who had gone away in the same manner before.

Of course, those that remained at the table gradually paid in all their large bills, so that at length they had nothing but small bills and lozenges. Finally, William produced a ball of twine from his pocket, which he said might be used for kite-twine or fishing-lines, just as the purchaser pleased. The children that remained at the table were all very eager to buy this twine, and each one bid on as long as the money which he had left would allow, and then, of course, one after another gave up. It was finally knocked off to the one who had the most money.

William then told them that the sale was over, and that all those who had any money left over might eat it up. Some of them, however, had bills, and they said that they could not eat them up.

“Oh,” replied William, “the bills will be redeemed at the bank.”

So saying, he directed the clerk to count the lozenges that he had taken, and to pay them into the bank; and, when this was done, the boys and girls that had bills left took them to the bank, and Jeremiah gave them specie for them. The children then all went away from the table, carrying their purchases under their arms, and eating the lozenges that they had left over.

This game of auction was one of William's best contrivances. Nor was it a costly entertainment. I don't think that all the ar-

Cost of the auction.

Paul's cannon.

Spiking the touch-hole.

tibles that he bought for the auction could have cost more than half a dollar.

The day after the auction Paul asked his mother if she would let him take his cannon.

“You don't wish to fire it, I hope,” said his mother.

“No, mother,” replied Paul, “I don't wish to fire it. Besides, you have got the powder.”

So his mother brought the cannon, and Paul carried it out into the back yard, where Phelim was at work.

“Phelim,” said Paul, “do you think you can find me a small brass tack with a smooth round head?”

“Yes, Master Paul,” replied Phelim, “I think it likely I can.”

So Phelim went with Paul into a little shop, and opening a drawer there, he looked over what it contained, and presently found the brass tack. Then Paul asked for a hammer.

Phelim gave him a hammer, and Paul then proceeded to insert the tack into the touch-hole of his cannon, and to drive it home. He then said, “There!” in a tone of satisfaction, and went back into the house with his cannon in his hand.

He brought the cannon up to his mother, and pointing to the head of the tack, which could just be seen at the touch-hole, he said,

“See, mother!”

“What?” asked his mother.

“Spiked!” said Paul. “Now you need not be afraid of this cannon being fired any more.”

William invites Paul to visit New York.

CHAPTER XVI.

VISIT TO NEW YORK.

PAUL'S cousin William, on the morning of the day when he returned to New York, left Mr. Bronx's house before Paul was up. Paul had got pretty tired the evening before with the excitement of the auction, and so he did not wake the next morning quite so early as usual.

William, however, before going away, went into Paul's room to bid him good-by. He found that Paul was awake.

"Paul," said he, "I have come to bid you good-by."

"Are you going so early?" asked Paul.

"Yes," said William, "it is time for me to go. And now I want you to come down to New York pretty soon, and come and see me. I want to show you our new store."

"Oh no, Cousin William," said Paul, "I am not well enough to go to New York."

"Yes," said William, "you can come as well as not."

"But I am sure my mother will not be willing," said Paul.

"Yes she will," said William; "she will be perfectly willing, if you manage it right. I'll tell you how to manage the thing."

"But I don't like managing things very well," said Paul.

"Ah! but there is no objection to the kind of managing that I am going to propose to you," said William. "I'll tell you what to do. The first person to ask is the doctor."

Paul gains the doctor's consent to make the visit.

“The doctor?” repeated Paul.

“Yes,” replied William; “you must not say a word about it to your father or mother till after you have asked the doctor. Some afternoon, when you have felt pretty well during the day, ask the doctor if it would do you any harm to be taken down on board the steamer and go to New York quietly; and if he says it would not, then ask him to tell your mother so. After that the thing will go of itself.”

This idea pleased Paul very much, and he resolved to follow the instructions which William had given him. So one afternoon, when he felt pretty well, he asked the doctor whether he thought it would do him any harm to be taken down to the steamer, and go to New York quietly.

“Do you feel as if you would like to go?” asked the doctor.

“Yes, sir, very much,” replied Paul.

“Why do you wish to go to New York?” asked the doctor.

“In the first place,” answered Paul, “I should like the sail down the river; and then, besides, William is going to show me their new store.”

“Very well,” said the doctor; “those are capital good reasons. I did not know that you had such good reasons. And if you feel as if you would like to go, I don’t think it would hurt you at all. It would do you good.”

“And will you be kind enough to say so to my mother?” asked Paul.

The doctor replied that he would; and going out to find Mrs. Bronx, he told her that Paul had taken a notion to go to New

Paul starts on the excursion to New York.

York, and that he thought it would do him good to go, provided he went quietly, and did not make too much exertion.

Mrs. Bronx was at first quite surprised at this proposal, but, since the doctor thought that the excursion would not do Paul any harm, she was quite pleased with the idea, and at once gave her consent.

“I will speak to his father about it this evening, as soon as he comes home,” said she.

Accordingly, the plan was proposed to Captain Bronx, and he, instead of making any objection, seemed to be greatly pleased with it.

“Dear little fellow!” said he, “I wish he could go to New York with me every day.”

So it was decided that Paul should go with his father the next morning. Mrs. Bronx proposed to send for a carriage to take him to the boat, but Paul said that if she was willing he would prefer to go in the locomotive.

“All right!” said the captain. “We will let him go whichever way he likes best.”

Accordingly, Paul mounted into his locomotive after breakfast in the morning, and Phelim pushed him away from the door about fifteen minutes before it was time for his father to set out. He knew that he would necessarily go more slowly in the locomotive than his father in the carriage. As it was, his father reached the steam-boat first. The carriage passed the locomotive on the way, so that Captain Bronx was ready at the plank when Paul arrived.

Joe, the sailor, puts Paul and Phelim on board the boat.

There was a sailor standing by the side of the captain near the plank. His name was Joe.

“Now, Joe,” said the captain, “take that boy up, and bring him on board, and carry him to my state-room. Then Phelim can go back with the go-cart.”

“Oh, father,” said Paul, “that’s my locomotive. You must not call it a go-cart.”

“Very well,” replied the captain; “we will call it whatever you please.”

“And besides, father,” added Paul, “if you are willing, I should like to have Phelim go with me—and the locomotive.”

“But can your mother spare Phelim all day, do you think?” asked the captain.

“Yes, father,” said Paul, “I asked her, and she said she could spare him just as well as not.”

“All right, then,” said the captain. “Bring them all on board, Joe.”

So Joe took Paul up in his arms, and carried him across the plank on board the steamer, and then went with him to the captain’s state-room, which was on the deck adjoining the office. There he laid him down upon a sofa. He then went back and helped Phelim bring the locomotive on board.

“And now, father,” said Paul, “I should like to go out on the deck somewhere, if Joe could only find me a good place. If he will find me a place and move me there, then I will be quiet, and shall not have to trouble you any more all the voyage.”

“Very well,” said the captain; “I will arrange that for you.”

The captain's directions about a place for Paul.

The tent.

So the captain went out with Joe, and selected a place on the promenade deck, well forward, where there was a pleasant air and a good view.

“This will be a good place,” said the captain. “He will like a good look-out. I want you to rig up a small awning over this place, and then direct one of the stewards to put a cot, with a mattress upon it, under the awning. Tell him to raise the cot up pretty well, and incline it forward, so that the little fellow can see a good way over the water ahead of the ship while he is lying down. He will be more contented, then, to lie down and keep still. When you have got every thing ready, come back to my state-room and bring the boy out.”

Joe made all these preparations as the captain had directed, and when every thing was ready, he went back to the state-room, and, taking Paul up in his arms, carried him out to the cot. Phelim followed.

“Why, what a pretty place!” said Paul, as soon as he saw the awning and the cot. “It is a little tent, with a bed in it.”

Joe laid him down upon the cot, and he was very much pleased to find how well he could see.

In the mean time there had been a great bustle in all parts of the steamer, occasioned by the passengers and the baggage coming on board; and by the time that Paul was fairly established in his tent, as he called it, the steamer was ready to leave the pier. Paul saw his father walking to and fro upon the deck, giving his orders. Sometimes he gave them with his voice, and sometimes he pulled certain little bell-handles which communicated with bells

The pilot's bells.

Starting off.

Visitors.

Disembarking.

below, near the engine, and made known to the engineer what the captain wished him to do.

One of these bells meant "Start the engine;" another, "Full speed;" another, "Stop her;" another, "Back her." In consequence of the orders which the captain gave, the steamer gradually moved away from the wharf, and after wheeling majestically round in a great sweep, began to move swiftly down the river. As she came round, there was a succession of beautiful views of the river and of its banks that passed before Paul's eyes, as he lay in his tent, like a moving panorama.

"Now, Phelim," said Paul, "you may go and come about the boat wherever you please, but every now and then come here to see if I want any thing."

So Phelim went away. Paul was, however, by no means left alone. His father came to see him several times, as did also a number of the passengers. Some of the passengers knew him, and, coming up to his tent, they accosted him, and talked with him as an old acquaintance. Others of the passengers, who had never seen Paul before, were so pleased with the contented and happy expression of his countenance, that they were attracted to his bedside too, and there, as soon as they began to talk to him, they were attracted more than ever.

Paul had a delightful sail down the river. He arrived at New York about eleven o'clock. He remained quietly in his tent, watching the busy scene upon the pier, and looking at the boats and vessels on the river, until the passengers and the baggage had all been landed. His father then came to him and said,

Paul goes ashore, and goes into the city in his locomotive.

“Now, Paul, if you wish to go and see your cousin William, I will get a carriage for you.”

“But, father,” said Paul, “could not I go in my locomotive?”

“Why—yes,” said Captain Bronx, speaking, however, rather doubtfully, “I suppose you could go well enough in your locomotive by keeping on the sidewalks—all except crossing Broadway; I am afraid that it would not be safe for you to attempt to cross Broadway.”

“Why, father,” said Paul, “they would not run over a locomotive with a poor sick boy in it!”

“No,” replied the captain, “you are right. I don’t believe they would. Besides, Phelim can get a policeman to help you.”

The lower part of Broadway in New York is usually so thronged with carts, omnibuses, and carriages, that it is difficult, and sometimes dangerous, for foot-passengers to cross it. There are, however, a number of policemen stationed there, at different points, whose duty it is to direct the drivers how to go in case of a jam, and also to aid ladies and others in getting across.

It was arranged at last that Paul should go in his locomotive, and that, on reaching Broadway, Phelim was to wait until he could find a policeman to help them to cross. In this way Paul reached his cousin William’s store in safety.

He enjoyed his visit there very much indeed. The new store was very large and very elegant, and as it happened, there was an auction sale going on in one of the rooms while Paul was there. Paul was, however, somewhat disappointed in the auction. He was entertained in hearing the auctioneer call out the bids, but,

The real auction.

Dinner and a nap.

Returning up the river.

as it was nothing but a cargo of tea which they were selling, and as they had nothing but samples of the tea on the table, Paul thought the sale not half so amusing as the one which William had held at his mother's.

Paul returned to the steamer in about half an hour.

“And now,” said his father, as soon as he arrived, “Phelim will help you down into the cabin, and the steward will give you some dinner. Then, after that, choose yourself a good berth, and lie down in it and go to sleep. That is what your mother said you must do.”

So Paul ate his dinner, and then lay down in a berth and went to sleep. He was very much rested and refreshed by his sleep, and was prepared by it to enjoy very highly his passage up the river in the evening.

He woke up about an hour before it was time for the steamer to set out. As soon as he awoke he looked out of his berth, and seeing one of the stewards going to and fro in the cabin, he asked him to go and call Phelim.

When Phelim came he helped Paul to get up, and then asked him whether he would like to go to his tent again.

“No,” said Paul, “not just yet—not till we get started. I should like now to get a good seat, if I can, on the deck, and watch the passengers coming on board.”

So Phelim helped Paul to go up on the deck, and brought him a good seat, and there Paul sat for an hour watching the passengers and the loads of luggage as they came on board. After that he went back to his tent, and had a delightful voyage up the river.

Paul consults with Phelim about going a raspberrying.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

THE summer gradually passed away and the autumn came on without any great change manifesting itself in little Paul's condition. He enjoyed his locomotive more and more, and he made sometimes quite long excursions in it. It trundled so easily that Phelim liked to push Paul about in it, and the farther Paul wished to go the better Phelim was pleased.

One morning in September Paul took it into his head to go a raspberrying. There was a place where raspberries grew wild on a hill-side near a piece of woods about two miles from the house.

"Phelim," said Paul, on the evening before, when he first conceived of this idea, "do you think you could push me two miles?"

"Yes, Master Paul," replied Phelim, "two miles or ten miles, provided you give me time enough."

"And how much time would you wish for to push me two miles?" asked Paul.

"Why, I think," said Phelim, after pausing a moment as if to make a calculation, "that I should like about an hour for two miles."

"An hour to go and an hour to come, you mean," said Paul.

"Exactly," responded Phelim.

"And an hour more to gather the raspberries," said Paul; "that makes three hours. We should be gone only three hours."

He proposes the plan to his mother.

She approves of it.

I think my mother will be willing that I should be gone as long as that."

Paul proposed his scheme to his mother, and she approved of it; though she recommended, as a modification of the plan, that they should take a chaise.

"Phelim can get a chaise in town," said Mrs. Bronx, "and drive you there, if you would like that better. You can go in a chaise in half the time."

"Ah! but I don't want to go in half the time," replied Paul. "I like to be a good while on the road."

So the excursion was decided upon as Paul had first planned it, and the next morning, shortly after breakfast, the locomotive was at the door. Paul put two baskets into his box, one for himself and one for Phelim. He also took a tin mug, of the kind commonly called a *dipper*.

"You see," said he, "I may possibly find a brook or spring somewhere about there, and if I do I shall want a drink."

"Besides," he added, in explaining his plans to his mother, "I can carry the dipper more easily about among the bushes, and gather the raspberries at first in that; then, when the dipper gets full, I can go and empty it into the basket."

Mrs. Bronx decidedly approved of this arrangement, and about nine o'clock Paul set off. His mother put on her bonnet and went with him a little way. She went as far as a large oak tree which grew by the side of the road. At the oak tree she bade Paul good-by, wished him a pleasant excursion, and set out on her return home.

Paul returns.He takes a bowl of raspberries and milk.

Paul and Phelim came back about one o'clock. They had been gone nearly an hour longer than Paul had calculated. Paul had been quite successful in gathering the raspberries. His basket was more than half full, and Phelim's was quite full.

"I only ate a very few raspberries while I was gathering them," said Paul, "because I thought I would rather have you give me some when I got home in a bowl of milk."

"Ah! yes," replied his mother, "that will be the very thing."

So Mrs. Bronx sent Rose to get some milk. She directed her to put an extra quantity of cream in it. Rose brought the milk in a silver bowl which Paul's father had given him. Paul sat down by the step of the door to eat his raspberries and milk, but, after remaining there a few minutes, he rose and went into the kitchen, and sat down by the fire.

"Ah! Master Paul," said Rose, "I am very glad that you have come to keep me company while you are eating your raspberries."

After Paul had finished eating his raspberries and milk, he told his mother that he was tired, and that he would like to lie down a little while. So his mother took him in her arms, and carried him into his little bed-room, and laid him down upon the bed. She took off his shoes and stockings, loosened his dress, and then spread the counterpane over him.

"Is that comfortable for you?" she asked.

"Yes, mother, pretty comfortable," replied Paul; "only, if you would be kind enough to put one of your shawls over me, I should not be quite so cold."

He goes to sleep.

His mother brings him his dinner when he wakes up.

“Why, my poor boy,” exclaimed his mother, “do you feel cold?”

So saying, Mrs. Bronx went to a bureau, and took from the drawer of it a good warm and soft blanket, which she spread over Paul, drawing it up well about his shoulders. Paul liked the blanket very much. He said it was very comfortable indeed. His mother then left him and he went to sleep.

He awoke, as usual, in about two hours. As soon as he was awake he rang a little bell that always stood on the table within his reach, which was a signal for his mother or Rose to come. His mother heard the bell and came. She took Paul up, put on his shoes and stockings, readjusted his dress, and then set him down upon the floor.

It was a warm and pleasant afternoon, and Paul went to the door-step and sat down in the sun. Here his mother brought him his dinner. She brought his little table first, and then brought the dinner and put it upon the table, close by the place where Paul was sitting. Then, after talking with him a few minutes, she went away.

In about ten minutes after that, Mrs. Bronx, happening to pass by the place again, found, to her surprise, that Paul had gone away. She looked upon the table, too, and observed that very little of the dinner had been eaten. She immediately called to Rose. Rose answered from the kitchen.

“Where’s Paul?” asked Mrs. Bronx.

“He is here, Mrs. Bronx,” said Rose.

Mrs. Bronx immediately went into the kitchen, and there found

Paul taken sick.

His symptoms.

He goes to bed.

Paul sitting by the fire. He was hovering close over it, as if he felt quite cold.

“Why, Paul,” exclaimed Mrs. Bronx, “what is the matter?”

“There’s nothing the matter, mother,” replied Paul, “only that I felt a little cold, and I thought I would come here and warm me a minute. I am going back again pretty soon.”

Mrs. Bronx advanced to the place where Paul was sitting, and looked at him in a very earnest manner. She observed that his lips were pale, and that his hands looked cold and blue.

“Why, my dear boy,” said Mrs. Bronx, “don’t you feel well?”

“Oh yes, mother,” said Paul, “I feel well, only I am a little cold, and my back aches a little.

Mrs. Bronx observed, as Paul said this, that his voice quivered, as if he was almost shivering with the cold. She immediately brought up a rocking-chair, and, taking Paul in her arms, she drew him up close to her, and began rocking him to and fro. Paul did not speak, and Mrs. Bronx soon began to be convinced that he was quite unwell.

“Would you like to be undressed and go to bed?” asked his mother.

“Yes, mother,” said Paul, “I think I should. I think I should be warmer in bed, if you could be so kind as to put a good many clothes on me.”

Mrs. Bronx immediately undressed Paul and put him to bed. At the same time she sent Phelim for the doctor. The doctor came very soon. After seeing Paul and writing some prescriptions for him, he said that he was threatened with a fever, but he

The doctor's visit.

Paul becomes delirious.

Taking medicine.

was in hopes that he would not be very sick. He would come back again and see him, he said, in two or three hours.

The doctor accordingly came back about five o'clock. When he saw Paul he looked quite serious, and Mrs. Bronx was very much alarmed. Paul had been asleep, but he was very restless in his sleep, and now, when he awoke, he gazed earnestly at the doctor and at his mother, and looked frightened.

“Paul,” said his mother, “it is mother. Don't you know mother?”

Paul looked earnestly into his mother's face for a minute, and then said,

“Oh, I thought it was—I thought it was—” And then he seemed to be bewildered; and, saying something unintelligible, he turned away, shut his eyes, and appeared to be going to sleep again.

The doctor came again that evening, after Captain Bronx had come home, but he found Paul no better. Indeed, he was worse. He seemed to be out of his senses entirely. He did not appear to know his father or his mother, but he talked to himself a great deal, though what he said nobody could understand. It is a curious circumstance, however, that when they brought him any medicine to take, he would sit up at once in bed, take the cup, and drink it all without any hesitation. I suppose that this was owing to the habit that he had formed when he was comparatively well.

After leaving all the necessary directions the doctor went away, saying that he would come again very early in the morning. Paul

The sick boy grows worse.His Testament.

passed a very restless night. He slept but little, and his sleep was disturbed by starts, and tossings to and fro. Sometimes he called to his mother, and when she stooped down over him and kissed him, and asked him what he wanted, he did not seem to know. Sometimes he lay moaning as if in pain. Whenever his mother asked him how he felt, he always said, if he answered at all, that he felt better, though he did not seem to know what he was saying.

The next morning, when the doctor came to see his patient, he found him worse rather than better. Mr. and Mrs. Bronx saw this by the anxious expression of his countenance, though they forbore to ask him, and he refrained from telling them how he thought Paul was. The state of things continued much the same for several days, though during all this time Paul seemed to be gradually sinking. He lay in a state of unconsciousness most of the time, and, if he spoke at all, he only uttered incoherent words, conveying no meaning.

One evening, his mother, thinking that if his mental faculties were in such a state as to enable him to recognize any thing, he might possibly know his Testament, brought the book to his bedside, and attempted to call his attention to it.

“Paul,” said she, “look at this. This is your little Testament. Would you like to have me read to you in it?”

Paul looked at the Testament, and something like a faint smile lighted up his countenance. He tried to say something. His mother thought it was “yes” that he tried to say, so she opened the Testament, and began to look for a place to read; but, before

A prayer.

The doctor comes again.

What he says about Paul.

she got ready to begin, Paul's eyes were shut again, and he seemed to have gone to sleep.

His mother, however, read the verses which she had found, and then, in a low and gentle voice, close to Paul's ear, she read one of the prayers out of his Prayer-book.

"Perhaps he will hear some of the words," said she to herself, "and will join in the prayer a little in his heart. If he does not, I am sure that God will hear it and accept it from his mother, just as if it was from him."

That night Paul slept more quietly, though he seemed weaker than ever, and very low. The doctor came pretty early in the morning. In examining his patient, he seemed to be more earnest and more deeply interested than ever. He did not give any new directions, but said that the room must be kept very still. When he went away, he said that he would come back again at ten o'clock.

Captain Bronx, who for several days past had left his steamboat under the command of his mate, and had remained at home, followed the doctor out as he went away, and walked with him across the yard toward the gate. He walked a few steps without speaking. He felt as if he could not speak. At length, however, when they were getting pretty near the gate, he said, in a mournful tone,

"Well, doctor, I suppose the case is drawing pretty near the end?"

"It may be so," said the doctor, "it *may* be so; but I am not sure that it is so. This fever is something that I had not at

Paul's fever reaches the crisis.

all anticipated in Paul's case. He is drawing near to the crisis of the fever, and which way it will turn we can not tell. We must wait patiently a few hours. I will be back again by ten o'clock."

So saying, he clasped the captain's hand warmly, and bade him good-by.

When the captain went back to the house Paul was asleep. His mother was sitting by the bedside, watching him, and fanning him gently from time to time whenever he moved. The captain looked into the room. He exchanged a smile with his wife by way of salutation, but did not speak for fear of waking Paul. He then went out into the yard, and began walking up and down in a state of great anxiety and suspense.

Presently Paul moved and opened his eyes. He looked into his mother's face a moment and smiled, and then said, in a gentle voice,

"Mother!"

Mrs. Bronx felt her heart bounding within her bosom for joy at hearing Paul once more address her by this endearing name.

"What, my dear boy?" said she; "what?"

"Would you be kind enough to give me a little drink of water," said Paul.

Mrs. Bronx hastened to get the water, her eyes filling, at the same time, with tears of joy. Her heart was overflowing. She came back with the water and gave Paul the drink. After drinking, he looked up again into his mother's face and smiled, and then laid his head down upon the pillow and shut his eyes again.

His mother rose from her seat, stole softly to the window, and

The physician's opinion of Paul's case.

Favorable indications.

looked out. She saw Captain Bronx walking to and fro, and she beckoned to him to come. At first he was alarmed, thinking that Paul was worse; but, seeing that his wife looked pleased, he felt reassured. As soon as he came near she communicated to him in a whisper the joyful news that Paul, in waking up, had recognized her, and had called her by name.

“Dear little fellow!” said the captain. “Is he awake now?”

“No,” said Mrs. Bronx, still whispering, “he has gone to sleep again. I would not disturb him for the world.”

A little before ten o'clock the doctor came. Paul awoke again while the doctor was there. He looked up into the doctor's face and smiled, though he seemed to be too weak to speak. The doctor took his little hand and felt his pulse. After counting the beats for half a minute by his watch, he turned to Mrs. Bronx with an expression of satisfaction upon his countenance, which seemed to say, “He will be saved.”

After remaining some time longer, and giving the necessary directions, the doctor rose to go away. Captain Bronx again followed him as he went out of the yard.

“Well, doctor, what do you think to-day?” asked the captain.

“I am almost afraid to say,” replied the doctor, “lest I should awaken hopes in your mind too soon. But he really seems to have passed the crisis of his fever very favorably. I can judge better, however, to-morrow.”

“But, after all,” said the captain, “I suppose that if he recovers from this fever it will only be a brief respite, for the old disease will still be there to take its course.”

The invalid convalescent.Paul out on his pony.

“I am afraid it will be,” replied the doctor; “but it is not certain. Such a fever as this sometimes produces such a radical change in the system that we can not predict at all what the final result may be. It is now not absolutely impossible that the dear little fellow may get entirely well. But we must wait patiently a few days. I do not dare to form any opinion at all just yet.”

The doctor continued to visit Paul twice a day after this, and at every visit he became more and more encouraged. The fever seemed to have produced some mysterious and radical change in the whole system, by which the old malady was entirely broken up; and the doctor saw that as Paul’s strength gradually returned, the symptoms which had been so alarming before did not reappear. At length, in about six weeks after the crisis of the fever, the doctor told Paul’s father and mother that he had great hopes of seeing their son entirely well.

The last thing that I can tell you about Paul is, that one day, about three months after this, just as the doctor was leaving his office to go and visit his patients, he saw a boy coming up the street, riding fast on a pony. It was Paul. The pony was one which his father had bought for him, and which was kept in a little stable at the house. Mrs. Bronx had made an exception to her rule of not keeping horses in favor of this pony, in order that Paul might always have his pony at hand when he wished to take a ride.

“Ah! Paul,” said the doctor, “is this you?”

“Yes, sir,” said Paul; “I have come to get you to do something for me.”

Paul's request to the doctor.

The locomotive.

“Very well,” said the doctor; “I will do any thing for you that is in my power.”

“I have been thinking,” said Paul, “that I shall probably not use my locomotive any more, and I want you to find some sick boy or girl among your patients that I can give it to.”

“Very well,” said the doctor; “I can do that very easily, I presume.”

“And, if they have not got any body to push 'em,” added Paul, “tell them I will come as often as I can and push 'em myself.”

“Very well,” said the doctor; “I will tell them.”

So Paul bade the doctor good-by, and, wheeling his pony round, he galloped away.

THE END.

